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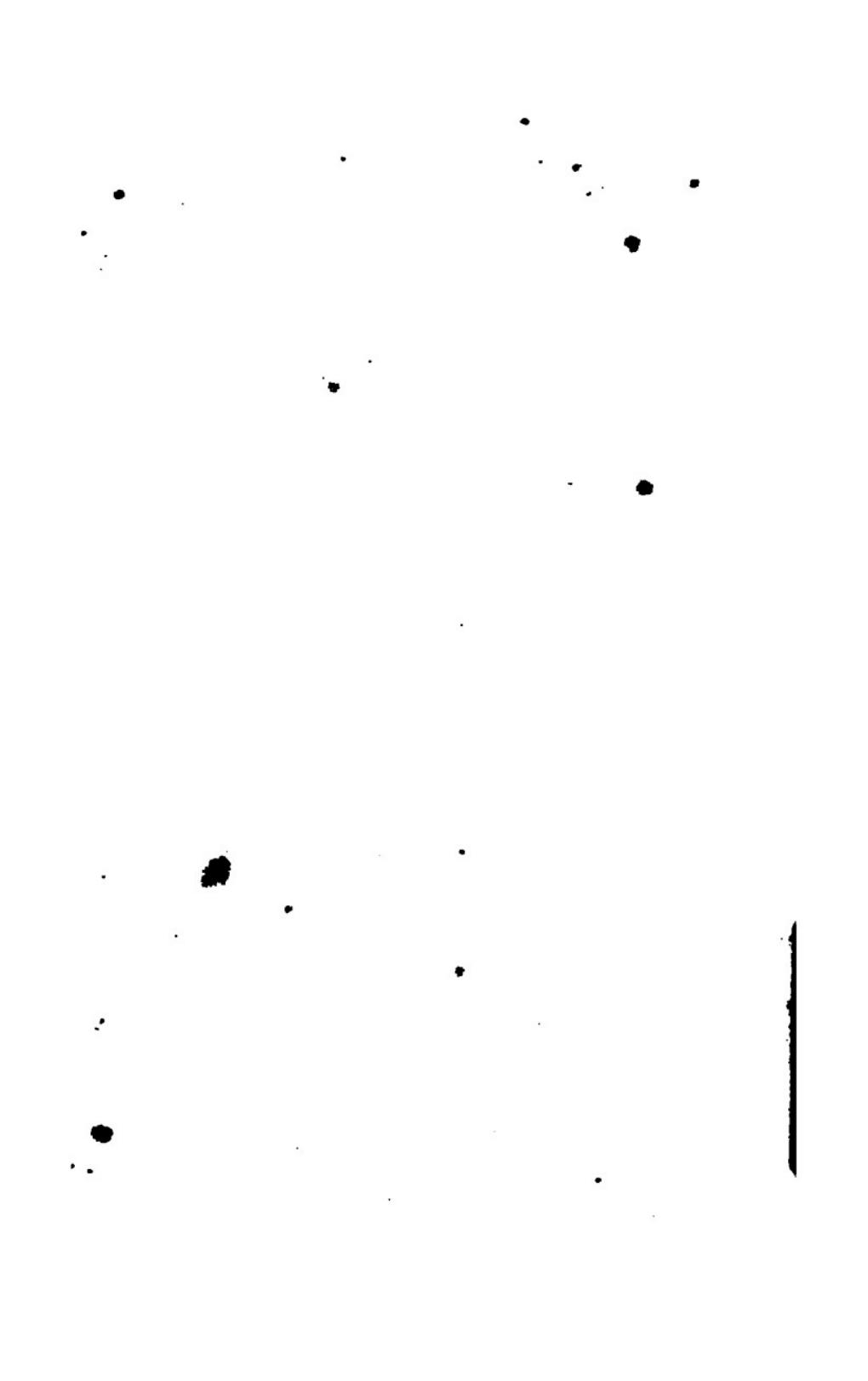
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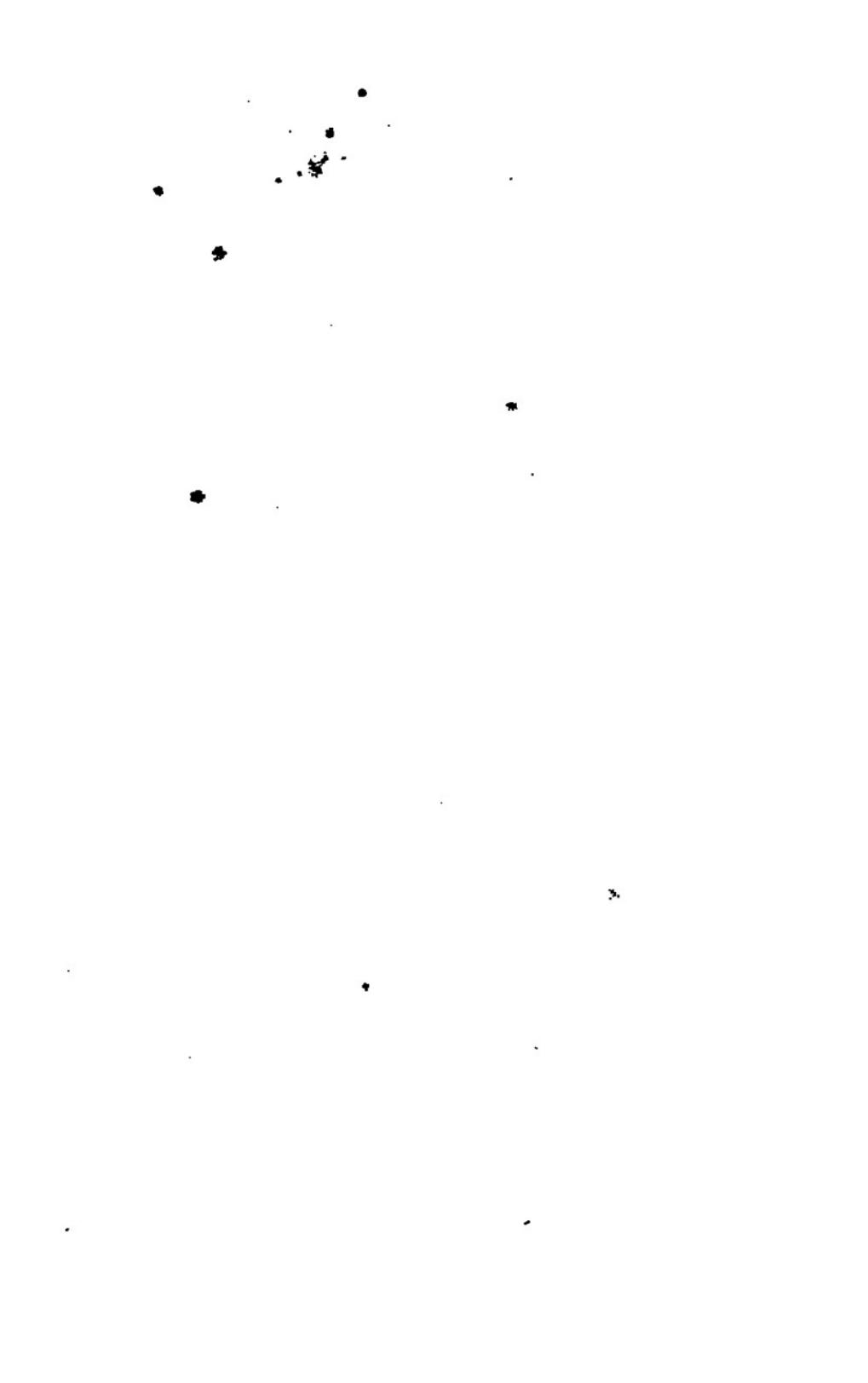
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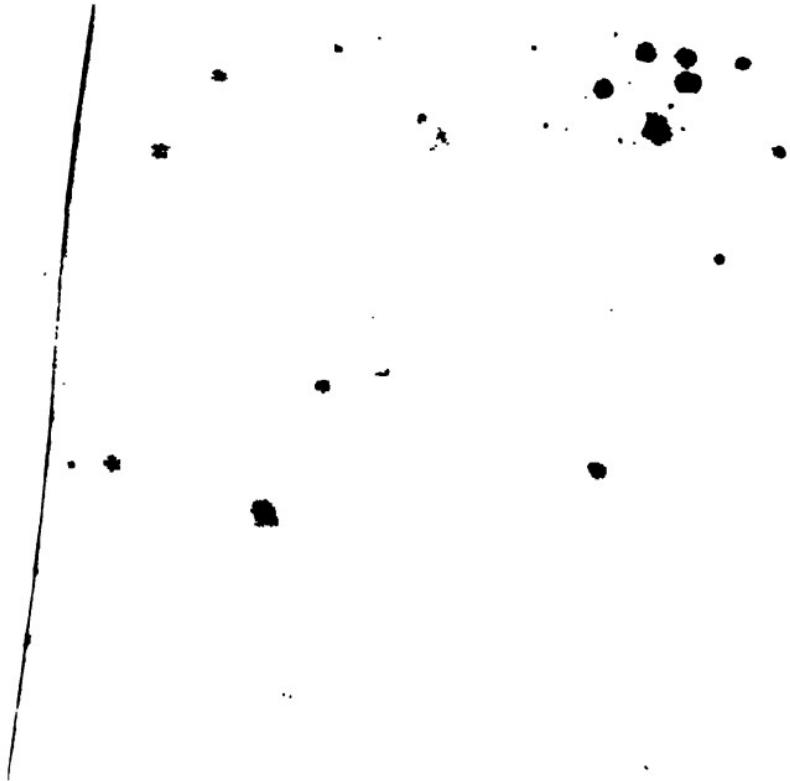




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Parochial Tracts.

TRACTS

FOR

PAROCHIAL USE,

BY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

"TRACTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS."

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I believe in God,

I BELIEVE that there is a God, who is one, true, supreme, and alone, infinitely wise, just, good, free, eternal, immense, and blessed, and in Him alone we are to put our trust^a.

The Father Almighty,

I believe that He is, first, *the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*, and 2ndly, of all that believe in Him, whom He hath begotten by His Word, and adopted to the inheritance of sons^b: and because He is our *Father*, He will do us all that good to which we are created and designed by grace; and because He is *Almighty*, He is able to perform it all; and therefore we may safely believe in Him, and rely upon Him.

Maker of heaven and earth.

He made the sun and the moon, the stars, and

^a Luke vi. 35; Deut. x. 17; vi. 4; Mark xii. 29, 32; 1 Cor. viii. 4; John xvii. 3; 1 Thess. i. 9; Psalm xc. 2; xviii. 2; lxxvii. 13; xcv. 3; cxlvii. 5; Rom. xvi. 27; 1 Tim. i. 17; 2 Chron. xix. 7; Psalm cxix. 137; 1 Chron. xvi. 34; Psalm xxxiv. 8; cxxxv. 5; Exod. xxxiii. 19; 1 Tim. i. 11. ^b John viii. 38; Rom. viii. 29, 32; 1 Cor. viii. 6; xv. 24; Matt. xxiv. 36; Heb. ii. 11; 1 Pet. i. 23; Gal. iv. 4.

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all the regions of glory^c: He made the air, the earth, and the water, and all that live in them; He made angels and men^d: and He who made them does, and He only can, preserve them in the same being, and thrust them forwards to a better. He that preserves them, does also govern them, and intends they should minister to His glory: and therefore we are to do worship and obedience to Him in all that we can^e, and that He hath commanded.

And in Jesus Christ,

I also believe in Jesus Christ, who is, and is called, a Saviour^f, and the Anointed of the Lord, promised to the patriarchs, whom God *anointed with the Holy Spirit^g, and with power* to become the *great Prophet*, and Declarer of His Father's will to all the world; telling us how God will be worshipped and served: He is anointed to be the *Mediator* of the new covenant, and our *High-Priest^h*, reconciling us to His Father by the sacrifice of Himself; and to be the *great King* of all the world. And by this Article we are *Christiansⁱ*, who serve and worship God the Father through Jesus Christ.

^a Isaiah lxv. 17; lxvi. 22; Acts iv. 24.
^b Matt. vi. 26; x. 29, 30.
^c Matt. i. 21; John iii. 34.
^d Heb. xii. 24; i. 8; vi. 19, 20; Rev. i. 5.
^e xxvi. 28.

^f Psalm xxxvi. 7, 8;
^g Rev. xiv. 7; Matt. iv. 10.
^h Acts x. 38; iii. 22, 23.
ⁱ Acts xi. 26;

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His only Son,

Jesus Christ is the Son of God, He alone, of Him alone¹. For God by His Holy Spirit caused Him to be born of a *Virgin*; by His power He raised Him from the dead, and gave Him a new birth or being in the body: He gave Him all power, and all excellency. And beyond all this, He is *the express image of His Person, the brightness of His glory*¹, equal to God, *beloved before the beginning of the world*², of a nature perfectly divine; *very God* by essence, and *very man* by assumption: as *God*, all one in nature with the Father; and as *man*, one Person in Himself.

Our Lord;

Jesus Christ, God's only Son, is the Heir of all things and persons in His Father's house¹: all angels and men are His servants, and all the creatures obey Him. We are to believe in Him, and by faith in Him only and in His Name we shall be saved.

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,

I believe that Jesus Christ was not begotten of a man, nor born by natural means, but that a

¹ Luke i. 32; Rom. i. 3, 4; 1 John iv. 15; v. 5, 9, &c. ² Heb. i. 3, 5; John i. 18; Col. i. 17, 18; John v. 19; Phil. ii. 6; John iii. 35; Col. ii. 9, 10. ³ John xvii. 24. ⁴ Matt. xxviii. 18; Acts ii. 36; Psalm ii. 6, 7, &c.; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Heb. i. 6, 8, 10; 1 Pet. i. 21.

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divine power from God (God's Holy Spirit) did overshadow the Virgin-Mother of Christ^m, and made her in a wonderful manuer to conceive Jesus in her womb ; and by this His admirable manner of being conceived, He was the Son of God alone, and no man was His father.

Born of the Virgin Mary,

Though God was His Father, and He begat Him by the power of the Holy Ghostⁿ, and caused Him miraculously to begin in the womb of His mother ; yet from her He also derived His human nature, and by His mother He was of the family of King *David*, and called *the Son of man* ; His mother being a holy person, not chosen to this great honour for her wealth or beauty, but by the good will of God^o, and because she was of rare exemplary modesty and humility : and she received the honour of being a mother to the Son of God^p, and ever a virgin, and all generations shall call her blessed.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate,

After that Jesus passed through the state of infancy and childhood, being subject to His parents^q, and working in an humble trade to

^m Luke i. 35; Gal. iv. 4; Luke i. 31, 32. ⁿ Luke i. 26, &c.; Matt. i. 18. ^o Luke i. 45, 48. ^p Matt. i. 25. ^q Luke ii. 51.

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serve His own and His mother's needs, He grew to the estate of a man : He began to preach at the age of thirty years^r, and having for about three years and a half preached the Gospel, and taught us His Father's will, having spoken the Gospel of His kingdom, and revealed to us the secrets of eternal life, and resurrection of the dead^s, regeneration, and renewing by the Holy Spirit, perfect remission of sins, and eternal judgment ; at last, that He might reconcile the world to His Father, He became a sacrifice for all our sins, and suffered Himself to be taken by the malicious Jews, and put to a painful and shameful death^t; they being envious at Him for the number of His disciples, and the reputation of His Person, the innocence of His life, the mightiness of His miracles, and the power of His doctrine : and this death He suffered when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judæa.

Was crucified,

Jesus Christ, being taken by the rulers of the Jews, bound and derided, buffeted and spit upon, accused weakly and persecuted violently^u; at last, wanting matter and pretences to condemn Him, they asked Him of His person and office ; and

^r Luke iii. 23. ^s John iii. 4, &c.; Acts xiii. 39; Matt. xxv. 31, 32. ^t Luke xxii. 63. &c.; John xviii. 4, 12, &c.; Matt. xxvi. and xxvii. ^u Matt. xxvii.; Mark xv.; Luke xxiii.; John xix.

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because He affirmed that great truth, which all the world of good men longed for, that He was the *Messias*, and designed to sit *at the right hand of the Majesty on high*, they resolved to call it *blasphemy*, and delivered Him over to *Pilate*, and by importunity and threats forced him, against his conscience, to give Him up to be scourged, and then to be crucified. The soldiers, therefore, mocking Him with a robe and reed, and pressing a crown of thorns upon His head, led Him to the place of His death ; compelling Him to bear His cross, to which they presently nailed Him : on which for three hours He hanged in extreme torture, being a sad spectacle of the most afflicted and the most innocent Person of the whole world.

Dead,

When the holy Jesus was wearied with tortures, and He knew all things were now fulfilled, and His Father's wrath appeased towards mankind, His Father pitying His innocent Son groaning under such intolerable miseries, hastened His death ; and Jesus, commanding His Spirit into the hands of His Father^{*}, cried with a loud voice, bowed His head, and died['], and by His death sealed all the doctrines and revelations which He

* Matt. xxvii. ; Mark xv. ; Luke xxiii. ; John xix.

['] Luke xxiii. 46 ; John xix. 30 ; Phil. ii. 8.

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first taught the world, and then confirmed by His blood^a. He was consecrated *our merciful High-Priest*^a, and by a feeling of our miseries and temptations, became *able to help them that are tempted*^b, and for these His sufferings was exalted to the highest throne, and seat of the right hand of God ; and hath shewn, that to heaven there is no surer way than suffering for His Name ; and hath taught us willingly to suffer for His sake, what Himself hath already suffered for ours^c. He reconciled us to God by His death^d, led us to God^e, drew us to Himself^f, redeemed us from all iniquity^g, purchased us for His Father, and for ever made us His servants and redeemed ones, that we being dead unto sin, might live unto God^h. And this death, being so highly beneficial to us, He hath appointed means to apply to us, and to represent to God for us in the holy Sacrament of His last supperⁱ. And upon all these considerations, that cross which was a smart and shame to our Lord, is honour to us^k, and as it turned to His glory, so also to our spiritual advantages.

And buried.

That He might suffer every thing of human nature, He was by the care of His friends and

^a Col. i. 20; Isaiah liii. 8, 9; Heb. ix. 12. ^b Heb. ii. 17, 18; iv. 15.

^c Heb. vii. 25. ^d John x. 17, 18. ^e Col. i. 21, 22. ^f Eph. ii. 13, 14; Heb. ii. 10. ^g John xii. 32; xi. 52. ^h Tit. ii. 14.

ⁱ 1 Pet. ii. 24; iv. 13. ^j John vi. 51. ^k 2 Tim. ii. 11; Gal. vi. 14.

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disciples, by the leave of Pilate, taken from the cross, and embalmed, (as the manner of the Jews was to bury,) and wrapped in linen, and buried in a new grave, hewn out of a rock¹. And this was the last and lowest step of His humiliation.

He descended into hell.

That is, He went down *into the lower parts of the earth*^m, (as Himself called it,) *into the heart of the earth*ⁿ; by which phrase the Scripture understands the state of separation, or of souls severed from their bodies. By this His descending to the land of darkness, where all things are forgotten, He sanctified the state of death and separation, that none of His servants might ever after fear the jaws of death and hell^o; whither He went, not to suffer torment, (because He finished all that upon the cross,) but to triumph over the gates of hell^p, to verify His death, and the event of His sufferings, and to break the iron bars of those lower prisons, that they may open and shut hereafter only at His command^q.

The third day He rose again from the dead.

After our Lord Jesus had abode in the grave the remaining part of the day of His Passion^r, and

¹ Matt. xxvii. 57, &c.; Mark xv. 42, &c.

^m Eph. iv. 9.

² Matt. xii. 40; Acts ii. 27.
&c.; Rev. xx. 13, 14.

ⁿ Hos. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 54,
^p Matt. xvi. 18.

³ Rev. i. 17, 18.

^r Mark xvi. 1; Acts x. 40.

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all the next day; early in the morning upon the third day, by the power of God, He was raised from death and hell to light and life^t, never to return to death any more, and is become the first-born from the dead^t, the first-fruits of them that slept: and although He was *put to death in the flesh*, yet now, *being quickened in the Spirit, He lives for ever*^u. And as we all die in Adam, so in Christ we all shall be made alive^v, but every man in his own order: Christ is the first; and we, if we follow Him in the regeneration, shall also follow Him in the resurrection:

He ascended into Heaven.

When our dearest Lord was risen from the grave, He conversed with His disciples for forty days together, often shewing Himself alive by infallible proofs^y, and once to five hundred of His disciples at one appearing^z. Having spoken to them fully concerning the affairs of the kingdom, and the promise of the Father; leaving them some few things in charge for the present, He solemnly gave them His blessing, and in the presence of His Apostles was taken up into heaven by a bright cloud^a, and the ministry of angels, being gone before us, to prepare a place for us above all

^x Rom. xiv. 9; *Acts v. 30, &c.*

^y 1 Pet. i. 3; iii. 18; Eph. i. 20.

^z Luke xxiv. 40—45; Matt. xxviii. 17; John xx. and xxi.

^a 1 Cor. xv. 6.

^t Col. i. 18; Matt. xxviii. 1, &c.

^u 1 Cor. xv. 22.

^v Acts i. 9.

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heavens^b, in the presence of His Father, and at the feet of the throne of God. From which glorious presence we cannot be kept by the change of death and the powers of the grave, nor the depth of hell, nor the height of heaven^c; but Christ being lifted up shall draw all His servants unto Him.

And sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.

I believe that Jesus Christ sitteth in heaven above all principalities and powers^d, being exalted above every name that is named in heaven and earth, that is, above every creature above and below; all things being put under His feet. That He is always in the presence of His Father, interceding for us^e, and governs all things in heaven and earth, that He may defend His Church, and adorn her with His Spirit, and procure and effect her eternal salvation. There He sits and reigns as King, and intercedes as our High-Priest. He is a Minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which God made, and not man, the Author and Finisher of our faith^f, the Captain of our salvation, the great Apostle of our religion, the great Bishop of our souls, the Head of the Church^g, and the Lord of heaven and earth.

^b Heb. vi. 19, 20; John xiv. 3.

^c Rom. viii. 38, 39; 1 John iii. 2

^d Phil. ii. 8, 9, &c.; Eph. i. 17, 22.

^e Rom. viii. 34; Heb. vii. 27.

^f Heb. xii. 2.

^g 1 Pet. ii. 25; Eph. i. 22.

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And therefore to Him we are to pay divine worship, service, and obedience^b; and we must believe in Him, and in God by Him, and rely entirely on the mercies of God through Jesus Christ.

From thence He shall come

In the clouds, shining, and adorned with the glory of His Father¹, attended by millions of bright angels, with the voice of an archangel^c, and a shout of all the heavenly army, the trump of God; and every eye shall see Him¹, and they that pierced His hands and His feet shall behold His majesty, His terror, and His glory: and all the families of the earth shall tremble at His presence, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and the whole earth and sea shall be broken in pieces and confusion; for then He shall come to put an end to this world, and

To judge the quick and the dead.

For the Father judgeth no man, but hath given all judgment to the Son^m. And at this day of judgment, the Lord Jesus shall sit in the air in a glorious throne: and the angels having gathered together God's elect from the four corners of the worldⁿ, and all the kindreds of the earth being

^a Heb. i. 6. ¹ Matt. xxiv. 30; John xiv. 3. ^c 1 Thess. iv. 16.

^b Rev. i. 7; Acts i. 11; 2 Tim. iv. 1. ^m John v. 22, 23; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. ⁿ Matt. xxiv. 31; xxv. 32; Acts x. 34.

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brought before the judgment-seat, shall have the records of their conscience laid open, that is, all that ever they thought, or spake, or did, shall be brought to their memory, to convince the wicked of the justice of the Judge in passing the fearful sentence upon them, and to glorify the mercies of God towards His *redeemed ones*: and then the righteous Judge shall condemn the wicked to the portion of devils for ever, to a state of torments, the second, and eternal, and intolerable death; and the godly, being placed on His right hand, shall hear the blessed sentence of absolution, and shall be led by Christ to the participation of the glories of His Father's kingdom for ever and ever^o. *Amen.*

I believe in the Holy Ghost [or, the Holy Spirit;]

Who is the third Person of the holy, undivided, ever-blessed Trinity, which I worship, and adore, and admire, but look upon with wonder, and am not in a capacity to understand. I believe that the Holy Spirit, into whose name, as of the Father and the Son, I was baptized^p, is the heavenly Author, the Captain, the Teacher, and the Witness of all the truths of the Gospel^q: that as the Father sent the Son, so the Son from heaven

^o Matt. xxv. 34, &c. ^p Matt. xxviii. 19. ^q John v. 37
vi. 45; vii. 16, 17; xv. 26; xvi. 13; Acts ii. 3, 38; xiii. 1—3
xv. 32; xx. 28.

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sent the Holy Spirit, to lead the Church into all truth, to assist us in all temptations¹, and to help us in the purchase of all virtue. This Holy Spirit *proceeds from the Father*², and our Lord Jesus received Him from His Father, and sent Him into the world; who receiving the things of Christ, and declaring the same excellent doctrines, speaks whatsoever He hath heard from Him; and instructed the Apostles³, and builds the Church, and produces faith, and confirms our hope, and increases charity. And this Holy Spirit our Blessed Lord hath left with His Church for ever⁴, by which all the servants of God are enabled to do all things necessary to salvation, which by the force of nature they cannot do: and we speak by the Spirit, and work by the Spirit, when by His assistances any ways imparted to us we speak or do any thing of our duty. He it is who enlightens our understanding, sanctifies our will, orders and commands our affections; He comforts our sorrows, supports our spirits in trouble, and enables us by promises, and confidences, and gifts, to suffer for the Lord Jesus and the Gospel. And all these things God the Father does for us by His Son, and the Son by the Holy Spirit, and

¹ Luke xii. 12.

² John xiv. 16: xvi; xvii. 3.

Matt. x. 19; Eph. i. 17; iii. 16.

³ 1 Cor. ii. 10—12; Rom. viii. 14—16; xiv. 17; xv. 13, 19;
1 Thess. i. 6.

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the Holy Spirit by all means within and without, which are operative upon and proportionable to the nature of reasonable creatures. This is He who works miracles, gives the gifts of prophecy and of interpretation, that teaches us what and how to pray, that gives us zeal and holy desires ; who sanctifies children in Baptism, and confirms them with His grace in Confirmation, and reproves the world, and consecrates Bishops and all the ministers of the Gospel, and absolves the penitent, and blesses the obedient, and comforts the sick, and excommunicates the refractory, and makes intercession for the saints ; that is, the Church, and those whom He hath blessed, appointed, and sanctified to these purposes, do all these ministries by His authority, and His commandment, and His aids. This is He that *testifies to our spirits that we are the sons of God*, and that makes us to cry, *Abba, Father* ; that is, who inspires into us such humble confidences of our being accepted in our hearty and constant endeavours to please God, that we can with cheerfulness and joy call God our Father, and expect and hope for the portion of sons both here and hereafter, and in the certainty of this hope, to work out our salvation with fear and reverence, with trembling and joy, with distrust of ourselves, and mighty confidence in God. By this holy and ever-blessed Spirit, several persons in the

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Church, and every man in his proportion, receives the gifts of wisdom, and utterance, and knowledge, and interpretation, and prophecy, and healing, and government, and discerning of spirits, and faith, and tongues, and whatsoever can be necessary for the Church in several ages and periods, for her beginning, for her continuance, for her in prosperity, and for her in persecution. This is the great *promise of the Father*^a, and it is *the gift of God*, which He will give to all them that ask Him, and who live piously and chastely, and are persons fit to entertain so divine a grace. This Holy Spirit God gives to some more^b, to some less, according as they are capable. They *who obey His motions*^c, and love His presence, and improve His gifts, shall have Him yet more abundantly: but they that *grieve the Holy Spirit*^d, shall lose that which they have; and they that *extinguish Him*^e, belong not to Christ, but are in the state of reprobation; and they that *blaspheme* this Holy Spirit^f, and call Him the spirit of the devil, or the spirit of error, or folly, or do malicious despites to Him, that is, they who on purpose, considering and choosing, do Him hurt by word or by deed, (so far as lies to them,) shall for ever be separated from the presence of God and of Christ^g, and shall never

^a Luke iv. 18; xxiv. 49; Acts ii. 33, 38.

^b Eph. iv. 7.

^c Rom. viii. 1, &c.

^d Eph. iv. 30; Acts vii. 51.

^e 1 Thessa. v. 19.

^f Rom. ii. 24.

^g Mark iii. 29.

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be forgiven in this world, nor in the world to come. Lastly, this Holy Spirit seals us to the day of redemption^e; that is, God gives us His Holy Spirit as a testimony that He will raise us again at the last day, and give us a portion in the glories of His kingdom, in the inheritance of our Lord Jesus.

The Holy Catholic Church;

I believe that there is and ought to be a visible company of men, professing the service and discipline^f, that is, the religion, of the Gospel, who agree together in the belief of all the truths of God revealed by Jesus Christ, and in confession of the Articles of this Creed, and agree together in praying and praising God through Jesus Christ^g to read and hear the Scriptures read and expounded, to provoke each other to love and to good works^h, to advance the honour of Christ, and to propagate His faith and worship. I believe this to be a *holy Church, spiritual*ⁱ, and not *civil* and secular, but sanctified by their profession, and the solemn *rites* of it, professing holiness^k, and separating from the evil manners of heathens and wicked persons, by their laws and institutions. And this *Church* is *Catholic*^l; that is, it

^e Eph. iv. 30; 2 Cor. i. 22; v. 5.

^f 1 Tim. iii. 15.

^g Eph. iii. 21.

^h Heb. ii. 12; x. 24.

ⁱ 1 Cor. xiv. 26, &c.

^j Matt. xviii. 17, 18.

^l Acts xii. 5; 1 Cor. xiv.

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is not confined to the nation of the Jews, as was the old religion, but it is gathered out of all nations, and is not of a differing faith in differing places, but always did, doth, and ever shall, profess the faith which the Apostles preached^m, and which is contained in this Creed ; which whosoever believes is *Catholic* and a *Christian*ⁿ, and he that believes not is neither. This *Catholic Church* I believe, that is, I believe whatsoever all good Christians in all ages and in all places did confess to be the Catholic and Apostolic faith.

The communion of saints;

That is, the communion of all *Christians*; because by reason of their holy faith they are called *saints* in Scripture^o, as being begotten by God into a lively faith, and cleansed by believing : and by this faith, and the profession of a holy life in obedience to Jesus Christ, they are separated from the world, called to the knowledge of the truth, justified before God, and endued with the holy Spirit of grace, foreknown from the beginning of the world^p, and predestinated by God to be made conformable to the image of His Son, here in holiness of life, hereafter in a life of glory ; and they who are *saints* in their belief and pro-

^m Gal. i. 8, 9.

ⁿ Col. ii. 8, 9; Heb. xiii. 8, 9.

^o Acts ix. 13, 32, 41; xxvi. 10; 1 Cor. i. 2; vi. 11; Matt. xxii. 14.

^p 1 Pet. i. 2, 14—16; 2 Pet. iii. 11.

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fession, must be so also in their practice and conversation, that so they may *make their calling and election sure*, lest they be saints only in name and title, in their profession and institution, and not in manners and holiness of living ; that is, lest they be so before men, and not before God. I believe that all people who desire the benefit of the Gospel are bound to have a fellowship and society with these *saints*^a, and communicate with them in their holy things, in their *faith*, and in their *hope*^b, and in their *sacraments*, and in their *prayers*^c, and in their *public assemblies*, and in their *government* ; and must do to them all the acts of *charity*^d and mutual help which they can and are required to : and without this communion of saints, and a conjunction with them who believe in God through Jesus Christ^e, there is no salvation to be expected ; which communion must be kept in *inward things* always, and by all persons, and testified by *outward acts* always, when it is possible, and may be done upon just and holy conditions.

The forgiveness of sins.

I believe that all the sins I committed before I came to the knowledge of the truth^x, and all the

^a Matt. xviii. 17, 18. ^b Heb. x. 25. ^c 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

^d Eph. iv. 13; v. 6, 7, 21; vi. 18.

^e Phil. i. 27; ii. 4; Rom. xvi. 16, 17; 1 John iii. 18; 1 Pet. i. 22.

^x Rom. iii. 28; Acts ii. 38; xiii. 38; 1 John ii. 1, 2, 12.

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slips of human infirmitv, against which we heartily pray, and watch, and labour, and all the evil habits, of which we repent so timely and effectually, that we obtain their contrary graces, and live in them, are fully remitted by the blood of Christ^y; which forgiveness we obtain by *faith* and *repentance*, and therefore are not justified by the *righteousness of works*, but by the *righteousness of faith*: and we are preserved in the state of forgiveness or justification by the fruits of a lively faith, and a timely active repentance

The resurrection of the body.

I believe that at the last day all they *whose sins are forgiven, and who lived and died in the communion of saints, and in whom the Holy Spirit did dwell*, shall rise from their graves^z; their dead bones shall live, and be clothed with flesh and skin, and their bodies together with their souls shall enter into the portion of a new life: and that this body shall no more see corruption, but shall rise to an excellent condition^x; it shall be spiritual, powerful, immortal, and glorious, like unto His glorious body, who shall then be our Judge, is now our Advocate, our Saviour, and our Lord^b.

^x Gal. vi. 1; John xx. 23; Mark xvi. 16; 2 Pet. i. 5, &c.; Eph. i. 13; 1 Pet. i. 15—18; James ii. 17, 20, &c.; 1 John iii. 21, &c.; Heb. xii. 14—16. ^y 1 Cor. xv. 29, &c.; Matt. xxii. 31.

^a Rom. viii. 11, 23; John vi. 39; Phil. iii. 20. ^b 2 Cor. iv. 1.

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And the life everlasting.

I believe that they who have their part in this resurrection shall meet the Lord in the air, and when the blessed sentence is pronounced upon them, they shall for ever be with the Lord^c in joys unspeakable, and full of glory ; God shall wipe all tears from their eyes ; there shall be no fear or sorrow, no mourning or death^d ; a friend shall never go away from thence, and an enemy shall never enter ; there shall be fulness without want^e, light eternal brighter than the sun, day and no night, joy and no weeping, difference in degree and yet all full ; there is *love without dissimulation*, excellency without envy, multitudes without confusion, music without discord ; there the understandings are rich, the will is satisfied, the affections are all love and all joy, and they shall reign with God and Christ for ever and ever.

Amen.

This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

^c 1 Thess. iv. 17.

^d Rev. xxi. 4; xxii. 5.

^e Matt. xxv. 34.

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ONCE more you have been able to go up to the House of prayer ; again you have joined in prayer with the congregation ; again you have knelt down in your accustomed place ; again you have lifted up your soul with your brethren, and have been allowed to tread the courts of the Lord's house, where God's people, the household of faith, come together to seek God's presence in the blessed name of Christ. Now as you have returned to your own quiet home, think over, I beseech you, the gracious dealings of your gracious Lord. You were brought a few weeks since into great pain and peril ; you were very near the pit of death ; pangs came upon you that were hard to bear ; your life was weak within you and ready to depart ; it was a great struggle ; it was a perilous time. In your own person you felt the cursedness of sin, the sentence passed on Eve descended to you as a sinful daughter of sinful Eve ; doubtless the words

of Holy Scripture rose to your mind, "Unto the woman He said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception ; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Yes, in sorrow, and in pain, and in anguish, and in danger, did you bring forth your child. It was an anxious and heavy time ; you went through a grievous trial. The mark of sin was on you, and the punishment of sin was felt in your child-birth. But yet God delivered you out of your danger and your pain ; thanks be to God He had pity on you and was merciful. He strengthened and succoured you in the midst of your trouble ; He rescued you from the jaws of death ; He lifted you from your bed ; He dispersed your fears ; He turned your heaviness into joy ; He spared you to your husband and your friends ; yes, and He spared you for your own sake, that you might have time to prepare yourself more truly for the awful day of Christ's judgment.

O great love, great mercy, great pity of God ! Where might you have been to-day ? When might you have been this very hour ? You might have been numbered among the dead ; you might have passed out of the world for ever ; you might have been taken hence, far from your home and friends, far from those whom you love and b-

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whom you are beloved. That chair in which you sit might now have been standing empty by the wall ; your husband might have been sitting with sad face and sadder heart weeping over his lost wife ; your children, if you have children, might have been now motherless, clinging to their father's knees, and asking in their childish way if their mother would not come back ; you might have left this your room, this your fireside, this your earthly home, for ever. O think then how full of mercy God has been ! You are now safe and well, your strength fast coming back, your home full of joy, your children rejoicing in a mother's love, your husband glad to see you about again. Above all, you have had strength to go up to the House of God to give God thanks.

And think what you have deserved. Would it have been very strange if God had called you hence ? Have you not often forgotten God, and loved the world, and cared for the things of the world ? Have you not been too much taken up with family cares, too much busied about worldly things ? Have you not often been neglectful of prayer, or lost opportunities of grace, or let your Bible get dusty on your shelf, or talked over your neighbours, or made your family an excuse for *neglecting God's House* when you might have

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made a push and gone? Have you not often neglected the Lord's Supper, because you felt you were not altogether wearing your Saviour's cross, or leading a religious life? Or if of late you have been brought to mind the things of God, have there not been some earlier portions of your life in which your love of Christ was faint and cold? I am only guessing at your faults; I know not really how you have lived, or what your particular sins have been. I may not have hit upon your sins; but still, whether I have guessed aright or not, have you not somehow or other so sinned in time past as to have provoked the Lord?

And yet the Lord has raised you up; He has opened again the door of His holy House, that you might enter in; He was with you to-day when you were there; He heard you give Him thanks; He gave you the opportunity; and your brethren in Christ, Christ's members who were in His house, all your neighbours who went up to the same blessed and holy place, rejoiced with you, added their thanks to yours on your behalf; while the priest and pastor whom God has set over you, shared your joy, welcomed you into his Master's house, was gladdened by your presence *in the Church*, and, together with the congrega-

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tion, blessed God that He had delivered you "from the great pain and peril of child-birth," and besought Him that you might through His help both faithfully live and walk according to His will in this life present, and also might be partaker of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ. Thus not only did God care for you, but He has made others to care for you at this time, for He makes the members of Christ feel one for the other, bidding them to rejoice with them that do rejoice, as well as to weep with them that weep.

Happy indeed should this day be to you ; not happy in the world's way ; it is not a day for worldly pleasure, but for holy joy, for holy gladness, for heart-felt thankfulness to God. Think of the mercy of God in sparing you to your husband, in sparing you to your child or children, in sparing you for your own sake. These are causes of great joy ; your heart should be drawn to God ; to God should you continue to pour forth your soul in earnest thanks ; that as the church has sounded with your thanksgiving, now your home in which your pains were may resound with the voice of praise. Make this an evening of especial prayer that the whole day may be given to God.

You have indeed had time to think much

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the things of God while you were kept in the house before your Churching ; and I always think it a great act of mercy, that God does not raise up women suddenly from their beds ; if they were well in a few days, the pain and peril might do them little good ; so short a trial might leave but a little mark and only graze the skin of the soul instead of making a deep impression. I know that as it is, many women serve the world as much after child-birth as they did before, that many are not roused to a better life, are not touched by the love of God, are not improved by their grievous trial, but go on just as they did before, going through their Churching as a mere form, and plunging into all the cares of the world again as carelessly as ever. But still I see that God wishes those weeks spent at home to be very profitable to the soul ; He wishes it to be a season of much earnest thought ; He does not at once lift you up, because then there would be no time for serious thought, and worldly cares would soon crowd on you again. He has kept you these last three weeks in your own house that you might have a sort of long sabbath, a good long space for thinking of heaven, hell, death, judgment, Christ's love, Christ's death and passion, your own past life from your youth

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upward, your fitness or unfitness for Christ's second coming and the day of your own death.

He kept you in your house that you might repent of all your sins, form resolutions of leading a more godly life, get grace and strength by a course of fervent prayer. Weak as you were, yet that time of bodily weakness was designed as a means of spiritual strength. As you were not able to be about your earthly labours, you were designed to labour for the salvation of your soul ; yes, and not only for yourself, but for all that are in your house. All your duties as a Christian wife, as a Christian mother, were then intended to have been pondered over for your good. Many a prayer should you have offered for husband and for child ; many a prayer should you have offered for the increased purity of your home ; that Christ might more fully reign both in you and in yours.

And not only did that quiet space, when you could not be bustling about your house, give you time for thinking about your soul and the souls of your kindred, but it was designed especially to shew you the fearfulness of sin. The sinfulness of man was then brought before you in the most striking way ; that text which I have already quoted, then pointed a great lesson to your soul,

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and told you of your own sinfulness, of the sinfulness of all that are born into the world. Childbirth with its sorrow tells us of sin, of sin born in all, of the sin in every birth, of the sin in every mother, of the sin of every child conceived in the womb and born into the world.

But now these weeks of quiet and of retirement from the world are at end; now you have gone forth again into the fresh air, and your first steps were to the temple of the Lord; now after this day of thanksgiving you are about again to be busied in your usual way; with your returning strength come returning toils; your usual household matters have again to be gone through; you will soon be in the midst of your usual employments, your usual work.

O my friend, in the name of Christ Jesus our Lord, I pray you to go forth most carefully; go forth with prayer; go forth in the strength of God; go forth prepared to serve Christ and to wear your cross; go forth holily, with fear and trembling, with a more serious temper. Look upon yourself as one brought from the very brink of death, as one saved from the grave, yea, almost as it were, raised out of the grave. How should such a one go forth into the world? Should you be no better than you were before your day o

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peril, no better for your great deliverance, no better for the gift of returning health, for all these weeks given you for the strengthening of your soul? Surely you should set forth with a new heart and on a new life; start afresh, with fresh heart for the things of God, fresh resolves to serve Christ with undivided love. You have had your call to the cross. Blessed are you if you obey the call, and by God's grace, for which you have already prayed, and for which you must not cease to pray, give up your whole life to Christ as a faithful, and earnest, and devoted member of His Church. Woe be to you if this great mercy passes out of your hands unimproved, if you have been spared for God's glory, and yet only return to give the world fresh service! Woe be to you if you let this call die away and bear no fruit, if you plunge into worldly cares and worldly pleasures with a worldly or pleasure-seeking mind! God forbid that you should thus wound your own peace, and dash the cup of your own salvation to the ground! Be not what you were; whatever you were, strive for higher and better things; if you were not serious, O strive to be serious now; if you were serious, strive to be more serious still; be not the same.

Your husband should see that you are changed.

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that you have a deep sense of God's mercy and deep desires to be wholly Christ's. You might be the means of deepening his care for heavenly things. And what if you have a child! What if that child is spared to you! O look upon that infant's face and feel it calling you to God; feel that an immortal soul is there intrusted to your care; feel that on you it is cast for a mother's love, that you may love it not for this world, but for ever, that you may love its soul, and labour for its salvation all your life, and with all your strength. That child lying on your breast calls to you with a stirring and touching voice; that child which draws its milk from you, will draw also its soul's food. Shall it be milk or poison, good or evil, heavenly wisdom or worldly wisdom? Will you teach it to get on in the world, or to get on towards heaven? Look again upon its face, and when you look, do not say of it in your heart, "I hope hereafter it will be a saint in heaven," without determining to lead the way yourself. To be sure you wish your child that happy lot, but what will wishing do? Whether it shall be in heaven or hell rests greatly on your choice. Live yourself as you would have it live; live yourself as if you were striving to be a saint *in heaven*; this is the way to get your child to

heaven : a mother's godly life is the best book your child can learn ; that book it will attend to most ; that book it can read and will read before it knows a letter ; it will read your way of living ; it will watch you, copy you, catch your spirit, learn your ways of speaking, acting, thinking. See, then, how holily you should go forth into the world, how closely you should walk with God henceforth, how constantly you should pray, and how godly all your life should be, that your prayers may find favour with the Lord. I speak not for yourself only, but for your child.

If indeed you feel that it is a hard matter to be in the world and not to be of it ; a hard matter to be in the midst of worldly cares, and not to be too much taken up with them or entangled, are you left to fight alone ? Is there no way in the Church of gaining heart and nerve and strength for the holy but narrow way of Christ ? Does the Gospel contain no promises of strength ? And has the Church no means of grace for hungering and thirsty souls, who wish to be saved themselves, and to help to save husband and child ? Only read the few lines at the end of the Service for Churching ; see there how you are exhorted to receive the Lord's Supper at the time of your churching if it is then adminis-

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tered, and if it be not administered then, you should receive it on the first opportunity you have. And why is this? Why are women after child-birth exhorted to draw near to this heavenly feast? Because they have had a great deliverance from death, and should walk in newness of life; because at that feast they should give themselves afresh to Christ; because they are in themselves so weak that they need heavenly meat and heavenly drink, which are there offered to their souls; because as their duties increase, and they have children's souls to care for in addition to their own, they should be diligent to use the chief means of grace in the Church of Christ, that they may live more religiously themselves, and be enabled to bring up their children in the nurture of the Lord.

Hence, then, I charge you to prepare yourself for the Lord's Supper, that you may there get strength to lead a new life, and start forth with the blessing of God upon your head.

Think over what I have said, for they are friendly words, and may the Holy Ghost lead you into all good ways for Christ's sake.

DO YOU EVER PRAY?

CAN you live without prayer? Yes, your body may live for a season; you may eat, drink, be busy, or idle; but your soul all the while is sickening and withering into death. You may be hale and strong, and all may seem to go well; but your real life, your true, your best, your spiritual life is ebbing away, failing, weakening, shrivelling up, and wasting within you. Without prayer you are without God; prayer offered in your Saviour's Name unites you to God; it is the unseen link, the unseen chain, the ladder like Jacob's, uniting heaven and earth. If you neglect prayer you have broken the chain and let the ladder fall; you are separate from God and far apart; there is no union between the two. What should you say of a friend who never spoke to you? would he be your friend? Is that friendship where men live apart, and never come together to speak, or never send messages to each other, or never write? We know that men may be forced to live apart, and may yet be friends; even the dearest,

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the warmest, and best of friends often dwell far from each other in distant parts ; but then they hold intercourse; they have communication; heart speaketh to heart some way or other ; they find some way of talking ; if words do not pass, letters pass which are written words, written talking, for there man writes down his heart.

Now if we never solemnly talk with God (and what is prayer but a humble reverent converse with God through Christ Jesus our Lord ?) how can we be the friends of God, or He our Friend ! if we keep apart from Him, and never approach near Him, will not that coldness on our part force coldness on God's part towards us ? It is true that in one sense we are at present apart from God ; God is in heaven and we on earth, but still can we not hold intercourse ? can we not be friends of God ? can we not converse and send forth messages from our heart that shall find their way to God in heaven ? Yes, prayer is the message of the soul that goes up into the presence of God ; so that while we are on earth and God in heaven, prayer, as I have said, unites us to God. And there is this mystery in prayer, that it brings down God to us ; we meet each other though a veil is between the two ; Christ is in the midst of us when we assemble together in

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prayer ; or when we pray alone we draw nigh to God and God draws nigh to us.

Only let go prayer and we let go the cable that binds us to the heavenly places, to the shore of heaven, to the love of God. O how poor and naked and sick and dying is he who never prays ! He may not know that he is wretched and faint and ready to die ; he may fancy himself well off, and clever and rich and strong, just like madmen, who think their keepers are mad and they are sane, who think they are kings when they are but labourers, or lords when they are but of a servant's station, or rich men when they are very poor. So is it with all who do not pray and who feel at ease. You may feel at ease ; you may pass light and cheerful hours ; affairs may prosper with you as with more godly men ; God, it is true, "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good ;" no harm may seem to happen to you for not praying ; your health may be good, your family prosperous, your trade or your work flourishing ; many earthly blessings may fall to your share ; you may appear to be none the worse for your neglect. And yet through all those cheerful prosperous days, all those calm hours, all that time of ease, though you see it not, there is a thick cloud between you and God ; all the while

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“the Sun of His righteousness” does not shine on your heart; all the while the Holy Spirit is grieving over you; all the while the holy angels sorrow to see you wandering onwards from Christ’s fold toward the blackness and tempest of God’s wrath; all the while those prayer-less days are written in the awful book by which you will be judged. A blight is upon you, or rather it is within you; you are as comely fruit, into which we look and find that wasps have scooped it out, and there is nothing but the comely skin; so your spiritual life is being worn away and sucked out and drained from you by the devils, through your neglect of prayer. Believe me you are in fearful peril. One more prayerless day and you may be lost.

ALMS-GIVING EVERY MAN'S DUTY.

It is a hard matter to part with one's money ; we love money ; we do not like to let it go ; we grudge parting with it. And we love money because we love ourselves ; we can indulge ourselves and please ourselves when we have it, it ministers to our selfish pleasure, it enables us to gratify ourselves ; we can buy what we want , we can make it get for us luxuries, or fine clothes, or dainty meat, or good houses, or great comforts, for ourselves, or for our families, which we look upon as part of ourselves. Our self-love makes us love money and loath to part with it, except it gives us instead something we want and long for. We have no heart for sending it forth, except we get something in return for our own use, our own comfort, our own pleasure.

We only like to give with one hand when we can get something in exchange with the other. Thus a rich man will give £50 if he can get a fine horse, or some fine furniture, or some fine wine, or fine dress ; but this is not *giving* money ; he is simply

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serving and pleasing himself by getting for himself that which he likes as well or better than the £50. He is no loser; it is tit for tat; he gives to get back; it is only an *exchange*; he has not made himself a bit poorer; he is where he was; he has lost and sacrificed nothing; he has simply pleased himself. But if I ask this rich man to give £50 to some poor people he has never seen, the chances are he will not give it, because he does not see any present return, because he sees that he will be at once £50 the poorer, he will have so much less for himself; it actually goes from him; he *gives* it; it does not come back in another shape; he cannot point to a fine horse and say, "there is my £50." He has to make a sacrifice, and to have something less for himself than he had before. The rich love money because they love themselves.

And so also with those of lower rank. A servant will give her shilling for a gay ribbon, because she gets her shilling's worth for herself; she decks her own person with the shilling that is turned into a ribbon; she says to herself, "there is my shilling; I myself am as well off as I was before, I love myself, and I have ornamented myself, and spent my money on myself." But if I ask her to give me a shilling for some poor folks,

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she has some excuses instantly in her mouth ; she cannot afford so much ; she will give a penny perhaps, but not a shilling. And why is this ? Because when the shilling goes to the poor, it does go ; it is *giving* it away ; it is not like spending it in a shop, where you give something from yourself to get back something for yourself ; you put down the money, but you take up the ribbon ; you have made no sacrifice ; you are where you were ; you have deprived yourself of nothing. The self-love of the poor makes them love what money they have.

But when you take up your Bible you find a great deal about giving away money from one end of it to the other. I should think there were a thousand texts at least that bid us in some way or other to give alms, to get nothing back when we give, to give away the £50 or the shilling just as our means are. Let me just put down a few passages of this sort by way of sample, and then I beg you to think them over.

“ He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord : and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.” “ Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ? ” “ It is more

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blessed to give than to receive." "Zacchæus stood forth, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And He called His disciples unto Him, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." "Sell that ye have and give alms." "Give alms of such things as ye have; and, behold, all things are clean unto you." "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

I might fill pages with such texts, but I will stop here, for these surely are enough to prove the point. Observe, that in all these cases we are to *give without getting any thing back*; the widow's mite did not get her a little loaf for herself; Zacchæus' gift of half his income did not fill his house or his table; he was so much the poorer; it was a gift indeed; nothing came back.

Observe also, that no difference is made be-

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tween the rich and the poor ; it is not said, the rich are to give because they are rich and have plenty to spare ; and the poor need not give because they are poor and have scarce enough for themselves. Nothing of this kind is said ; the very contrary is expressly declared ; rich and poor are exhorted with equal urgency to give alms ; it is not said to be a duty which belongs only to gentlefolks and great men ; it is a duty which belongs to all ; all are pressed to give, all of every rank, of every degree, men of great means and men of small means, men who live in palaces, and men who live in cottages ; princes, nobles, squires, merchants, shopkeepers, servants, mechanics, labourers. Our Saviour bids them all to bestow alms ; the Gospel tells us so in the strongest, plainest words. Do not say you are poor and are not bound to give ; remember the widow's mite. One law is laid on all ; the rule is without exception ; all are to give, even though they give their all. You may not like to hear the duty so plainly put, but take your pen and write down all the texts you find ; then read them over with an attentive heart, and you will find this law, this rule, this duty facing you in a thousand ways.

There is of course a certain difference insisted

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upon between rich and poor ; it is just the difference we should expect ; the poor are not freed from the duty of giving ; no one is freed ; but *the quantity given is to be measured by the means* ; the gift is to be proportioned to the purse. Our Saviour does not expect a widow's mite from the rich, nor Zacchæus' offering from the poor ; He does not look for £50 from the servant, nor a shilling from the squire ; but He lets none off. Does He require £50 from the squire and nothing from the servant of the squire ? or £50 from the merchant and nothing from the merchant's clerk ? or £50 from the manufacturer and nothing from the mechanic working at his loom ? or £5 from the flourishing tradesman and nothing from the petty tradesman in the back street ? Do not deceive yourselves, ye of the poorer sort. God requires alms from all. Woe be to the rich if they keep back their silver and gold, or spend it upon themselves ; it will turn into a sword sharper than steel, and will wound their souls for ever. Woe be to the poor if they keep back or spend upon themselves all their lesser means ; their shillings, or their pennies, or their mites, are as much, as strictly required of them as the larger offerings of men of *larger* means. Woe be to the men of mid-

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dling means who think they are not yet rich enough to afford to give. Yes ; woe great and terrible will fall on all, who, whether they be rich or poor, or between the two, do not freely give according to the measure of their worldly means.

Sometimes we hear men say, "O that we were rich, for then we would do so much!" but to this I say, give what you can, give cheerfully to the utmost of your power, and though it be but a mite it will be a great gift in your Saviour's eyes ; it is all that He expects ; and he who has done his utmost has done His Saviour's will. He does not expect great gifts from poor men, but He does expect them to make their sacrifice. You must not say, "I am but a labourer, or a servant, or a mechanic ; I cannot be expected to give alms." As well might a common say, if it could speak, "as I cannot yield grapes, I cannot be expected to yield grass." Do you dress in serge because you cannot dress in silk ? Do you buy no bread because you cannot buy venison ? Do you live out in the fields because you cannot house yourself in a palace ? And yet if you give nothing because you cannot give much, you might as well spend nothing upon yourself because you cannot spend much upon yourself.

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But just ask yourself, why does our Lord make so much of almsgiving, why is it spoken of so often and so highly in Holy Scripture ? Of course you may answer, that the alms benefit the poor or further some good work, such as the building of a church, or the support of a hospital, or the spreading of the Gospel in heathen lands. In these cases the poor get clothes and food ; the congregation get the blessing of a Church in which to draw near to God ; the heathen get the saving knowledge of Christ their Saviour. We see at once that all these persons are benefited by alms, and you may think this is a sufficient reason for all the exhortations about almsgiving in God's Holy Word.

But let me remind you of this, Holy Scripture says, that to give benefits *the giver*. Mercy "is twice blessed," says our great poet, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;" almsgiving as an act of mercy has this double blessing ; it benefits giver and receiver ; it goes forth to bless, and it sends back a blessing after it has gone forth ; it bounds forth and it rebounds. Nay, it does more good to the giver who seems to be the loser, than to the receiver who seems to be the gainer ; it is a greater gain to give away money *than to receive it*; it is "more blessed to give than

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to receive ;" the giver is benefited the most by almsgiving.

Now why is it good for the giver's sake to give ; why is it good for us all to give ? Consider what you do when you give ; *you conquer self-love*, you gain a victory over *self* ; you prove that you love God and your brethren ; you do an unselfish act ; you shew forth love, love not of self, but of God and of your neighbour ; you lose something yourself ; whether you give five pounds, or five shillings, or five pence, you are so much the poorer yourself ; whatever might have been bought for any of these sums for your own comfort, your own pleasure, your own adornment, is not bought ; if you only considered yourself you would not let the money go unless you got something back ; you would shop with it ; but to give alms is not to shop ; you lose either a ribbon or a dainty or a trinket or a luxury, that the alms might have bought ; and thus you care for others by giving it ; you practise love to others ; you think of their comforts and their wants and their necessities ; you deny yourself for their sake, you make a sacrifice yourself to cheer their hearts ; you give up something you like that they may have what they like or want ; you make yourself so much the poorer to do them good, and you put

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the duty of doing good above your own pleasure or your own gain.

We see then why God makes so much of giving; *it is an act of love*, a deed of love, a loss of something to ourselves for the sake of others, and every such act proves the truth and reality of our love. It is easy to give words of love, because they cost nothing; they deprive us of nothing; we cannot buy comforts for ourselves with words; but when besides words we give money, then we do indeed deny ourselves; we beat down our self-love, and triumph over the spirit of selfishness. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and if by our money we can find one way of proving our love, we are in this case taking the "mammon of unrighteousness" and making it do a godly work, a work of grace and love.

Hence the quantity of money given is some sort of test of the quantity of our love. If a man loves himself much and his neighbour little, then he will be scanty in his gifts, and spend the chief part of his means upon himself; if he loves himself much and his neighbour not at all, then he gives his neighbour nothing and spends all upon himself; but if he loves his neighbour as himself, then he divides his means; like Zacheus he gives half his goods, or it may be he

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gives more than he keeps. This however must depend on what he has; when I say that we may in some degree measure a man's love by his alms, I do not say that he who gives most, loves most, but that he who gives most, according to his means, loves most. I may give a pound and you may give a penny; but your penny may be a greater loss, a greater self-denial, a greater victory over self, a greater proof of love, than my pound. Thus the widow's mite was so precious in our Saviour's eyes; it was all she had; in itself it was but a mite; but when she had nothing left for that day's use, it was a greater proof of love, a greater victory over self, than if a rich man had given half his fortune. You see too in this very example of the widow, that our Saviour wishes the poor to give as well as the rich, and has an especial desire to see them giving, because, as they have less to give and less to spend upon themselves, they must have a strong and decided love before they can bring themselves to give. The sacrifice is greater on their part; the battle with self the harder; the victory the greater. He must love his brother who divides his last loaf with him. Hence the value of poor men's pennies; they are valuable to the poor men who give them; hence the value of servants' offerings

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and of all people of the lower ranks of life who have little in their purse ; everything they give is a gift indeed, and proves a loving and unselfish heart because it comes from a scanty store.

But besides proving unselfishness and love, almsgiving proves faith ; faith in the promises of Christ, faith in a life to come, faith in heavenly things, faith in the truth of death and judgment and of the vanity of all things on earth. For does not Christ Jesus charge us to give alms for the sake of a reward in heaven ? " Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Does not he who acts upon this text prove his faith in Christ and in the eternal riches of Christ's kingdom ? does he not shew that he values heavenly above earthly things ? He who loves the world loves the things of the world, its silver and gold, its luxuries, its pleasures, its pomps and vanities, its show and its comforts ; but he who believes in God and in the kingdom of heaven, which Christ by His blood has opened with all its everlasting joy and wealth, cares little for worldly things ; he knows they will all pass away ; he does not mind earthly things ; he does not care for them ; he despises them because they must pass away ; he has a contempt for the

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fine things and the rich things here : his heart is elsewhere fixed ; he looks upward into heaven, and thus ever believing in eternal life he is ready to give away earthly things ; if he has food and raiment he is content ; he does not want earthly luxuries or money.

But as I have exhorted you to give whether you are rich or poor, let me add one important caution ; take heed that you give from your heart, from a willing, a cheerful, a loving mind. A man may give and do himself no good ; a man may give out of pride, or for show, to get praise in his neighbourhood ; but such a one does not really *give* ; he shops ; he spends his money really on himself ; he goes to market ; he buys praise ; he gives a pound and he gets back for his own pleasure a pound's worth of praise. So also if you give simply because it is expected of you, because it is awkward not to give, because you would be thought mean or stingy not to give, then in this case you are not giving, but simply buying yourself off from being thought covetous and mean ; you pay so much for the sake of your character with your neighbours. I pray you therefore to give alms in a right spirit, out of true love to Christ, out of true love to your neighbour. Whenever you give, give as though

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Christ were asking you ; see Him when you see the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the naked, and the sick. Inasmuch as you give to the least of your brethren you give unto Christ, and will receive a reward as though you had helped your Saviour when He was an hungered or in need.

PLAIN RULES CONCERNING ALMS-GIVING.

1. GIVE largely according to your means.
2. Give regularly, not by fits and starts, but week by week, as the Lord prospers you.
3. Give humbly, not thinking of yourself, nor flattering yourself about your goodness or generous temper.
4. Give secretly, as far as possible, for your Father in heaven seeth in secret, and will reward you openly. When it is a duty to give openly, as in church, do it all the more carefully, that you may not be tempted to be proud of giving or to consider the opinions of men.
5. Give cheerfully, not with a grudging heart, as if you were fulfilling a duty you disliked, or paying a tax.
6. Give lovingly, out of true pity for the poor, loving Christ, and loving all needy brethren whom Christ has committed to our care.
7. Give wisely, with care and discretion, that your alms may do the most good. Choose the deserving poor, not the vicious nor the idlers who make a trade of begging, and waste the gifts they receive on riotous living.
8. Give not only to the poor, but to churches, schools, hospitals, missions, and such like works.

DEVOTION.

O ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, give me a merciful and generous heart, that I may give alms in a right spirit and in right proportion, not grudgingly or of necessity but as a cheerful giver. Teach me to have pity on all that are in need, and to aid all good works that promote Thy glory or the good of men. Bless the gifts that I am able to bestow, that they may do good and bear fruit abundantly, both to those on whom they are bestowed, and to my own soul. Bless also my labours, that I may always have somewhat to give to him that needeth, and may turn the fruits of my bodily industry to the profit of my soul. Hear this my prayer, O God, for Jesus Christ's sake.

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Good Sundays bring good weeks, and the Lord's Day rightly spent brings blessings from the Lord. The whole week is apt to take its tone from the beginning ; the first day sets the key to the rest, and we cannot easily change the key in the middle of the tune. When a choir starts too high, you may often see them struggling in another verse to lower the tone ; but on they go as they began ; the fault at starting clings to them throughout. So, when they begin aright, they commonly end aright. Be careful then how you start in the week ; very much hangs upon the first motions of the soul ; just as a morning without prayer or any sense of God is apt to be followed by a careless and godless day, so an ill-spent, unhallowed Sunday leads the way to a thoughtless and unholy week.

O Christian, begin with Christ ! On the first

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day of the week when Christ rose from the dead, do you rise afresh from the grave of worldly ways ; up with your soul to God ! raise it aloft ; walk with God all the day ; let every Sunday see the beginning of a new and holier life ; though you have lived ever so carefully, yet make a fresh start towards heaven, take a higher step towards heaven, do not keep on the level, nor say to yourself, “I will be this week as I was last ;” higher and higher should you move upwards towards God.

I say to you again, husband your Sundays. You have many days for your worldly labours, and only one entirely for God. Give it then all to God ; sanctify every part and portion of it, as it is but one ; be good, frugal managers of this one day, that you may make the most of it as regards the profit of your soul, and that the world may not steal a scrap of it for worldly purposes. The Lord's Day is a golden day ; it is the pearl of our days, a figure and type of heaven and the eternal rest where they that fall asleep in Christ “rest from their labours ;” it reminds us of the time of Adam's innocence, before sin and death and toil and sorrow came into the world ; nay, for a time it seems to bring back paradise, for the sentence of toil is

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suspended then and the sweat is not suffered to damp our brow ; it is the spiritual garden in the Christian's pilgrimage, that cheers his eye from time to time as he plods on towards heaven ; it is a sort of cool bower, or shady arbour, into which he can retire to rest and refresh himself for a while, while he turns aside from the dust and heat and bustle of the road. Above all, it reminds him of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is a sort of "Easter day in every week," in which we can bless and glorify our risen Lord, kindle afresh our faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life, and learn the way to that enduring sabbath, that perfect day, that everlasting rest in heaven, of which this is but the forerunner and faint similitude:

What would it be, I ask you, if there were no Lord's days, no day of rest ? How dreary a pilgrimage would life be ! labour upon labour, toil upon toil, no pause of the wheel of toil, on and on, till the whole frame, ground down by the wear and tear of ceaseless exertion, would be ready to droop and sink to the earth in weariness and despair ! Then indeed we should abhor the toils from which we were never freed ; the labourer would hate the plough and spade from which his hand was never taken except for sleep ;

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the mechanic would hate the tools which he had ceaselessly to ply ; the shopman would hate the shop to which he was ever chained ; the lawyer would hate the deeds and parchments and suits of law from which his reeling brain could never fly ; the merchant would hate the desk and ledgers from which he could never release himself for a day ; they who work with their hands and they who work with their heads, they who have the sweat of the brow or the sweat of the mind, would alike go through a drudging slaving life with broken spirits and sick cheerless hearts.

But now this weekly suspension of our toils, this weekly undoing of the burden of our labours from our back, reconciles us to the sentence of labour, and we bend to our tasks as sons of Adam with more willing minds. All our life is not toil ; it is not one unceasing round of work ; we can refresh our wearied bodies or our jaded minds ; we can put off the yoke from our neck, and, as it were, stretch our limbs. O how great the blessing of the Lord's day ! O happy thing for us that we can have some reprieve from work ! it is not all work—work—work. We can put down spade and plough ; we can get rid of buying and selling ; we can close shops and leave the bales of goods ; we can let the fire go out

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in the forge ; we can let the cattle rest in their stalls and not drive the team ; we can get rid of clients and consultations and disputes ; we can escape factories and looms and the hot air of work-shops ; we can put down the needle and give rest to the weary finger and aching eye ; we can fly from the counter and wearying customers, from the desk and dry accounts ; we can escape all the din and clatter and noise of the busy working world, and have one day out of seven a day of peace. All then is calm ; all is quiet ; quiet are the streets, quiet are the shops, quiet are the fields and the road ; something of the peace of heaven passes over the world, and we feel that such stillness is from heaven.

Should man, for whose blessing this day of rest is given, break the rest ? Should he, for whose good it was ordained, that he might once a week cease from toil, out of greediness and a covetous spirit turn even the slightest part of it into a working-day ? Should he rob himself of his rest ? is he wise or kind towards himself ? does he know better than God who has deenied it needful that his body and mind should rest from worldly business ? Alas ! what shall we say of all Sunday-trading, all buying and selling when shops should be *closed* and worldly goods un-

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touched ! It is all hateful to God ; it is all sinful before God ; it is all hurtful to yourselves, ye who buy and sell. When the children of Israel went out for their manna on the Sabbath, they got nothing ; and so what you buy or sell will not profit you, it will be worse than nothing, though it may seem to profit you ; it would serve you right if God were to take away the day of rest and make you work throughout the year. I should not be surprised if your health were to suffer, and your body to grow sick, and your trade to fall off for your unrighteous, forbidden, and guilty work ; at any rate, be sure your sin will find you out.

Again, as God has commanded our cattle to rest, as well as we, is it right for our selfish pleasure to drag the cattle from the stall, and to go rattling over the country with our horses on the Lord's day, as though it were a day of racket and gaiety and wild mirth ? Away with all Sunday-travelling ; you do not rest your own bodies, you do not rest the horses which God has given in our charge that we might care for them according to His command.

But is the Lord's day only for the rest of the body and of the mind ? Have we nothing to do *on that day* but to give up our work and go to



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sleep? Is it to be a day of sloth and idleness? Are we to loiter about and give up ourselves to laziness? Nay, it is a working-day after all, not a working-day for the body but for the soul; it is a busy day for the soul, and it is for this spiritual business we give up worldly business. While we give our bodies rest we can work with our better part, that is, with our souls, and there is plenty for our souls to do. The Lord's day is the soul's day. We change labours; when the shop is shut, or when the spade and plough are put by, then the Church is opened; when we cease to toil, then we should begin to pray.

Is not the world apt to take up too much of our souls? Well then, God will not let all our days be spent on the world. One day He takes out of the week for the soul's concerns that we may take breath and consider our ways and think of Him, and get help from Him, and meet together in prayer and hear His Gospel preached, and be reminded of heaven and hell, death, resurrection, and judgment to come. Not only for refreshment of the body is the Lord's day given us, but also for the profit of the soul, that we may not be drowned in worldly cares. Unless we begin the week with God, how can we keep God in all our thoughts? if we could only snatch a

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few short spaces out of our working-days for our souls, how soon we should forget them. We want one whole day for holy things. On this we must get our supply of living water and living bread, to sustain us amid the trials and temptations of the week.

It is indeed a blissful day to the willing follower of Christ; then he tastes of the sweetness of heaven; then he draws near to the throne of grace; then he pours forth his soul fully before God; then he not only snatches a few morsels of heavenly truth from the storehouse of truth, but he feeds and satisfies his soul with a goodly meal; then he has leisure to meditate on Christ's love, and to ponder deeply on the things that belong to his peace; then pushing from his mind all thought of shops and trade, and digging and planting, and merchandise and goods and work, he lifts up his eyes to heaven, and holds communion with God Most High; then he thinks of the life to come, and the promises of God through Christ, and of the bliss of heaven and fellowship with the angels; then too he repents of his sins and searches into his faults, and confesses them before God, and seeks for pardon; then he asks for the succour of the Spirit, for fresh *gifts of grace* both for himself and for his kin-

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dred and for the Church at large ; then he prays for all men, for the widow and the fatherless, for friends and for strangers, for the sick and the mourner. To such a one it is a day of peace, a day of spiritual joy, a day rich and profitable to his soul, a day full of blessing, so full of the sweetness of God's grace as to send forth of its sweetness to sanctify and sweeten all the week.

If you ask me how to get this man's spirit, and how to spend Sunday well like him, then I say to you, 1. First of all, rise up and pray ; do not lie long, nor let the spirit of sloth dull your spirit. If you lie long, you will be hurried for Church ; all will be heat and haste ; your temper will be ruffled by the haste ; you will rush into Church quite unprepared for it, and Church will not do much good. Or perhaps you will be too late for Church ; or you will miss it in the morning, and that is a great loss where it can be helped, for it is not half of the day or the fag end of the day that is enough for the business of your soul. Be not slothful then ; if you lie somewhat later than usual, be careful that that "somewhat" does not become a "good deal."

2. When you rise, give yourself to prayer at once, to private prayer in your own room by your bedside. Do not hurry over these prayers ;

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lengthen them; make them longer than usual; try to pray very heartily; take time about them; your meals will not be spoilt, nay, they will have a better relish, if you have first been talking with God.

3. When you come down stairs, then have family prayer; call together all your household; let wife and husband, brothers and sisters, parents and children, kneel down together, and pour forth their souls to God. Blessings from God come down on the families who begin all things with God.

4. Then after your meal you may have time to read some good book, and to prepare your spirit for the great work of public worship. You dress your body for Church in your best clothes, and you take pains and time in dressing it; should you not much more dress your soul? You should always prepare yourself for worship; many get little good from Church because they enter it without thought; they are not in tune for it; they have just perhaps put down a newspaper, or read many letters about a thousand things that have nothing to do with God, or they have been talking about the news of the day, or about politics, or about their neighbours all the way to Church; this is not the way to draw near to the presence of God and to the throne of grace.

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5. When you have dressed your soul, then set forth for the House of prayer; be in time; start early; enter it carefully and solemnly; remember the presence of the most mighty and most merciful God, the ever blessed Trinity, the presence of your Father, of your Saviour and your Sanctifier. Be very reverent, very attentive throughout the service. Do not look about; you have come to pray; open the eyes of your soul and look at God through faith; pray earnestly, pray fervently; pray upon your knees; bend your body and bend your soul.

6. Receive the Holy Communion, for that is the Lord's day's great feast; it is the richest meal of the soul; it gives the greatest strength; it is the bread of heaven, the staff of life, sweeter than the manna in the wilderness, for we then spiritually partake of the Body and the Blood of Christ our Saviour, which is meat indeed and drink indeed.

7. Go to Church at least once in the day; take no employment nor place nor service which hinders you from keeping this rule; go oftener if you can.

8. While I bid you to be careful of yourself in the House of prayer, do not think the rest of the day *may* be spent any how. Take

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some time for reading, and choose good books ; avoid newspapers ; they are of the world ; you might as well do worldly things as read of them. Many people love their newspapers more than their Bibles, and have more real heart and appetite for them ; but do you put away the newspaper on the Lord's day. Be careful of your conversation ; you need not always be talking religiously, yet avoid over-much mirth and loud talking and foolish jesting.

9. If you take a walk choose your companions well ; go not gadding about with light and foolish friends ; make the day of a piece. Do not be with God in Church and with the despisers of God out of Church. Foolish company on Sundays has lost many souls ; the devil sets them in your way that he may catch your soul.

10. End your day as you began, that is, with both family and private prayer ; for as we should begin, so should we end all things with God. Spend your Sunday in this way, and you will have the blessing of God, the love of your Saviour, and the succour of the Holy Ghost.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

THE BEATITUDES.

RICH and gracious were the words which proceeded out of the mouth of the most blessed Jesus, when He gathered the multitudes round Him on the holy mount, and seating Himself in the midst, as a shepherd among his sheep, began to feed them with His truth. And what does the voice of the Holy One say? the Lord begins with a blessing.

I. He who is love first speaks in love, and after this manner, “Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Think of these first words. A blessing drops from the lips of love and on whom? even upon the poor in spirit, the lowly, the self-forgetting, the humble, who esteem others better than themselves, who put themselves last, who choose the lowest seat and the lowest room. Those are first in Christ’s love who are last in their own. The proud, the arrogant, the self-trusting, the self-sufficient, who

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think highly of themselves and lift up their heads on high, are low as the dust in Christ's eyes. All such He resists. If they be great in their own eyes they are little in His. They who lift up themselves will one day be brought low and lick the dust; but they that cast themselves at Christ's feet, craving mercy, self-abased, poor in spirit, convinced of sin, will be lifted up in the day of the exaltation of the saints; they will spring upwards as the seed which we plant downward in the earth, for from the earth will they be lifted up even to heaven; they will be set among the princes, even the princes of heaven, and have seats where the brotherhood of angels dwells. For even thus high does the word of promise reach. No promise of earthly honours comes from Christ's lips; the everlasting Son does not bless with such blessings as wither like the grass; the poor in spirit will not be made rich on earth nor be crowned here; humility is not the path to worldly glory; they who want worldly things must push their way, must press themselves on, must shew themselves off, must lift themselves up above other men, must make themselves known, must have confidence in their powers. The humble, self-forgetting, self-despising, retiring spirits, that like the glow-worms

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seek the dark lane and shine in God's eyes without knowing that they are bright, these are the chosen ones of Christ ; even the very fulness of His blessing, the first, the best, the highest of His gifts is theirs, for "theirs," He says, "is the kingdom of heaven."

Listen then I say to these words ; see your way to heaven ; bring down your soul ; stoop low to Christ's feet. What are you but a sinner, a worm and no man ? confess your real state ; affect not to be something when you are nothing ; strive to feel and know that you are nothing ; for then the arm of Divine mercy will lift you up and change your state ;—yours will be the kingdom of heaven.

II. But blessing follows blessing. "Blessed," says our Saviour, "are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted." All they on whom sorrows fall, and who are drawn by their sorrows to love God, all they whose aching hearts look up to heaven for heavenly consolation, shall be comforted by Him to whom they fly ; they will not be cast out. The troubled and afflicted heart that turns to the one true Comforter, that does seek to satisfy itself with God, will be led by God beside the waters of comfort, and shall be refreshed with a multitude of peace.

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But there are others whom this word of promise concerns ; it concerns all you who have sinned and who mourn over your sins, all you who have gone astray, and have now wakened up to see the wrath due from God. Come and mourn, ye sinners ; weep, ye careless ones ; many days have ye wasted and many stains have ye cast upon your souls ; but mourn with hope ; sorrow not over your sins without hope ; turn your eyes to this very Jesus ; bow yourselves at His feet and weep, and hope for pardon while ye weep. He it is who promises to all true penitents that they shall be forgiven ; He it is “ who receiveth sinners,” who loved the Magdalene when she washed His feet with her tears, who speaks these words to the repentant and contrite, “ Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.”

III. Listen further yet to the sweet strain of mercy as the Holy One breathes it forth, “ Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.” The men of meek, mild temper, the tender-hearted, the gentle, the kind, who are not easily stirred to wrath nor quickly vexed, these twin brethren of the humble, shall pass on calmly through this present evil world, easily satisfied with that portion of earthly things which God casts into their laps, taking patiently ill usage of men or

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hard times, bearing with the unruly and the hasty. Seek after meekness, all ye who desire to find peace and quietness on earth; seek ye to possess your souls in patience and gentleness, for in this way ye will inherit the earth; your earthly life will flow on like a tranquil unruffled stream; great things only will have power to harass and disturb your souls; and even then ye will look up from trials here to that better inheritance in heaven where there is everlasting peace, and where the Pattern of meekness, He who blesses the meek, takes them unto Himself, and gives them a good portion in the heavens.

IV. Still give your ears to the voice from the mount that you may find food for your soul, for of food heavenly and rich He now speaks, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"—filled they shall be if they have hungered and thirsted, for "He is faithful that promised;" filled shall they be who pant after grace, and long to become holy to the Lord; filled shall they be who feel themselves to be empty, and go not unto the world to fill their hearts, but unto Christ. He will do it. Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it; yea even up to the brim will He replenish the empty cup, and He will load the empty hand. Ye shall not go empty

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away, when with hunger of the soul and inward thirst ye draw near to Christ. He will nourish you ; He will feed you ; He will refresh you “in the barren and dry land where no water is.” He cries out to you when your souls pine with hunger and are parched with thirst, “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.” Ye that desire righteousness even as men an hungered crave for bread, ye that have this spiritual craving to become holy, will indeed be enabled to become righteous, will be filled with righteousness. Ye shall not want ; this Jesus will supply your wants who knows your needs ; and He who came to deliver you from your sins that ye might live righteously, will not fail you in the weary hour ; verily ye shall be fed—fed first with that meat which is meat indeed, so that ye may do the will of God, and fed afterwards with the rich things of the feast of the Lamb, where the saints shall sit down and feast and be filled for ever.

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V. Still does the voice speak ; still therefore hearken, for it is the voice of love. "Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy ;" they who love much shall be much beloved ; the loving shall be recompensed with love ; and the merciful who scatter seeds of mercy on the earth shall reap a harvest of mercy at the last day. Man is most like God when he is most merciful ; and the servant of Christ has his Master's spirit when loving-kindness, and tenderness, and pity warm his soul. The severe, the exacting, the revengeful, the hard-hearted, the cold, the selfish, the unpitiful, have no likeness to Christ ; their features are not brightened with heaven's light ; they are far from God ; they know not what they themselves want ; what they give not they cannot hope to have ; the pitiless go unpitied ; the unloving are unloved ; the hard-hearted will find God hard toward them ; the unsympathising will not have the sympathy of Christ ; when at the last day they cry aloud for mercy, who will hear their cry ? Then will Jesus say unto them, "I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink : I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in : naked, and ye clothed Me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." And though they may ask of

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Him, "when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee," He will answer in His own words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." Think therefore what you need; do you not very greatly need the pity, the mercifulness, the compassion, the forgiveness of Christ? shall we not yearn for it, pray for it, fervently desire it with longings unspeakable, when our Judge calls us before His throne? Shall we not then cry, "mercy, mercy, good Lord! good Lord, be merciful! take not vengeance for all we have done! bring it not all against us; O Lord, be pitiful! O Lord, be forgiving, else we shall be lost eternally!" Consider then your brethren now; hear their cries; feel for their sufferings; pity them in their necessities; forgive them, be merciful towards them; be not extreme to exact all that is due; you will need of God what they need of you; and your treatment of them will guide the Lord in His treatment of you. Blessed are they who obtain the Lord's mercy at the awful day of His judgment; and now we know that the merciful shall obtain it.

VI. Further yet does the blessed Jesus give forth His words that are sweeter than honey to

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the lips of the souls that love to taste His promises. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." A pure heart should we all desire; purity within, that we may be pure without; a clear spring that the stream may be clear, a sweet cistern giving forth sweet water. Where there is a pure heart, full of pure, holy, undefiled, guileless thoughts, there the speech is pure and the hands are pure; there the whole outward life and conversation take colour from the inward root; the root of the vine may be hidden and covered up with earth, but the vine not the bramble, grows therefrom; the heart may not be seen of man, but a pure heart gives forth a blameless life. Blessed indeed are singleness of mind, innocency of thought, clearness, openness; blessed are they in whose heart all unchaste, impure, unclean, double-minded, crafty, cunning imaginations do not dwell. They only can keep out the host of passions that press in like armed men, who continually consider the purity of God, who ever strive to be like Christ, who are ever purifying themselves and at work in the garden of their souls to keep it clean of the quick-growing weeds, who are ever on their guard against the entrance of every evil thought, who instantly cast out all that strives

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to enter in, and bolt fast the door that it may not enter, who ever consider the hatefulness of impurity in God's eyes, and are daily preparing themselves for Christ's coming, that they may be able to stand before the light of His most pure eyes. These men shall see God and live; for He who is pure delights Himself in the pure; they shall see God, not as the wicked must see Him, to hear His word of wrath and to be then driven from His presence, but to receive His word of love which He now promises, to go in and dwell with Him in His eternal house, and to see Him even for ever, rejoicing in the eternal sight and contemplation of His purity.

VII. Once again Christ speaks; the treasury of His blessings is not drained, and He now says, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Those who are Christ's make peace; they bring together them that are apart, and heal wounds, and end strifes, and step between adversaries, and tie the cords of love that have been cut in twain. Holy is the office of the peacemaker; blessed is his work who endeavours to unite Christ's severed members to each other that they may dwell together sweetly in unity; they have the Spirit of God *who strive to bring schisms to an end, and to*

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restore peace whether to nations or to the branches of Christ's Church, or to men who have separated from the Church, or to private individuals who have strife and coldness one with another. Seek this work, all ye who are children of God ; for it is your work as God's children, and ye will have the children's recompence who know your Father's love of peace and concord, and therefore further peace.

VIII. And now the last blessing comes from the lips of Christ. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Lift up your hearts, yield not ; turn not back in the day of battle and rebuke, when it is dangerous to confess Christ, or when the way of truth is evil spoken of, when you are alone and none with you, when all around forget God and do evil, when you are mocked and ridiculed for your religious ways, when you are jeered at and maligned, when evil names are fixed upon you for Christian earnestness. Be not dismayed ; those that have gone before you have had the hatred

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of men ; they have endured scorn and contempt ; they have borne scoffs and ridicule together with all the lesser and the greater forms of persecution. Do you then be like them ; take up your cross ; bravely confess Christ as good soldiers of Christ ; be not dismayed ; the Lord is with you ; let the words of your Lord sound in your ears when you incline to deny Him in some weak and unstable hour.

Thus did eight blessings come from Christ's mouth upon the mount : they are our inheritance ; though spoken long ago they are ours for our good. Receive them into your souls ; listen to Christ now, for He now calls you to inherit a blessing ; Be poor in spirit, bear your griefs patiently, and mourn over your sins, be meek, hunger and thirst after righteousness, be merciful, be pure in heart, make peace among your brethren, be firm and staunch in times of reproach, thus shall ye be blessed by Christ Jesus our Lord.

*HYMNS FOR MORNING, EVENING,
AND MIDNIGHT.*

MORNING HYMN.

*His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.
LAMENT. III. 22, 23.*

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

MORNING HYMN.

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

MORNING HYMN.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean ;
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

The Christian Year.

EVENING HYMN.

Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

St. LUKE xxiv. 29.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense :—

EVENING HYMN.

Then with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

EVENING HYMN.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

The Christian Year.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd Angels ! while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on nigh,
You joyful hymn the Ever-Bless'd,
Before the throne, and never rest.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine,
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul when I shake off this dust,
LORD, in Thy arms I will entrust ;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat ;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight ;
My soul, O lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of Thy great name.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

Bless'd Jesu, Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow,
Of antedating bliss below;
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quic'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KE

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

**MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS FOR
YOUNG PERSONS.**

MORNING PRAYER.

O HEAVENLY Father, who hast watched over me in the dark night and guarded me in my bed, I thank Thee for the sweet sleep and rest which I have enjoyed by Thy mercy. Waken, good Lord, my soul, that I may this day see what I ought to do and do what is good. Keep me from the power of the devil, who seeks to destroy my soul in hell. Keep me from the power of the world and of my own evil will, from all passion and anger, all greediness and selfishness, all pride and conceit, all envy and unkindness. Make me gentle and pure in heart, peaceable and forgiving, humble in my own eyes, and a lover of what is good. Forgive me all past sins ; grant that I may love Thee and serve Thee more faithfully in time to come, and at last reach Thy kingdom in heaven, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

MORNING PRAYERS FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil : For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

O ALMIGHTY God, I pray Thee to bless my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, all my kindred and good friends. Bless the Queen and all who are over me. Bless the whole Christian Church : bless the clergyman of this parish and all his flock, that he may rightly instruct our souls, and that we may rightly receive him as one whom Thou hast sent. Bless the widows and the fatherless, the poor and needy ; succour all who are in sickness or any other distress ; convert the wicked ; strengthen the good ; unite us together in peace and godliness. Pour Thy blessing upon the whole house wherein I dwell ; watch over us all this day, and keep us all from sin, that when night comes we may be at peace with Thee, and may have done Thy blessed will. Hear me, O God, for Jesus Christ's sake.

EVENING PRAYERS FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

EVENING PRAYER.

O HEAVENLY Father, who hast carried me safely through this day, I thank Thee that Thou hast not suddenly cut me off; I pray Thee to pardon me for all the sins of this day and of my former life. I desire to be at peace with Thee, O God, before I lie down to rest. Give me true sorrow of heart for all that I have done amiss, and forgive me for Thy mercy's sake; blot out of Thy book all my faults and offences; wash them out in my Saviour's blood. Have mercy, have mercy upon me a sinner. Thou art very merciful, O God, to all who turn to Thee, and I now kneel before Thee, praying Thee to accept me, and to be merciful for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

EVENING PRAYERS FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

O HEAVENLY Father, I, Thy child by adoption, commend myself to Thy care this night. Preserve my body and soul; keep me from all harm, from all power of the devil, from all evil accidents, from sudden death in my sleep. Give me Thy good gift of refreshing sleep; be Thou near me in the darkness, for the darkness is no darkness to Thee. Send Thy holy angels to watch over me, and to camp about my bed. If I wake up, enable me to use that time of wakefulness to the good of my soul by lifting it up in prayer to Thee.

Bless also, I pray Thee, O Father, all who are in this house; bless my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, my friends and kindred, my clergyman and neighbours; take them into Thy gracious keeping; preserve them through the dangers of the night, that they may rise in the morning to do Thy will. O bless us all, most gracious Father, for Thou alone hast power to bless us and keep us safe. Hear these my prayers, and forgive all that is imperfect in my prayers, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Lord and Saviour. AMEN.

**THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, OR THE
SCHOOL-FEAST.**

WHEN Mr. Stafford, the rector, came into the school-room on Monday morning, he looked very grave ; his usual kind cheerful look was gone ; and the quick eyes of the boys saw at once there was something wrong. He immediately ordered silence. In a moment all was hushed ; you might have heard a pin fall on the floor, and many a heart beat quick. "I grieve to say," he began, "I very much grieve to say, that complaints have been made to me that the apples are not safe in the orchards, and that some boys of this school, forgetting all they have been taught and the plain command of God, have been guilty of the theft. I now warn all, from the least to the greatest, that if any boy is ever caught in an orchard, he shall be forbidden our school-feast next month." Now the school-feast was a great day to the boys of Alverton ; many a week was it thought of, talked about, and dreamt about, before it came ; many a week afterwards was it remembered and discussed. All the prizes were then given ; the parents of the children were in-

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vited to attend ; the gentle-folks of the place were sure to be there ; high and low, rich and poor, went to church, the children making a great procession ; and then came the feast itself in the rector's field, when gigantic cakes appeared and disappeared, and good games followed the cakes. It was a long day and a happy day to all concerned. This Mr. Stafford knew; and thus he determined to stop the apple-stealing by stopping the apple-stealers from the feast.

Now boys, we know, are fond of apples, and in some weak moment, a bright apple dangling on the tree or lying with its ruddy face upon the ground, is no slight temptation. A few boys had begun to find their way into the orchards, though the truth is, as their feet went over the hedge, their heart went pit pat within them, and they heard a voice inwardly saying as plain as it could speak, "Thou shalt not steal." As they both loved and dreaded the rector, besides being fond of the feast, the greater part of them kept their hands to themselves from that day forward, and ate no apples which they could not honestly get.

The feast was to be on St. Michael's day, the 29th of September. Now on the Tuesday before the feast, Charlie Lang and his younger

OR THE SCHOOL-FEAST.

brother were trudging home from school. Ja Lang was but a little lad, and Charlie had to t^him home up the long hill towards the commoⁿ on which his widowed mother lived. As th^t house was above a mile from the school, hi mother had made a good-sized bag, into whic^h she was wont to pack both their dinners to save them coming home so far between morning and evening school. The two dinners had been safely packed into the blue bag that morning as usual, and as usual had been taken out at dinner time, and packed down the young Langs' throats instead. Charlie swung the empty bag on his arm as he started off with Jack after evening school, and proceeded to lug his short-legged brother home. When, however, they had got to the edge of the common, Charlie happened to feel for the bag, and what was his dismay to find that it was gone ; it was now getting late, and they had been some time on their way ; Jack was tired and could not go back, while Charlie looked for the bag, and yet he did not like to leave him in the dark lest he should take fright. At last the poor boy determined to go half way back, and coaxing Jack to remain quiet by the stile, away he went, tracking his steps and straining his eyes in every direction in the hope of finding his lost

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possession. All in vain ; no bag was to be found ; he turned homeward again after a fruitless search, and after reaching Jack, who was sitting on the ground with his fat face against the stile, half asleep, he hurried on as fast as he could. When on reaching home his mother asked him with some anxiety what had happened to make him late, as she was afraid one of them had got hurt, he gave her at once the account of his loss.

Now it so happened that James Badley, a big boy, had been one of the first and foremost of the apple-stealers, and was one of the few who were not minded to mend their ways. He thought too, he could contrive cleverly enough to have both the apples and the feast, and he made light at once of God's command and of his pastor's threat. That very evening he had been resolving to wait till it was dusk, and then he thought he could get his pocket-full without being found out. Accordingly, as twilight came on, he clambered over the hedge of farmer Collins's best orchard, filled his pocket with his best fruit, and was on the road again before any body had passed. He had not got many yards when he saw a blue bag lying on the ground ; "Aha!" he said to himself, "my pockets are full, to be

sure ; but I can fill the bag now." One sin commonly brings on another, and so one theft in this case paved the way to the second. Back he went to farmer Collins's field ; the hedge was leapt again in a trice, and the bag was nearly filled, when he heard the gate of the orchard creak ; the bag dropped instantly from his hand : looking eagerly through the trees he caught a glimpse of the stout farmer with his two dogs ; away he flew towards the hedge, and scrambling through, did not take breath till he came to his father's door.

Farmer Collins heard the sound of the bushes moving as though some one were pushing their way through the hedge, but being, as I have said, a stout man, he could not get to the spot quick enough to see who the intruder was. Presently the youngest of his dogs was tossing about a blue bag, and pulling it to tatters. "O, ho !" said the farmer, "as a thief has been here again among my apples, I can find the thief by finding the owner of the bag." And so on the following morning he went to the rector's and told him that more apples were missed, that he had heard some one breaking through the hedge and running off, but that the thief had set a trap for himself by leaving some of his goods behind. "Yes,

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yes," said the rector, "I think we shall find the thief; let us come to the school at once that we may discover the owner of the blue bag." On they strode towards the school.

When the rector and farmer Collins entered it, the boys guessed at once that something unusual was in the wind. The whole school, at the rector's order, was ranged round the room; and then, standing in the middle, with a vexed yet sorrowful voice, Mr. Stafford told them "that the apple-stealing had not ceased, but that the boy who had despised God's law had left a clue behind him and could not be hid." Only one heart among all the boys was trembling with great fear, and that was Badley's. "Whoever," continued the rector, "owns this blue bag is the thief, and has lost the feast." Charlie Lang, whose full eyes had been all the while fixed on the rector, started with horror, and coloured up to his ears, when his own blue bag was held up as the property of the thief. The master, knowing the bag, and seeing the colour rise to the boy's cheek, immediately pointed him out. Badley took breath, and felt himself safe.

"What!" said the rector, really surprised and grieved, "has one so young dared to do this *evil deed*, and you Charles Lang, of whom I have

thought so well!" The poor boy burst into tears, and stammered forth with a broken voice his innocence. However, his guilt seemed proved, and the rector besought him not to add untruth to theft. The master however, who had a good opinion of the boy, thought it would be as well to inquire of his mother what time he reached home that night; for as farmer Collins said it was about seven o'clock when he went into his orchard, he knew that the Langs might have been at home at six, or a little after, had they made the best of their way. The rector took the master's hint, and bade him hurry off to the widow's house. He was soon there, and found from widow Lang that her sons had not reached home till after seven that night; "for," she said, "Charlie lost his bag on the way, and went a long way back to find it." The master was grieved to hear the boys had been so late at home, as it forced him to suspect that they had only invented the account of losing the bag on the road to conceal the real history of its loss, and to excuse themselves for being late. When on his return he told his tale, Mr. Stafford took the same view of the case, and Charlie Lang's fate was sealed. Before all the school he was declared to have forfeited the feast for being a thief.

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The boy sobbed as if his heart would break, and still persisted in his innocence.

A bitter journey it was for him that evening home. His mother who knew not why the schoolmaster had been up to ask the questions was somewhat anxious for his return, and was standing at the door, as the usual time arrived for his coming back. When he saw his mother, he rushed forward, threw himself into her arms, and in a violent burst of grief, exclaimed, "O mother, mother, I am said to be a thief, but I am innocent, I am innocent indeed!" The poor widow, startled by what he said, hastily drew him into the house, and when he had become somewhat calm, bade him tell all that had happened. For the first few minutes she almost distrusted his tale; the bag in the orchard puzzled her; but the boy quickly perceiving his mother's hesitation, flung himself round her neck, exclaiming, "Don't doubt me! you are my own mother; don't you be against me! O mother, if you doubt me my heart will break, for I have then no friend!"

"Yes," said the widow, convinced of his innocence by this natural burst of genuine distress, "you have God, from whom no secrets are hid, and you have me; I do believe you!" The boy smothered her with kisses. After a while his

grief broke out afresh, and he said, "I don't care for the feast; I don't care for it a bit; but I am called a thief by the parson, who I know is a good man, and has been a good friend. I have lost him now; he thinks I am a thief."

Just at this time Robert Swale, a shoemaker's apprentice in the village, who had not long left school, and who had always taken a fancy to Charlie, came in. The poor widow in her grief told all the tale to Robert. He listened to every word; he felt that facts were against poor Charlie; but he knew him well, and he knew him to be a boy who feared God, and was spending a holy youth. Robert himself was an earnest member of the Church; he had lately been confirmed, and his whole heart was in heavenly things; he had profited greatly by the rector's instructions, and he liked Charlie because he seemed to be able to understand him when he talked about the things of God, though he was so much younger than himself.

"I am sure," he said as he wished good night, "I am sure Mrs. Lang that Charlie has spoken the truth, and I'll see what can be done to clear him."

"God bless you, Robert!" exclaimed Charlie
PAROCHIAL TRACT, No. 9.

fervently ; “you’ll stand by me, then ? Well, God has not quite left me this dreadful day !”

Robert walked thoughtfully home ; Charlie sat moodily by the fire-side, every now and then quite lost in grief till bed-time came. His mother and he then knelt down for their evening prayer, and the widow put up an especial prayer for her son, that he might be found to have been faithful, that he might be patient in his trial, and his innocence made clear, if not in this world, in the world to come. When Charlie went up to his room, and said his own private prayers by his bed-side, his mother heard his trembling and broken voice calling upon God for help ; her heart rose within her, and she said cheerfully to herself, as the tears stood in her eyes, “that the boy would not have prayed in that way if he were a thief, but would have shuffled into bed.”

Early the next morning, the day before the feast, Robert Swale was up with the lark, and wended his way towards the orchard to see what he could make out of the affair. Remembering well that farmer Collins had said the apple-stealer had made his escape at the corner of the field towards the mill, thither he turned his steps. Remembering also that it had rained the *night* before the theft, he thought he might find

some foot-prints on the ground. With the farmer's leave, he first went inside the field, and there he thought he saw, near the part of the hedge which was freshly broken at the top, as though some one had lately scrambled through, the faint marks of the pressure of a foot. However, he was not sure that he was right, as the mark was so indistinct ; but this led him to look over the hedge on the road-side, and there he saw a heap of mud and earth that the road-scrappers had made. He was soon out of the field examining the heap on which the thief must have come down, if he had rightly hit upon the place. There staring him in the face was the plain mark of a big boy's heel, and just in the position in which the foot must have fallen if its owner had come over the hedge. Robert's heart quite beat with joy, and his eye sparkled when he saw that the foot must have been nearly twice as large as Charlie Lang's. "Hurrah, hurrah !" he exclaimed, clapping his hands, "he is not the thief !" Out came his rule ; he measured the foot-mark accurately ; and noted that the shoe must have had an iron heel of a peculiar make ; he was very exact in taking on a piece of paper the pattern of the heel. The question now was who owned the shoe. Directly he got to the

shop he began looking at all the boy's shoes that were there to be mended, and pulling out his paper to see if they would fit ; not one had the peculiar heel. In the course of the day two pair of boy's shoes were brought, and were greedily seized upon by Robert, to his master's surprise, but neither of them were of the right size or shape. Late however in the evening, when the workshop was about to be closed, a woman tapped at the door, and begged that the shoes she brought in her hand might be mended as soon as possible, and she would call for them the next evening. Robert seized them from her as though they were made of gold, and told her they should be looked to directly.

Yes, and they were looked to without a second's delay. A single glance shewed Robert that he had got the prize ! there was the very heel ! he stood gazing and gazing, staring and staring, as though he could hardly trust his eyes ; but so it was, the shoe was found, and the owner too, for Robert knew the woman. Though it was now late he was on the point of starting off to the rectory, when his master told him he had better have his supper and go to bed. What did Robert care for his supper ! however, the master would not let *him* go, and so after swallowing down some mouth-

fuls of something, he knew not what, whether it were bacon or leather it was all one to him that night, he hurried off to bed, wishing the night were at an end. Nothing was seen of him in the morning in the shop ; no one knew where he was gone. The truth was, he was at the rector's gate long before a shutter was opened or a servant up ; then he posted up to the common to see the widow, but on getting there, he paused and went back, thinking he should see Mr. Stafford first ; there he was again at the rectory just as the cook was lighting the kitchen fire.

“ Is the rector in ?” he asked.

“ In !” said the cook, “ yes, fast in bed ; what do you mean, Robert ?”

“ O, I don't mean is he in ? can I see him, cook ?”

“ Why, what are you about ? you can't see him this hour yet.”

“ O how can I hold my tongue for an hour !” cried the impatient lad, “ well, I suppose I must ; may I sit down here till he's up ?”

“ Oh yes, sit there, and I'll tell you when the bell rings.”

Robert was in no humour for sitting still ; he twisted his hat into all sorts of shapes ; whistled and hummed odd tunes ; beat upon

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the stone floor with his feet, in short, could not contain himself. The clocks all seemed to be half asleep, the hands dawdled on, like heavy waggons on a hilly road, from one five minutes to another; never were such clocks. At last the bell rang; Robert jumped from his chair at the joyful sound, and was summoned by the cook into the rector's study. In he rushed, scarce thinking where he was, and spluttering forth in eager tones, "You're wrong, Sir; I'm glad to say you're wrong, Sir; you're mistaken; it's all clear."

"Why, Robert, what's the matter?"

"Beg pardon, Sir, but I mean about the apples, and the thief, and Charlie Lang."

"O!" said Mr Stafford, "that is what you have come about; and what can you tell me? I have been very anxious and grieved about that business."

"I can tell you a great deal, Sir; I can tell you every thing; but I don't want to tell it now; I'd rather wait till the school meets to-day."

Mr. Stafford, who saw he was much excited, and did not quite know what to make of him, told him he had better come to the school-room if he so wished, at the beginning of the feast, which seemed to please Robert much, and he hurriedly took his leave.

It was a bright sunny day, just the day for the feast ; you might see the boys and girls in their best clothes, with happy looks threading their way across the fields from the scattered cottages towards the school. Never was such a school-full seen : nobody was late that day ; somehow or other the laziest were in time. Then the school looked so beautiful with its festoons of flowers, and in one corner there stood a perfect crowd of cakes, good, stout, savoury cakes, that it was quite a treat to see or to smell ; it was a pleasant sight in the corner, I can tell you. And what shall we say of the opposite corner ? why there were clothes baskets full of red-cheeked apples, quite sweet and juicy, no bad things after the cakes. Well, all were there ; and the clock at last condescended to get to the appointed hour, though it seemed to make a favour of it by going so slow. As the clock struck, the rector entered the room, and the boys set up a loud " Hurrah ;" for who was there I should like to know who was not glad to see their pastor's face ?

Then Robert Swale who had been fidgetting at the door for an hour at least, stepped up to him, and reminded him that he had something to say about the theft.

" O yes," said Mr. Stafford aloud, " take your

places, boys, round the school." When this was done, he went on to say, " You know, boys, that one of our number is absent to-day because of a very grievous sin ; now our old scholar Swale is here, and he says that he has found something out about the theft."

" Yes, Sir," said Swale, without waiting to hear the rector out, " I've found it out by shoe-making."

The boys tittered at Robert's speech, for they did not see what shoe-making had to do with stealing apples.

" I see, boys, you laugh ; but here," he said, drawing out the shoe with the peculiar heel, and holding it up high before them all, " here is the shoe of him that stole the apples, and this shoe belongs to Badley ; this shoe left its mark on the heap of mud when the thief got over the hedge ; this shoe was brought by Badley's mother to master's last night to mend. He must have found Charlie's bag, and stolen that as well as the apples ; Badley, Sir, is the thief, that big boy there, and Charlie Lang is as innocent as a lamb, thank God !" With these words he pushed the shoe, and the paper with the copy of the foot-mark, into the rector's hands in a tone of triumph, *while all the boys came crowding round to see.*

Mr. Stafford thoughtfully took up the shoe, while the boys looked anxiously first at his face, then at Badley's. As for the latter he was fairly taken by surprise ; he turned as pale as a sheet.

" You are right, Robert, I believe," said Mr. Stafford after a pause; " we judged wrongly; Badley, are not you the thief?" Badley's head dropped; he said nothing ; all the boys sidled away from him, and left him standing alone, trembling and confused ; by his silence he confessed his guilt ; he could not deny it.

Without waiting to hear the end, away rushed Robert out of the school up the hill towards the common, as fast as young legs and a good heart could carry him. He burst almost breathless into widow Lang's cottage, and seizing Charlie by the arm as he was sitting moping by the empty fire-place with little fat Jack by his side, he gasped forth, "It's all right! come along—you're no thief—the parson knows it—never mind your clothes—come along, Mrs. Lang—on with your bonnet—I'll lug little Jack, and I'll tell you all by the way."

Widow Lang, guessing that some strange turn had taken place at the school, did not wait to hear what had happened, but put on her bonnet, got Jack his hat, and set off with Charlie and Robert Swale.

" Come along, Mrs. Lang : put your best leg

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forward, that's a good woman." In this strain he hurried them on, telling them the story as they went along; the widow's heart beat with joy; she was too much overcome to speak a word; her heart was full; she grasped Charlie's hands, and secretly offered a warm thanksgiving to God for the innocence of her boy, while Charlie in turns laughed and cried, and little Jack trundled along at a brisk trot, not knowing what to make of it. Directly the school was in sight, Robert set up a loud "Hurrah;" some boys near the door looked out as they caught Robert's shout; for to say the truth, they all guessed what Robert had gone for, and the moment he rushed into the room with Charlie in one hand and Jack in the other, such a loud "Hurrah" burst instinctively from all the boys at once, as made the walls of the good old school to ring.

I need not tell the rest. Badley scuffled home with downcast head, unpitied and despised. The feast went on; it was said to have been the best, the merriest feast that Alverton had ever known since Alverton had had a school. Somehow or other the day was brighter, the air was pleasanter, the games were better, the cake was sweeter, the apples more juicy, in short, the boys were happier than they had ever been before. As for Charlie,

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if he could but have managed a dozen cakes they would have been his, and little Jack did certainly manage to get some huge hunches down his little throat, that made him heavier than ever to lug up the hill, and yet somehow or other he seemed to Charlie never to walk so well, and never to be so light.

Let me add that of all who were there, none had deeper joy than the rector. Grieved as he was by the gross guilt of Badley, he rejoiced to see the innocent cleared, and he rejoiced also to see friendship like Robert Swale's.

**THOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO ARE
TEMPTED TO STEAL.**

1. Remember that thou art always in God's presence. Though men do not see thee, God's eye watches thee in all thy ways. Say to thyself, "Thou God seest me."
2. Remember that thou despisest thy Saviour's blood, who died to free thee from the power of all sin.
3. Remember that thou wrongest a neighbour, whom for Christ's sake thou shouldest love.
4. Remember that thou art a servant of the devil whenever thou breakest the commands of God.
5. Remember that thou wilt not go unpunished, and that thy sin will find thee out. Though thou shouldest never be discovered here on earth, on the day of Christ's judgment thy theft will be brought before thee; for there is nothing secret which shall not be revealed on that awful day.

Think of these things when thou art tempted to take that which is not thine; and may God by His Holy Spirit turn thee away from sin for Jesus Christ's sake!

**HARRY FULTON, OR
THE MERCHANT'S SON.**

MR. FULTON was a rising man. He had nothing to begin with but good sharp wits. A clever head was all his stock in trade, and his purse added but little to his weight. However, Mr. Fulton gave himself to business ; he had seen men rise before him, and he did not see why his feet should not mount the ladder. Accordingly he began by contriving to get into an under place in a merchant's office, with a small salary ; the small salary he laid out to the best advantage ; and as he thought it a great matter to "look respectable," he was careful of his appearance, and managed to appear better off than he was. Then he was always in his place, always in the way, always ready. If any extra work was to be done, Fulton was at hand to do it ; he never seemed to grudge work. Thus he became useful to his

employers. The senior clerk was of somewhat a sour temper, and was in poor health. Fulton kept looking at his shoes, and thought to step into them one day. As the senior clerk got older, he got weaker in health, and less able to work ; his employers began to turn to Fulton as the useful man ; whatever had to be done quickly was given to him ; they could get him to move ; there was some life in him, while the senior clerk would drone and dawdle through the job.

The merchants soon found they could not do without Fulton ; he became more and more active, more and more sharp and ready ; he got to know more of their affairs ; he saved them much trouble ; kept them from many blunders, and elbowed his way cleverly into their confidence. They also began to wish his feet were in the senior clerk's shoes, and they soon managed what they wished. The sour, sickly clerk was one day called into the little parlour, the council-chamber, where the merchants sat. He turned paler, or rather yellower, when the summons came, and knew not what was to happen. When he knocked at the door, and heard the sharp “ come ” in of the junior partner, his heart trembled within him. Advancing to the

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large mahogany table, covered with bills, letters, ledgers, &c., he waited, quivering like an aspen, to hear the reason of his being sent for.

"Well, Mr. Snarley," began the elder partner, who was a stiff, stout, and pompous person, passing his hand through the thin hair that fringed a bald head, "we have been thinking of your health; you have been a creaking wheel for some time, never strong, and age does'nt mend us, Mr. Snarley, does it?"

The poor clerk trembled at such a commencement of the interview, and a still more jaundiced hue passed over his melancholy face.

"Now we've been thinking together, I and Mr. Bidwell, of giving you a retiring pension, as this firm always wishes to reward its aged and faithful servants."

This was said with a generous and pompous air, and it made the poor clerk lift up his dull eye, which actually glistened with a strange lustre as he found he was not to be turned penniless away.

"I am sure, gentlemen; I am sure, gentlemen," he began to stammer forth, while he convulsively twitched and twiddled at the dull buttons of his threadbare coat.

"Of course, Mr. Snarley, you're very grateful,

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that's what you meant to say," said the senior partner; "well, that's right, it's right to be grateful; it's time you should be laid on the shelf, like one of those ledgers," pointing to some gigantic volumes covered with dust, in an old mahogany bookcase.

"But those ledgers," interrupted the junior partner, who was of a livelier turn, "don't eat, you see, Mr. Snarley, and therefore we mustn't quite treat you like them: you would not keep as fat as they upon the shelf, eh?"

A sort of ghastly lugubrious smile played on the old clerk's features at the intended joke.

"Well, be it as it may," continued the senior partner, as if it were time to recal the several parties from any inclination towards familiar pleasantry, "if you are inclined to send your son, who is but a stripling, upon half Mr. Fulton's salary for the next five years, we shall give you an allowance of £60 per annum for those five years, and after that £30 for life."

The offer was on the whole generous; but it was just spoilt by getting the son at a cheap rate for five years. However, the poor clerk was quite overcome; his desponding spirit had hardly ever dared to think of a pension; he had deserved it, it is true, as he had lost his health

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in the office ; but though he began to feel himself unequal to his post, he had not thought how he was to support himself in his old age.

A few warm words were all the poor old man could splutter forth, and, as the partners motioned him away, some tears rolled down his sallow cheek. He was soon scribbling at his desk as before, but there was a page in which the letters looked as if they had been wetted, and the long tails of the l's and g's told the tale of a trembling hand. You may easily guess that Fulton was now fairly in his shoes.

But Fulton's elevation only revealed to him other heights ; there was still a stool above him, and one rise in the world led him to desire another. On and on he worked ; he was always in the way as before, always ready for more work, always willing and in good humour ; late and early, there he was.

"He's a rare man," said the elder partner, who began himself somewhat to wear at last, and was troubled with the gout.

"He is indeed," said the younger ; "he makes the wheel go ; he's our engine driver, you may be sure, and our firm has turned into an 'express train' since he came."

It was quite true. Their business was well

done, and the firm thrrove. It soon began to be evident that the senior partner was getting past work. There were many consultations in the little parlour. At last Fulton was called in ; the matter was soon settled ; Fulton was made a partner, and it was now "Simms, Bidwell, and Fulton ;" the latter had jumped to a higher stool, and Mr. Simms ceased to attend the counting-house except when the profits were divided.

Mr. Fulton now emerged from his lodging in a dull dingy street in the heart of the city, and took a good-sized house, some seven miles from town, and kept his gig. He next thought of marriage, and meeting with a retired druggist's daughter of some wealth, he became possessed of her, and some five thousand pounds. So far as regards rising in the world, Mr. Fulton had done well.

In course of time he had one son : no more children were granted him ; and now the stream of his love, that had gone sweeping on in one straight channel, was divided into two ; love of the world, of rising in the world, and love of his only child. His wife had not much of his heart, though he behaved kindly to her ; she was a mild easy woman, but of no strong character, and

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was content to manage his house, and make things comfortable on his return from business : but his boy did win his heart ; he had been a self-loving man hitherto, and had slaved for himself alone ; Fulton had been Fulton's idol ; but now a new feeling seemed to gush forth ; he became wrapped up in his child. He would start earlier from business to go into the toy-shop, and he would turn over the toys and try them all, and would be long in deciding which would suit his boy the best. He would always have something in his gig to carry home to Harry. It was refreshing to see him really care for something beside himself ; he was thought to have no heart, but now he found it.

And yet even this love took a worldly turn. He had slaved to become rich and to rise in the world for his own sake ; now he slaved for his child. He had great dreams of his boy's future consequence ; he was resolved to make him a rich and great man. As the firm rose in wealth, he felt that it was but ministering to his boy's riches. He had visions of great estates which he should leave him ; he intended to send him to a school where he could mix with youths of rank ; he constantly passed by Elmore Park, a large place in his neighbourhood, and he often

said to himself “that shall be my son’s.” The owner was greatly embarrassed, and it was expected to be sold before long. On Elmore Park, therefore, he fixed his heart for his son’s sake, and for Elmore Park he slaved. At last as years went on, it began to be known in the neighbourhood, that when the place should be brought to the hammer, Mr. Fulton would be a bidder.

Now it so happened that there were many old paths through this park, and it became a favourite walk of Harry Fulton. He loved to sit under the shade of the old elms, and hear the rooks, and see the clouds floating by through the topmost branches, as he lay upon the grass with his face turned to the sky. Somehow he liked to be alone; and when he was old enough to walk without a nurse, he was always wandering among the trees. At one end of the park stood the old church; it was a solemn-looking church; it awed the boy; he loved it, and he reverenced it; its walls seemed to speak; he would often steal towards it, and stand looking at its spire, and he would think to how many hundreds of men that old stony finger had pointed to heaven; he always listened eagerly to the service when he was in church, and he quite wondered his father did

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not like to talk about the Bible as he did ; to him it was already the best of books ; he was always glad to have a word from the clergyman, and wished to be catechised among the poor children, though in truth he kept answering the questions to himself all the while.

Now one winter's day as Harry was walking in the park, he saw a tradesman's boy riding towards Elmore house with a parcel in his hand. On a sudden the pony, startled by an old branch that the wind tossed upon the road, darted off at a furious pace and tore across the park. The boy pulled and pulled in vain, and then began to scream. Harry made after him as fast as he could, for he knew the pony was scampering in the direction of a large sheet of water, and knew not what might happen. The pony came on the water without knowing it was near, and making a sudden halt in the midst of its wild career in order to save itself, threw the lad with a jerk into the water. Harry, hot and out of breath, was soon at the lake, and found the frightened boy struggling in the mud ; he instantly rushed in and helped to drag him out. The poor lad, wet to the skin, stood shivering with fright and cold, quite confused, till Harry, taking off his own great coat and giving it to him, bade him to get

quickly home to the fire: the pony was soon caught, and away went the boy wrapped up in Harry's coat. The clergyman had seen the latter part of the scene as he was returning home across the park, and as he had never thought Harry strong, he felt quite fearful of his sudden exposure to the cold after his hot run, and his plunge into the mud. He tried to catch him up, but Harry was out of the park before him. The next day, however, he called on Mr. Fulton, and was grieved, though not surprised, to hear that Harry was in bed with a bad feverish cold. For a long time the cold lasted, and often did the clergyman visit him, as he had taken a lively interest in the youth, and no one did Harry better like to see than "good Mr. Harland."

From that time Harry's health continued delicate, and as the air of the place was always keen, the doctor strongly advised Mr. Fulton to send him to school in some warmer climate. After a long struggle the anxious father consented to let him go. The leave-taking was a bitter scene. The prosperous merchant, the busy, thriving, bustling man, wept upon his son's neck. A great blank it was when Harry was fairly gone. Mrs. Fulton did her best to make the evenings pass, *but her husband was not to be amused.* The

day after his son's departure, he stopped his gig mechanically at the great toy-shop, and it was not till the man came out that his son's departure again flashed across him ; away he dashed from the shop, and had a sad gloomy drive home. Harry, however, was fond of writing to him ; and it was strange to see how hurriedly the man of business pushed the letters of business by, till he came to that which had the boy's large hand. At last, the clerk who brought the letters always put Harry's letter at the top to save time.

The school to which Harry had been sent was in a cathedral town, and the boys were allowed to attend the cathedral service. His letters were soon full of the cathedral, full of the sweetness of the chants, of the grandeur of the organ, of the beauty of the nave and choir and aisles. He often would ask his father to be allowed to be one of the choristers ; he quite envied the white-robed boys whose office it was to sing God's praise ; he became passionately fond of music, and at last began to join in the chants himself, though he wished for the white robe. His father was puzzled at the boy ; he kept sending him bats and balls, and boxes of tools ; but though Harry thanked him warmly for his presents, he

found from his letters that other boys had the chief benefit of his gifts. Thus Harry would say, "Hope and Green, with some of the lesser boys, have just gone out to the meadow with the bats and stumps ; they are as happy as they can be, and intend to have a good game till it gets dark. How kind it was of you to send the bats ; for I like to lend them to the boys, it makes them so happy." And again, "I dont know what Halliday would have done but for the saw and gimblet ; he has now made his kite all himself, with the aid of the tools you gave me, and he sawed the lath for it beautifully ; he is quite a carpenter."

At last the holidays arrived ; and Harry, who had kept for some weeks a notched bit of wood to mark the days, had cut off every notch, and joyfully tossed his wooden calendar away, though it grieved him to leave the cathedral with the sweet psalms and the white-robed boys. All the morning on which he was expected, Mr. Fulton could not rest. He went to his office early, that he might leave it in time to meet his boy ; but he might just as well have stopped at home. He was in and out of every room in the place ; he could not understand the letters, and was writing blundering answers which the senior

clerk happily overlooked ; he fidgetted and interrupted every body about him, and the clerks wished him well away as their heads began to be confused. The hour at last arrived ; the gig came to the door ; Mr. Fulton jumped in, and dashing to the toy-shop, bought a cargo of whips, battledores, spades, rakes, enough for half a dozen boys, and crammed them into the gig, which soon carried him home. Just as he reached the door, a post-chaise with a trunk on the box, drove up ; the father and son were soon locked in each other's arms.

But one thing struck Mr. Fulton ; the mild air had not worked the change he had expected ; his boy's cheek was pale, I might almost say, transparent ; and his figure was thin. The father was anxious, but Mrs. Fulton tried to smooth down his fears. Harry was soon in the dear old park again, strolling about under the old trees, and wandering to the solemn old church. He soon, too, threw himself in the way of the kind clergyman, who gazed almost with tears on the beautiful, but pale face of the mild, gentle boy. The change seemed at first to do Harry good ; he gained a little colour in his cheek, his strolls among his old haunts refreshed and strengthened him. Mr. Fulton began to be

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in hope that he was now about to grow out of his delicacy, and his heart was again light within him. A great pleasure was it to come home early, and take a walk with Harry. On Sundays they always walked together. One Sunday, Mr. Fulton began to talk to his boy of future times.

“ Yes, my boy, I hope I shall see you there,” pointing to the old house, “ that’s the place fit for you ; we shall make a rich man of you, and all these walks shall be your own.”

“ I hope not,” answered the boy.

“ Why not ?” said his father in a tone of surprise.

“ Because I should be very rich then, I suppose.”

“ And would’nt you like to be rich ?”

“ No, papa, I’d rather be good ; for you know that it is said in the Bible, ‘ How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

The father was silent ; he could hardly make out the boy. In passing through the church-yard, Harry stopped and begged his father to look at a tomb near the path ; it was the grave of a little girl. “ See,” he said, “ she was only nine years old. I’m nearly that. How young, papa, some people die.”

"Yes, yes," answered the father hurriedly, "but don't talk of such things now."

"Why not, dear papa? Does not death open the door to the beautiful house in heaven, a better house than that in the park, if we are good and faithful to our Lord? I often think of the beautiful psalm that was chanted in the cathedral which tells us there are 'pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.' I always love this churchyard; it's so calm and quiet and still, and looks so holy, with the old church in the midst of it. I should like to be buried here."

The father's lip quivered, and he hurried Harry away; he did not like to talk of such things; they made him gloomy; he would rather talk of buying lands, and of rising in the world, and how he had got on, and how Harry should get on.

In the day-time, as Mrs. Fulton was somewhat an indolent and listless person, fond of staying in the house, Harry had to amuse himself; he was fond of going to the parish school as it broke up at the end of the day, for then, as he stood near the porch, he heard them sing the evening hymn. The clergyman on seeing him many afternoons taking his stand near the porch, in-

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vited him in to his great delight. After this Harry was every day at the school. He soon began to teach some of the little boys their letters, and to make friends of the elder boys. When the holidays were over, Mr. Fulton, at the doctor's advice, resolved not to send him to his school again ; the air was judged to be relaxing, and he began to look out for something better fitted for his health. In the mean time Harry continued his strolls through the park to the school, and as the doctor recommended the walk, Mr. Fulton, though surprised at the boy's choice, did not like to forbid him the school, as it gave him a place of rest.

Now one afternoon Mr. Fulton had intended to have surprised Harry by coming home early, and having a walk with him in the park. However, as it was a half holiday at the school, Harry had gone out before he came home ; whereupon his father set off after him, thinking soon to overtake him. He wandered through the park for some time without being able to see his boy ; at last he struck off from the paths, thinking he must have gone to sit under the shade of some of the old elms. As he roamed on, he thought that he heard some voices near a group of large trees ; he pressed his way through some brush-

wood near the trees, and on reaching a green knoll he saw through a break in the brushwood, a strange and touching scene. Close by an ancient well over which some old elms cast their shade, he saw four boys with Prayer-books in their hands ; two stood on the smooth turf on one side of the well, and two on the other. Crouching down on the grass, that he might not be seen himself, Mr. Fulton found that it was his own boy with three of the boys of the village school. And what were they about ? The four boys were chanting the psalms of the day in that little green shady nook, Harry having taught them, and acting now as their leader ; and as the trees threw their green leafy arches over their heads, they seemed to have found a cathedral in the wood. Sweet were the voices of the boys ; sweet the psalm that sounded forth from their young lips ; and as Harry's cheek glowed with the excitement, and his eye sparkled, Mr. Fulton thought he had never seen him look half so beautiful, or half so delicate. Stealing quietly away from the scene to hide his emotion, he paced slowly home ; and strange, new thoughts came across him in his walk, sad thoughts concerning the health of his child, and new thoughts about God. The psalm had smitten him, as the

guileless boys sang on, and they were unconscious that they had been the preachers of a divine sermon which at last had found its way to a worldly heart.

“ There be some,” so they had sung, “ that put their trust in their goods : and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches.

“ But no man may deliver his brother : nor make agreement unto God for him ;

“ For it cost more to redeem their souls : so that he must let that alone for ever ;

“ Yea, though he live long : and see not the grave.

“ For he seeth that wise men also die, and perish together : as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their riches for other.

“ And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever : and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another ; and call the lands after their own names.

“ Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour : seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish ; this is the way of them.

“ This is their foolishness : and their posterity praise their saying.

“ They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domina-

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tion over them in the morning : their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre out of their dwelling.

" But God hath delivered my soul from the place of hell : for He shall receive me.

" Be not thou afraid, though one be made rich : or if the glory of his house be increased ;

" For he shall carry nothing away with him when he dieth : neither shall his pomp follow him," &c.

Not long after this, Harry had ceased to stroll in the park ; his cheek got paler, his frame thinner, and a cough seized hold of him. Weaker and weaker still, worse and worse, did the poor boy become. First, he used to lie on the sofa, but at last he was not able to leave his room. Poor Mr. Fulton seemed now to wake up as from a dream ; he saw what was about to be : stunned and bewildered with the great grief, unprepared for real sorrow, he seemed like one in a new world ; he would stand quite stupified leaning on his chimney-piece with his head buried in his hands ; he seemed as though he were striving to learn something which it was an agony to learn. Yes, he had to learn the things of God ; the unseen world for the first time for years stood as it were before his soul ; the reality of death was present to him ; all his worldly dreams, all his

toils and slaving and hard work, what did they seem to him then but vanity of vanities ! The clergyman, who was daily with his child, saw his state, as he ministered to his boy. There was something beautiful to see how he waited on his child ; he would give him his medicine, he would sit by him while he snatched a little feverish sleep ; he would move as gently about the room as a girl to fetch him his broth or pudding. But his boy was clearly minded to turn his father's love into a still better channel. He would beg him to read to him the psalms and lessons of the day ; he would ask him to stay and join in the prayers when the clergyman came. He had always wondered that his father did not like his Bible more, and he would ask him, " Don't you like it more now, papa ; don't you ? "

" Yes, my darling," the father would answer, " I do indeed."

" O papa," the boy went on, " it tells us of our dear Saviour, it tells of His wonderful love for us ; it tells us of the beautiful house in heaven, and of the beautiful angels. O how delicious to have our *home* there, papa, some day, you, and mamma, and I, all there ; just think how happy we should all be, all together for ever ! for ever ! for ever !" and he clasped his father's

trembling hand, and looked up eagerly into his face.

"Yes, yes," sobbed the father.

"O don't cry, papa," as he felt the warm tears on his hand, "why shouldn't we be in heaven? shan't we try for it, and pray for it in our Saviour's name; come, do let us pray now, papa; it will do us good."

The father knelt down, and with an overcharged heart poured forth what was indeed an earnest prayer that his child might be in heaven, and that he might follow his child. The heart of the prosperous, worldly man was going through a furnace of affliction, and he was finding God, like the three saints of old, in the midst of the fire.

One night Mr. Fulton had lain down for a short sleep, after many wakeful nights, when the nurse burst into his room, and bade him come to his boy. The poor father started up, and hurrying to the bedside, found that his boy was indeed dying.

"O what shall I do, my boy, my boy!" he exclaimed in a frantic tone, hardly conscious of what he said.

Harry stretched out his thin hand, and seizing his father's, bent forward as if to kiss him; his pale lips touched his father's cheek, and whispering in a faint feeble voice, "Serve God, my father,

and we shall meet in heaven," he fell back upon his pillow—a cold sweat stood upon his forehead—he cast one earnest look upon his father and mother—the struggle was over—his spirit went forth to paradise, and the loving father had lost his loving child. Passionately, wildly, did he kiss the pale, beautiful forehead of the sleeper, till at last the clergyman gently led him out of the room.

In wandering through the park to the church-yard some weeks after, I saw a new grave near the little girl's—it was Harry Fulton's.

Again I was wont to see the quick gig upon the road, but the owner seemed to have grown many years older in a few weeks. He was an altered man; the smart brisk active man, with the quick sharp eye, was now sad and grave. Still the gig passed as regularly as before. At last Elmore Park was advertised for sale; every body was sure Mr. Fulton would be the purchaser, but every body was wrong; Mr. Fulton did not bid or buy; he remained where he was, and the long-coveted park passed into other hands. Then every body began to think that the firm was not as rich as had been supposed; but here again every body was wrong; for the other partner bought a vast estate about the same time; and then every body was puzzled with

Mr. Fulton. The following year, in a poor part of the City, a beautiful church began to rise from the ground for the use of the poor. It sprang up nobody knew how; the clergyman, who was Mr. Harland's brother, knew of course; but he would never mention from whence the money came. The mason shewed me the first stone that was laid, and at the bottom of it were graven these lines, "To the glory of God the Blessed Trinity, this church is built by a father who learnt from his child what he should have taught his child." Those lines were never seen by any one but the mason and myself.

The year after the church was built, the school at which Harry had taught, being in an old and decayed state, was pulled down, and a new one, of a beautiful and comely form, was reared instead. On the bottom of the foundation stone were written these words, "The father was a child at his child's feet." Later still some almshouses for the aged poor were built near the old church. Mr. Harland never told whence the money came for these goodly works. All I know is, that Mr. Fulton often went into the school; if the gig came home a little earlier, I was sure to find him in the school hearing the boys sing the evening hymn; or perhaps he might be found

HARRY FULTON, OR THE MERCHANT'S SON.

sitting with the old folks in the alms-houses, reading the Bible, or some other good book.

But not only in this way did Mr. Fulton employ his money and his time. He was changed at home ; he became more gentle and affectionate to his wife, while she, being thus met by affection, warmed in her love for him, and as there was now a spur to exertion, her character seemed to expand. After all, it became a happy home, happy, not in the world's sense, or the world's eye ; happy by being consecrated to the service of God ; happy in its sweet memories of the holy boy whom God had raised up and taken away, in order to be a blessing to the house both in his life, and in his death.

Years rolled away, and I saw a funeral passing through the park ; it was the funeral of one who had risen in the world, who had found the world to be but vanity. The poor followed him to the grave ; many a wrinkled cheek was wetted that day with tears as the body of their friend was laid in the earth ; he was buried by the side of his beloved child, and there they lie together in that quiet calm churchyard, till the resurrection of the just.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

GOD gave Jacob twelve sons. They all grew up before their father's face, and dwelt with their father in the land of Canaan. It must have been a goodly sight to have seen them all together in their home, the old man at the head, and his sons ranged round him, first Reuben, "Jacob's firstborn," Simeon and Levi, Judah and Issachar and Zebulun, Dan and Naphtali, Gad and Asher, Joseph and Benjamin the youngest. Happy should have been the twelve brethren with their father and with each other; happy should have been the father with his sons, for God had bound them together in one house.

But in this household a root of bitterness sprang up; and it sprang up from him who should have been the last to create bitterness, that is, from the father, who became a tempter of his sons. Jacob became a partial father; he did not equally di-

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vide his love among his children ; he made a favourite ; he “loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age.”

Thus, I say, the father became a tempter of all that were in the house. First, his over-fondness was likely to spoil Joseph, though the youth, through his fear of God, had the grace to resist the temptation, and to continue meek and gentle. Next, it was likely to raise envy in his other sons. A father should be just towards his children and deal with all alike, if he would keep a conscience clear before God ; he should strive to keep down any feeling of love for one more than another, for that one’s sake and for the others’ sake.

But not only did Jacob secretly love Joseph most, he openly shewed his love ; he displayed it before his other sons ; they could not but see it ; on one occasion he made Joseph “a coat of many colours ;” the rest had no such gift ; Joseph was picked out to have the present ; to Joseph only was this token of affection given ; Joseph only was adorned with this handsome apparel ; out of the whole twelve he only, and he not the eldest of the house, had “the coat of many colours.” What could the others think ? there was a plain mark of their father’s partiality.

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Every time Joseph put on the coat, it could be seen who was loved the most. Suppose you had seen the twelve on some sabbath day, Joseph with his bright apparel and the rest differently clothed, you would have wondered why the one was thus adorned and not the rest. That coat became an eyesore to the eleven; it raised up thoughts of sin in each; they looked one to another as Joseph passed by, and they read each other's looks, and then they began to speak, first one, then another, and behold they found that they were all agreed, that they all thought the same thing, that is, they all envied Joseph.

The father's partial gift became a torch of fire in the house, and set the brothers' hearts on fire. "When his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him."

Poor Joseph! henceforth his home was unlike home; peace was gone; his father in loving him above the rest had brought him trouble; he had drawn trial on his darling boy; all his brothers were now estranged; he was alone among his brothers, worse than alone, as a sheep among wolves; angry looks, angry glances meeting him every day. The good guileless youth unconsciously added fuel to the flame of envy that burnt

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in his brothers' hearts, by telling them some dreams which were indeed prophecies of God concerning his future life. He said, "Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and behold your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf," and "Behold, the sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." The brothers saw what these dreams meant; for the first dream spoke of Joseph's brethren bowing down to him, and the second dream spoke of his father and mother and brethren bowing down to him; "they hated him yet the more for his dreams," they "envied him" the more.

Now one day his father sent him to see how his brothers were, for they were feeding sheep in a distant place; and he followed them to Dothan. His father, you see, had kept him at home from the rest; the rest had gone forth to labour, except Benjamin who was but a child at that time and too young to labour. When Joseph came near to them, their envious thoughts started up in all their hearts. Should the father's fault have led them to such sin? Should they not have prayed and striven against the envious feelings that were rising up? Surely we cannot plead before God, "I

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was sinned against, and therefore I sinned ; another wronged me, and I wronged another." Alas, the brothers encouraged each other in their envy ; they did not strive against it nor pray ; nay, they joined together in envying and thus sinned in company ; so high did this hatred rise and swell, that when they saw Joseph drawing near, in some the spirit of Cain the murderer rose up ; they even thought of shedding innocent blood, even the blood of their brother. So does sin lead to sin, the lesser to the greater, and we know not into what depths of guilt we shall fall, if we once let go the will of God, and let ourselves slide down the smooth ways of the evil one. " Come now therefore," said some of them in their heat, " and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit ; and we will say, some evil beast hath devoured him : and we shall see what will become of his dreams." But these bloody words shocked Reuben ; his envy had not risen to such a pitch ; instantly he sought to save his brother ; he stayed the murderous arms : and in this he was the friend of all, of the ten who were with him, and of Joseph who little knew the dark words and thoughts of that company of brothers towards whom he was drawing near. " Shed no blood," cried Reuben ; " let us not kill him."

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was his eager cry ; and “ he delivered him out of their hand.” O could the father have seen them then, how would his heart have smitten him for the evil he had brought upon his son !

“ Shed no blood,” cried Reuben, whose heart melted towards his brother, who stopped short in the course of sin and guilt, who had courage to speak out, and would not weakly yield to the rest. Then he proposed instead to cast Joseph alive into a pit without slaying him, he himself intending to come secretly and fetch him out, and “ deliver him to his father again.” And he prevailed with his brothers. How often one bold heart can save others from sin ! how often he can persuade to milder measures, he himself recovering his own better mind, and having the grace to stop himself on his guilty course ! Happy was it for Reuben that his pity rose above his envy ; happy was it for his brothers that he was not afraid to plead for Joseph, that he endeavoured to restrain them from the sin of Cain, from staining their hands with a brother’s blood. One may often lead many ; one in a family may often lead the rest to good ; one brother may hold back many brothers from sin.

When Joseph came near, not suspecting harm from his own flesh, they quickly seized him and

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stripped him of his coat, his coat of many colours, the hated sign of his father's partiality. In vain he cried for mercy ; their hearts were hard and deaf ; they cast him into the pit. They then sat down to eat, to take their meal near the pit. While Reuben withdrew himself from them for a time, a company of merchants, Midianites and Ishmaelites passed by on their way to Egypt laden with spices and balm and myrrh. On seeing the merchants draw near, Judah, taking courage from Reuben's mercy, proposed that instead of killing Joseph they should sell him to the merchants. To this the brothers all agreed, and for twenty pieces of silver they sold their brother into the hands of strangers to be a slave. When Reuben returned to the pit, intending to take Joseph out, and thinking his brothers' wild wrath would be soon cooled down, he found to his grief and horror that he was gone. Overcome with distress he went back to his brothers, exclaiming, "the child is not ; and I, whither shall I go !"

One sin opens the door to another; the brothers had sold Joseph ; what were they to say to their father ? dare they say the truth, "we hated our brother, and we sold him ?" No,—the devil who is a liar from the beginning bade them add sin to sin; a lie was to be added to cruelty; they stained

their souls thrice ; they first envied, then they were cruel, then they lied. They had plunged once into the mire of sin, they now plunged farther and farther still into the mire ; they took the coat of many colours, and killing a kid they dipped it into the blood ; then they came to their father and said, " This have we found : know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." The father in an instant knew the coat of his favourite child ; " It is my son's coat," he exclaimed in an agony of grief, " an evil beast hath devoured him ; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." Who can tell the father's grief ? trouble had taken him by surprise ; it had broken upon him like a sudden storm ; he had not seen his son gradually sicken before his eyes and die ; he had not stood by his bedside and kissed him and hung over him ; he had died, as he thought, a violent death ; he had died alone in the wilderness, with none near him, with none to catch his last words, none to soothe him in his pain ; the teeth of the wild beasts, as he thought, had torn the flesh of his best beloved child ; he was gone, gone suddenly ; sudden was the blow, and the father's heart was ready to break. O how the consciences of the brothers must have smitten them when they *beheld their father's grief !* Deeper still did they

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now plunge in sin ; their lie led them to a fresh deceit ; the links of the chain of guilt were lengthened ; for how could they stand by pretending that their brother was dead without comforting their father in his great and sudden sorrow ? They began with their mock comfort ; they would not staunch his grief by saying that Joseph was alive ; they would not repent and confess their sin ; and so they had to speak consoling words, words of hollow, false, deceitful consolation. The father however who had yielded to immoderate love, now yielded to immoderate grief ; “ he refused to be comforted.” “ I will go down,” he exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul, “ I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning.”

And now turn to Joseph. Think of his grief, of his amazement when his brothers seized him roughly, as with the hands of enemies, and stripped him and cast him into the pit ; think of his grief when he was delivered to the Ishmaelites as a slave, and was torn away from his father’s home. Bitter must have been his journey ; the tears must have run down his cheeks and his heart been very heavy. When night came on how must he have thought of home ! no kind voice was there to welcome him, no father’s kiss, no home to shelter him ; he was a stranger among strangers, a poor

friendless bondsman with his masters ; how must he have thought of the joy and comfort he had so long enjoyed, how he must have thought too of his father's grief ; "he is now," he must have said to himself, "expecting me home ; he is now looking out for me ; he is now at the door with his gray hairs waving in the evening breeze ; he is now beginning to wonder at my delay ; now, alas, my brothers reach the door ; O what do they say, what can they say, to the old man?"

And yet in that friendless and troubled hour Joseph had a Friend ; his God was with him ; in that sad journey, in that sad night that closed in upon him, the godly youth doubtless lifted up his soul in prayer, and the comforts of the Lord refreshed his soul ; he was at peace with God ; no sin of his had brought his trouble ; his conscience was light within him ; there was no weight of guilt upon his mind, no dreadful consciousness that he had drawn down the anger of the Lord by his wickedness. After all, with all his sorrow, all his loss, all the hardships that looked him in the face, he could lie down to sleep with a lighter heart than his brothers who were safe at home. With reproachful consciences, with self-accusing hearts must they have gone to rest, *not daring* to lift up their hearts in prayer, not

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daring to commend themselves to the mercy of that God whom they had grievously provoked. Better was the state of the outcast Joseph than theirs ; a clear conscience lights up a dark road ; sorrow that does not come from sin is not intolerable ; the soul of such a mourner can look up to God and be refreshed by the Spirit of God ; God is with him to sanctify his affliction, to bless him and love him in the hour of trial. Rather were those bonds and chains of Joseph to be endured than the prickings and scourgings of a guilty conscience ; no bitterness is like that which is brought by guilty deeds.

Now when the Ishmaelites reached Egypt they sold Joseph to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh the king. God was with him still, and having in His love tried him with affliction, He made the sun of prosperity to shine upon his path ; for so it is, that the Lord in His mercy rarely suffers our whole life to be dark, and the most afflicted have some intervals of peace and joy, some sunny and prosperous hours scattered among the darker parts. Joseph prospered ; all went well with him ; he rose in his master's favour, who made him overseer of his house, and trusted him with all that he had ; “ the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the

field." What a rise, what a change was this for the poor bondsman ! But fresh temptations came upon him. Prosperity is not without its trials. He was a goodly youth to look upon, and Potiphar's wife, yielding to sinful thoughts, rested her eyes upon him, and began to regard him above her husband. Seized with an evil love herself, she desired to get Joseph's love. She would meet him in the house, and was in her heart faithless to her husband. It was a trial to the youth, a trial to flesh and blood, a trial also to pride and vanity ; he might have become vain of his beauty, puffed up with the admiration of his master's wife. But Joseph's heart was pure ; he hated sin as a serpent ; he desired God's love ; he feared His wrath ; he knew that his master's wife loved him with an unchaste and evil love ; he was resolved by God's help to keep both his body and soul free from sin. When Potiphar's wife still tempted him to sin, his heart was fixed ; he thought of the love and of the wrath of God ; he would not listen to the tempter's words, nor taste forbidden pleasures. False to his trustful master, above all false to God his Master in heaven, he would not be. " How then," he exclaimed, when the tempter still enticed him to *do wrong*, " how then can I do this great wicked-

ness and sin against God?" So should we say in all hours of temptation. Many sins we may conceal from men; many evil deeds may bring us gain or pleasure now; we may be often losers in the world by resisting sin; but will not God punish? In the hour of temptation we should call Joseph's words to mind, and say to ourselves, "how then can I do this great wickedness and sin against God."

The love of Potiphar's wife for Joseph, being evil, now turned to hate. She took her vengeance on the resolute and godly youth; she spoke against Joseph to her husband, and with lies caused him to lose his master's confidence and to be cast into prison. His innocence brought him worldly loss; his prosperous days were clouded over by reason of that which is better than prosperity, by the firm exercise of faith and love. Often in our day are we called to suffer loss in obeying Christ, to sacrifice worldly things in order to keep our conscience pure. There was light in Joseph's prison; God was with him still, for he was more than ever beloved of God. The keeper of the prison, like Potiphar his former master, trusted him with every thing, and all prospered under Joseph's hand.

Now it came to pass that the chief butler of

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King Pharaoh and his chief baker were cast into prison, and the keeper gave them into Joseph's charge. One night these two men had strange dreams, and Joseph seeing that something was on their minds, asked them, and they told him their dreams. Now God gave Joseph wonderful power to interpret these dreams. Just as he interpreted the dream so it really was ; he said that in three days the chief baker would be hanged, and he was hanged, and that the chief butler would fill again the king's cup, and he did fill the cup. Joseph asked the butler to remember him, but he forgot him.

For two years did Joseph abide in the prison ; month after month passed on, and he could not walk forth through the strong gates ; no pleasant walks had he through the fields, as when he dwelt at home ; within the thick walls the slow hours passed over his head. At last the king had a strange dream sent by God, and none knew what the dream meant. Then the butler remembered Joseph, and on telling the king of his wonderful power of interpreting dreams, he was sent for into the king's presence, whose dream he instantly declared was a prophecy of "seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt," and "after them seven years of

famine." Now this was a great thing for the king to know; he could now provide for the famine that was to come by laying up goodly store in the seven fruitful years; therefore he raised up Joseph to be next to him in his kingdom, and Joseph laid up corn in all the cities against the time of need. He then married Asenath, and had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. Behold then the slave, the bondsman, he is now governor over the whole of Egypt, the trusted friend and minister of the king! The Lord had caused this to come to pass.

Soon were the years of plenty past; soon did the famine come; far it spread from land to land. No corn waved in the plains of Egypt, nor yellowed in the sun; but the storehouses were full of grain, and the people were able to buy bread.

Now the dearth fell on Jacob's land, and when they pined for bread, Jacob bade his sons to go down to Egypt for corn. They all went except Benjamin the youngest, whom the old man durst not send. They were soon in Joseph's presence, Joseph the governor of the land, and he knew them. He did not however reveal himself, but affecting to take them for spies, enquired of their father and of Benjamin. Then he refused to let them go, unless they would bring Benjamin

down, and leave one of their number as surety for their return. The ten brothers were now in trouble; they talked in Joseph's presence, who had spoken through an interpreter as though he did not understand their language, and they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us; and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? Therefore behold also his blood is required." Sin troubled them; the memory of their former sin; they thought that the slow feet of vengeance were now catching them up, and that old guilt, not forgotten by God, was now giving forth its fruit of bitterness. Joseph heard all, "and he turned himself about from them and wept; and returned to them again and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him," as the surety, "before their eyes." Then he bade their sacks to be filled with corn, and they departed homewards. On the way, as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender, he saw his money in his sack's mouth; so was it with the rest; and they were afraid at *so strange* a sight. On reaching home they told

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their tale of the governor's roughness, of the need of sending Benjamin, of the strange discovery of their money in the sacks. When they spoke of taking Benjamin, Jacob started back from the very thought: "My son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befal him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." The famine however became still more grievous; the corn bought of Joseph was consumed; and at last Jacob pressed by want was compelled to let Benjamin go with his sons again to the land of plenty. "God Almighty," exclaimed the grieved old man as he sent them forth, "give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

Again the brothers stood in Joseph's presence with Benjamin; and now behold the man of God; now were his brothers in his power; now could he vent his reproaches on them for their cruelty of old; now could he take his vengeance and be as pitiless as they; now could he sell them to be bondsmen, and hurt their feet in the stocks; now could he make them lick the dust

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before him, and bind them with chains, and proudly put his foot upon their necks. The injurers stood before the injured ; he could now have his way ; their lives were in his hand. And now behold that love which no wrongs could quench, that holy love which he had learnt of God ; he enquired of his father's health, "the old man of whom they spake ;" he looked on "Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, God be gracious unto thee my son ;" his forgiving eye looked on them all with pity, and his forgiving spirit rejoiced secretly over them all ; their wrongs had passed from his mind ; not a spark of vengeance was in his heart ; he could scarcely bear the sight of his brothers once again for very joy ; he "made haste ; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother" Benjamin, "he sought where to weep, and he entered into his chamber and wept there." O great pattern of forgiveness and true charity ! like snow falling on the sea, so had his wrong melted away from his soul, and he who had loved God from his youth had learnt from God how truly to forgive and love.

Again returning to his brothers, he bade the feast which he had ordered, to begin ; his brothers sat in his presence, and he sent messes to

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them all, and “ Benjamin’s mess was five times so much as any of theirs.” Still however he delayed to make himself known.

Then again he sent them homeward with full sacks of corn. But he ordered his silver cup to be put into Benjamin’s sack. Before they had gone far out of the city they were overtaken by the steward, who at Joseph’s command asked for the cup, as though they were supposed to have taken it by theft. Their sacks were searched, the cup found to their great terror and surprise, and they were all again dragged back into Joseph’s presence. Earnestly did Judah plead their innocence, and though Joseph affected to look on them as thieves, he “ could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him ; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me.” They were alone, again the brothers stood together. Once before had they stood together ; it was at the pit’s mouth, when the youth in his coat of many colours pleaded for mercy with his brothers, and his cry was not heard. It was different now ; the weakest was strongest now. Hateful in God’s sight was that former meeting, when the strong were merciless towards the weak, and when brothers’ hearts had no pity for a brother. Blessed was this meeting when love

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and pity overflowed from the heart of the strong upon the weak. When “there stood no man with him” “Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.” “He wept aloud,” and “said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?” And when his brethren, conscience-stricken and amazed, were troubled at his presence, he spoke tenderly to them, and said, “Come near to me, I pray you: . . . I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.”

How gently did he deal with his brothers! he saw there was no need to reproach them for their former sin; their consciences were already at work convincing them of sin. Tracing all the course of events he discerned the wonderful workings of God, who out of evil brings good, and medicine from poisonous herbs; he shewed them that all the while he had been an instrument in God’s hand for the preserving of life. Having thus lifted up the troubled and trembling hearts of his abashed brothers by gentle words that assured them of his forgiveness, he thought instantly of his father; “Haste ye,” he said, “and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus

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saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: and there I will nourish thee: for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. . . . And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither." Then "he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren and wept upon them."

Soon did Pharaoh hear that Joseph's brothers had come, and he bade Joseph send them for his father. Soon were they sent on their way; and when they reached their father and told him that Joseph was alive, the old man's "heart fainted, for he believed them not;" but when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent, his spirit revived, and he exclaimed, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die." Who can tell the joy, the deep intense wonderful joy, when the father and the son met after these many years of separation and sorrow? In

the simple and touching words of Scripture it is said that “ Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him ; and he fell on his neck and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.”

Thus once again the father and the twelve brethren were together. Sorrow had passed on all ; they met after many trials ; all were changed. Strange thoughts must have rushed into all their minds as once more that family stood together ; how must Jacob have looked on the full grown Joseph, the beloved one of his house, once the youth that had worn the coat of many colours, and considered how many troubles he had brought on himself, on Joseph, on his other sons by partial love ; how must he have remembered his fault at that hour, and seen God’s mercy in turning sorrow into joy, and in restoring love and peace to his distracted house. How too must the brothers have been pierced with the memory of their guilt, and melted by Joseph’s love ; all their envy being scattered to the winds in admiration of his excellence, and their hearts being turned again towards the brother who was their deliverer and their friend, the man of God whom

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God had blessed. And how must Joseph have lifted up his heart in thankfulness to God for having given him his father again, for preserving his brothers, and enabling them to see their sin, for enabling him to shew kindness, and for uniting again the children to the father and to each other, so that they could all meet in peace without envy or jealousy, with only the remembrance of grief, with fresh love towards each other and fresh love towards God.

Most thankfully may we look back to Joseph's life, and endeavour to copy his purity, his guilelessness, his patience, his faith, his love; and though we are under the ministration of the Spirit and have been baptized into Christ, we should not refuse to glean good from one who walked blamelessly before the light of the Gospel had shone forth, who was indeed a light in a dark place, and who was in many respects a type of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

To the young especially his example is of use; to the young, though dead, he yet speaketh; he bids them serve their Lord in their youth and to fasten themselves early to the Cross. As a youth he learned the ways of God and loved those ways; as a youth he chose the Lord for his guide and ever remembered the presence of his

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God; he did not yield to youthful carelessness or youthful sins, and think to repent in after life, but he strove to keep his soul clear from the first, to walk purely and holily in an evil world, and to make his whole life from first to last, from its earlier to its later days, acceptable to God. Blessed is a holy youth. Happy and wise are they who use the grace given to them in holy Baptism, and seek to please God more than men. They who love God in their youth will be preserved by His Spirit in all earthly trials; while they who as lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God leave the guide of their youth, may, perhaps, never find that guide in after life, and may perish in the midst of their sins without finding space for repentance.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

THE day came when Mrs. Horton had to leave the rectory. Her husband, a faithful pastor of his flock, had been swept off but a few weeks before by a fever which he had caught in visiting one of the elder girls of his school. The girl recovered, her pastor died. Never had there been seen such a touching sight as his burial ; it was a plain funeral, very plain indeed ; there was no show, no hired men with scarfs and wands, but some labourers, in their Sunday clothes and with a band of crape round their arms, carried the coffin to the grave. So many longed to undertake the task that it was a hard matter whom to choose. I noticed particularly one old man, who, though he could scarce carry his own weight, would hardly be persuaded to give way to younger and stouter men. On they moved, the whole village following, a long train of true mourners, young and old together, all filled with genuine sorrow. Not a dry eye was there in Coleton churchyard that day ; and as the school-children of their own im-

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pulse threw some flowers into the grave, many a little one fairly sat down on the grass and sobbed aloud as though it had lost a father. The widow's grief I will not attempt to tell. She was able to go through the funeral, and that is all I can say.

One there was who had longed to be there and was not, I mean the sick girl. She was fast recovering, but she was very weak; she had however set her heart on being there, and had persuaded her mother, a poor widow, that she could walk as far; out they both set from their cottage, the sick girl leaning on her mother's arm, but when she had crept down the lane and saw the funeral winding its way from the rectory towards the church, the sight was too much for her; she instantly fainted away, and was at last carried home with the aid of a good neighbour who was passing by.

A few weeks passed, and then, as I have said, Mrs. Horton resolved to leave the rectory, that it might be got ready for the new clergyman, who was expected soon to take charge of his flock. He kindly pressed her to stay as long as she wished, but as she had to move she determined to get through the trial of such a change *at once*. She had taken a neat little cottage

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near the school, which was just large enough for herself and her only child, Charlie Horton, a lad about ten years old, and her old nurse Betsy, who was to be cook and house-maid, in short maid of all-work. Betsy, I must tell you, would no more think of leaving "Missis" because she could only keep one servant and had to lower her wages, than of setting off to the moon.

"Leave you, Missis!" she said in a sort of wondering and indignant tone, "God bless you, what you're thinking on M'am? I sha'nt go, not I. Can't I cook and scrub and mend master Charlie's things in that little bit of a nutshell of a house? And can't we all be comfortable together?" And Betsy carried her point.

Now when the morning came, the poor widow strengthened herself by especial prayer that she might not be overcome. It was a hard task to look on the little garden for the last time, where many a summer evening after the labours of the day her husband had sat with her, either reading some good book or watching their boy at play. It was a hard task to leave the rooms where they had offered many a prayer and passed many a happy and holy day. In short, then came before her the truth of the last sermon which her hus-

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band had happened to preach, that we dwell "in tents," that here is no continuing city, and when we seem to have a home, the home is broken up and the stakes of the tent uprooted from the ground.

Betsy however, with all her bluntness, seemed quite to understand what her mistress would feel, and had done her best to get every thing ready that she might shorten the task of leaving. At five o'clock that morning, long before her mistress was awake, Job Hale was at the back door with his old grey mare in his cart to take away the heavier things; many a time did the red wheels of his neat blue cart go round before six o'clock. As for money for such a job he would have thought it would have burnt his fingers; it was indeed a labour of love. Betsy and he had arranged it over-night. So of the others; one man had a wheel-barrow which he trundled backwards and forwards from the rectory to the cottage as full as it could hold; another carried great bundles on his head, while the school-children who would carry something were entrusted by Betsy with flower-pots and such-like things, that they might be able to say they had had their share in the matter; even crazy Willie, the daft

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boy of the village, was as eager as the rest, and went off in triumph after he had snatched up the brooms and brushes that Betsy was just about to put into Job's cart. After a sad breakfast, Mrs. Horton set out with her boy Charlie, who had kept one thing to carry himself, and that was the large Bible that his father had given him on his last birth-day. The widow's hand trembled as she opened the gate, the task was over, her old home was left, she had moved her tent.

Betsy and her friends soon got things into order at the cottage; somehow or other the garden got all dug; the little lawn all nicely mown; the honey-suckle and roses nailed upon the wall; and every thing was set to rights in the widow's new home. It is said that Hal Greenway, the gardener, has been several times seen coming out of the garden early in the morning, before he went to his own work; but I did not see him, and so I will not speak positively.

Mrs. Horton did not resign herself to immoderate grief. She knew full well that in the way of duty lies the way of comfort and true peace; and accordingly, with the new clergyman's permission, which was most gladly given, she soon

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began again to teach the children in the school, and to visit the poor. Her boy Charlie became of course more than ever an object of care and interest ; often did she pray for guidance that she might be able to train him up as a true disciple of Christ ; often did she think over various plans for helping him to love God in his youth. Among other points she began to consider how she could turn his Sunday evenings to best account. She bore in mind the particular character of the young, and felt that it was wise to mix indirect with direct instruction. As our Saviour taught in parables, so she thought that her boy's attention might be better caught in the evening, not by reading sermons, but by providing something in the shape of tales or parables. Having used all the books of this kind that she could find, the idea struck her of writing a few stories herself, as she thought he would prize what was hers, even though it might not interest others.

Accordingly one Sunday she bade him come and sit down by her side, and drawing from her desk the following tale, she found that Charlie's eyes glistened with delight on telling him that she had written it herself expressly for him.

Two men journeyed together in search of a place on which to build a house. After travelling

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a long way they at last came to a lovely spot close by the sea shore. Rich green meadows stretched down the sand, and the sea, which was quite calm, murmured gently upon the beach ; large trees offered a pleasant shade in the fields, and the winding green lanes were quite sweet with the wild flowers that brightened the banks.

“ Here is the place for me,” cried the younger traveller, whose name was Stultus, “ here I shall build the house.”

“ Do not be caught,” said the other, who was called Sapiens, “ by a calm sea and a bright sun.”

“ Why, look at the trees, look at the flowers,” said the first ; “ if the winds were strong, those large branches would have been broken long since on the weather side ; and if the winds were bleak, those flowers would have been nipped and withered in the spring ; for some of them, I see, can only live in warm and sheltered spots.”

“ These fields are flat,” said Sapiens, “ some great storm might drive and dash the sea over them, and wash down your house.”

“ Look at the bright sunny cottages that line the beach, with roses trailed over them, and their gay gardens in front ; they have not been washed away.”

“ They are but weak and flimsy things;

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observed Sapiens, " I do not see an old house in the place."

" I see," said Stultus, " nothing will please you here ; you have a gloomy spirit in a sunny place ; you are hard to please."

" No, not a gloomy spirit ; I want to build a house that shall last ; I would rather work hard on a bare rock than bask on a bright shore where one is not safe for an hour."

" Well then, look up there to the right ; there is a rock high and bare enough ; it must be a strange storm that can dash the waves up there."

" And I think I shall choose that rock ; it is high and bleak, to be sure ; but I must work hard if I build there ; things will not grow as they do down here ; but I do not mind hard work, work keeps one from much harm ; it is our portion here ; so I shall choose the rock."

" What then, are we to part?" said Stultus ; " well, a man must have his way ; yours is a strange choice, I shall soon see you coming down here to these bright fields and to the shady trees and to the pleasant sands of this bright bay."

" O Stultus," said Sapiens, earnestly laying his hand on his arm, " do not be caught by the *gay summer* looks of this dangerous place ; come

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with me and be safe ; come with me and let us work like men ; I will try to cheer you on dull days ; I will take my share of all your troubles, and help you in all your work ; come, let us live as friends, far above the reach of that treacherous sea which smiles upon you to-day with its calm face as though it were never ruffled with great wrath, but which may soon be stirred with some fearful storm and sweep you quite away."

Stultus only wondered at his friend's earnestness, and with a laughing air hurried off, exclaiming, " no rock for me ; I shall choose a place for my house on this merry shore."

Sapiens stood looking at his friend as he strode lightly on with sad eyes ; " O that he would turn," he said, " and come with me ! he will rue the day when he made this foolish choice ; alas, that he should think that the sky will be ever bright, and the waves of the sea always smooth ! ". At last a turn of the road hid him from his sight.

Stultus soon bought a pretty field in front of the sea, and he was soon at work rearing his new house. The men of the place seemed to be of a gay and cheerful sort, and they told him that he must make a cheerful house, and that they did not wish to build him a gloomy one to dull and sadden the bright view. As Stultus was of their

mind, you may suppose that a very pretty cottage was soon built ; the walls were thin, it is true ; but that, it was said, did not matter, and it would take less time to finish ; a light verandah was stretched along the front, over which gay flowers were tastefully trailed ; the shutters and doors were somewhat gaily painted ; the garden was crowded with flowers ; a smooth lawn was made to slope down to the sand, and the waves just curled over at the foot of the lawn, making a white fringe of spray along it, and cooling the air. It was indeed a gay sunny spot, and there Stultus determined to live gaily and enjoy life. He soon found many neighbours of his spirit ; they were a light-minded joyous set, glad enough to come and feast at his house, to sit under the trees and with pleasant songs to pass away the day, eating his sweet fruits and enjoying the cool air from the quiet sea. Never had Stultus so enjoyed himself before ; music and dancing and rich feasts filled up the time, and life rolled on as if its wheels were gliding along smooth turf.

But what had become of Sapiens all the while ? He, saddened by his friend's choice, wound his way towards the bare rock ; his heart *almost misgave* him when he reached the foot of

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the steep cliff, and saw crag after crag towering over his head, and not a leaf or flower to cheer the view. However, struggling against his faintness of heart, he began to climb the rock ; it was hard work ; he often slipped back ; he wounded himself with the sharp points on which he fell, and it was many hours before he reached the top. When he was there he could not but feel the difference between the bleak and barren place where he was about to fix his house, and the bright valley that lay basking in the sun beneath. However he did not waste his time in looking about, but stoutly set to work, gathering stone for his house, and digging a deep foundation for the walls in the solid rock. It was a slow job, as he was bent on rearing a good strong dwelling that might stand both wind and storm. By the time he had raised it but a few feet from the ground, he looked over the cliff and saw flags flying on his friend's new house, which was quite finished ; the faint echo of the men's hurrahs as Stultus gave them good cheer to drink his health just reached his ear. "A gay flimsy place, not made for weather, a summer toy, varnished for a summer's day," such words, uttered in a sorrowful tone, escaped his lips as he looked on the new house below. Again he turned to

his work, and lifted the huge stones and fitted them well together. At last after some months of labour he roofed it in and all was finished.

Well, time wore on ; the two travellers oftentimes looked at each other from their different homes but never met ; Stultus was too idle to climb the hill ; Sapiens was too busy to come down ; each however saw how the other was going on. Often in the midst of his toils Sapiens would hear the peals of laughter or the sound of some great chorus which was wafted up by the wind ; and when he rested on his spade he could see a large crowd making merry with Stultus in the valley, some putting off in light skiffs adorned with gay streamers, others being rowed about in a gilded barge with a band of music on board, others dancing on the smooth lawn or shouting merrily to their companions in the boats. As for labour, little seemed required there ; the soil was rich, the air balmy, and everything seemed to love to grow in such a spot. Many a time would Sapiens sigh as he beheld the thoughtless crowd of revellers with his friend in the midst ; and many a time did he feel thankful for his more peaceful and toilsome life. "Alas, alas," he would say to himself, "that Stultus and his friends should feel so safe on that unsafe shore,

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and that in these giddy ways they should find their only joy!"

Stultus in his turn would sometimes look up to the bare cliff. "There goes on that strange man, toiling, toiling all the day, coaxing a few poor plants to grow on the thin earth, rising with the lark and not knowing what pleasure is; there he is with his body stooping to the spade, and none near him but those few huts with their toiling drudging owners as grave and dull as he, a plodding cheerless set, dragging on a dull dismal life; there he is, going into that gloomy prison with its thick dull walls and its narrow windows, as though it were made for owls that could not bear the sun."

Time wore on; many years passed over their heads; each kept to his own way. Sapiens continued to toil hard and to live hard; many a bleak winter did he spend on the barren rock, and many a cold wind cut him as he toiled. Still he had a few neighbours as patient as himself; and though they led so hard a life, there seemed a sort of calm joy and peace upon their countenances; there was no look of mirth, but of grave cheerfulness, if I may so speak; they were not morose nor harsh, but on the contrary kind and gentle; I noticed too, that though they

were but a few and had enough to do, they were always glad to help one another. Often would Sapiens rise earlier to give help to a neighbour, and often would a neighbour be seen working till it was quite dark on Sapiens' ground.

Stultus however after all seemed to have made the best choice ; no great storms arose ; the sea was never very rough ; it seemed a sheltered and quiet bay ; the fears of Sapiens appeared to be false. "What," would Stultus say, "what made him talk to me of storms ? never was a quieter place ; a little spray has sometimes been dashed against the windows ; once or twice a limb has been blown from the trees and a few flowers torn up by the roots, and the verandah a little shaken ; but what is this ? we have been safe for years ; we have passed a merry life without fear, and all this while I should have been drudging like a slave on that cheerless cliff had I taken Sapiens' counsel. I pity your poor timid men, who will not enjoy to-day for fancied storms that may rise to-morrow."

Thus would Stultus run on as he looked up with a pitying air to the patient Sapiens toiling on the rock.

Now one bright summer's day Stultus gave *one of his most brilliant feasts* : it was a calm

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clear day, with not a cloud in the deep blue sky ; years ago on that very day his house had been finished, and he always kept the day. A beautiful arch of flowers was reared at the entrance of the grounds, and festoons of flowers were hung on either side of the broad walk that led to the house, sweetening the air and giving colour and liveliness to the scene as the guests arrived ; coloured lamps were fastened among the flowers, that, as the night came on, the feast might be still prolonged ; troops of lovely children with white robes and golden bands and long waving hair were stationed in different parts of the garden. Sometimes they would break forth into a sweet and merry chorus ; sometimes they would join in a graceful dance, while bands of music played lively airs. Tables loaded with all manner of dainties and rich fruits were placed under the trees, and in the branches of trees were hidden boys who seemed to warble like birds and cheered the feast. Then upon the calm glassy sea the pretty skiffs shot along, racing each other for the prizes which Stultus gave as he sat with his guests under a silken canopy erected at the landing-place. The rowers were all dressed in different colours, some blue, some red, some purple and green, while troops of boys in coloured tunics

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had their races on the smooth sand, some on foot, some on ponies gaily decked with ribbons.

Such a sight, such a feast had never been beheld before. As the day drew to a close and the sun began to set, you cannot conceive how beautiful a scene it was. The sky was quite red and ruddy along the horizon, and the sea was flushed with a rich crimson glow ; the coloured lamps began to sparkle among the trees, and as the night stole on, all the skiffs and boats carried coloured lanterns at the stern which were reflected on the sea in long bright quivering lines.

All that day Sapiens had been labouring hard ; a part of one of his neighbour's walls had fallen in, and he had been up long before light to help him to make it sure. Though the sun glared upon him all the day on the exposed and leafless rock, on he laboured with a willing heart, and right joyfully he put a finishing stroke to his work just as the sun had set. Many times in the course of the day he guessed that something unusual was going on below, for the sound of music and laughter seemed more than commonly loud. However he would not leave his work to see, though sometimes he thought very sadly and sorrowfully of the choice of Stultus and of *his thoughtless life.*

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Now just as he was returning home he thought there was something suspicious in the redness of the sky ; it looked like stormy weather coming on. No sooner had he entered his house and was about to prepare his simple meal, than the wind began to moan and howl so loudly, that he thought a wild night was at hand notwithstanding the calmness of the day. Accordingly he went out and walked all round his house to see that all was fast and sound. He examined the doors and bolts with care, for as the cliff was always a windy place, he had to be upon his guard. Again he entered his house, and had no sooner sat down and spread his evening meal before him, than a clap of thunder seemed to burst close over his head and caused him to start up upon his feet. Then the wind suddenly rose into a frightful hurricane, and it seemed quite to grasp hold of his house that it might shake it to the ground. Again and again the forked lightning flashed before his eyes, and lit up for a moment the dark scene without ; then terrible thunder rolled out as though the powers of darkness were at war in the clouds. Again and again the wind dashed with savage wildness round the walls, and tossed itself in fearful gusts against the house. Even the bold heart of Sa-

piens trembled as the storm continued to rise. He stood anxiously waiting in the middle of his room every fresh burst of the storm ; but the stout walls stood firm ; they shook, it is true, but they did not fall ; though the wild tempest waxed hotter still, the stout walls stood firm ; the heart of Sapiens beat fast, his pulse quickened, his whole soul was filled with anxiety ; yet as not a stone seemed to be loosened and his strong house held fast together, hope succeeded to fear. At last the wind seemed to slacken ; the thunder became more distant ; the lightning flashed with a dying power ; the chief strength of the tempest was spent ; the day began to dawn ; the sun again shot its light through the narrow windows of the house ; and Sapiens once more drawing his breath felt that the night of his greatest peril was at an end.

But when he began to recover himself, his thoughts turned instantly towards Stultus and the cottages on the beach. "O what can have become of them," he exclaimed in an agony of fear, "on such a night as this!" As the storm was now passing away he yearned to rush to the edge of the cliff to learn their fate, yet his heart misgave him, and his hand trembled when he put it to the bolt of the door. He paused a few

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minutes before he could gather courage to face the sight. And what did he see, when, standing on the verge of the rock, he looked over to the valley beneath? The sun was bright again; the sky clear; the waves were settling down into a beautiful calm; but where were the tenants of the valley? Not a house was left; the sea had broken over the green meadows; all was gone; all washed away; not a living thing was to be seen; all was still and calm, no laughter nor merry songs were to be heard; the stillness of ruin and of death was there; of all the crowds of revellers not one was left; gaily painted shutters were floating about the beach; festoons of flowers were mixed with masses of dark seaweed; broken instruments of music, pictures, statues, curtains, strewed the shore; while here and there the lifeless forms of a few children huddled together, with their white robes and golden bands, had been washed to the higher part of the beach. Where was Stultus? Sapiens straining his eye far and wide at last saw something floating out to sea; whether it were a man I know not, but he thought it was the body of his former friend, and wept bitterly.

“Poor Stultus,” cried Charlie, as Mrs. Horton ended her story.

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"Yes," said his mother, "it was a sad end brought on by his own folly; because the place was safe for a time he thought it would be safe for ever, and he was so busy in enjoying himself that he neglected to prepare for wild and wintry days. But, my boy, can you guess on what passage of the New Testament I have founded my story?"

"What! is it taken from anything that is said in the Bible?"

"Yes, my dear; and you shall guess."

Charlie quickly got his large Bible and began to turn over the leaves. However he could not find the passage his mother meant. His mother then bade him open the seventh chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew and to read it through. Charlie read it aloud to her very nicely, and at last as he came to the concluding verses he exclaimed, "now I have found it; now I have found it."

"Well," said his mother, "read it out then."

Charlie accordingly read these words. "Whoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not:

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for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand ; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell : and great was the fall of it."

" To be sure, Mamma," he said when he came to the end, " He who knows and does God's will is like Sapiens who built a good strong house upon the strong rock, far above the dangerous sea and the winter storm ; and he who knows God's will and yet does not do what God bids, is like Stultus who built his house close to the sea, because it all looked so bright and pretty on a bright summer's day."

" Yes," said Mrs. Horton, " that is quite right ; if we do not lead holy lives we do indeed build upon sand ; it is no good to call ourselves disciples of Christ, unless we obey Christ ; obedience is the test of our faith and our love. Life is not given us that it may be spent in idle pleasure, but that we may serve our Saviour. And I trust, my dearest boy, that from your youth upward you will by God's blessing endeavour to live according to your Saviour's will ; for then when the storm of the last day comes to

try what we are and what houses we have built, you will be safe and the storm will not hurt you. O my boy, may we be found like Sapiens, doing Christ's work and preparing ourselves for His glorious coming."

Charlie looked up earnestly into his mother's face, and throwing his arms round her neck he kissed her and said with much eagerness, "Will you pray for me, dear Mamma? for I am but a boy. I should indeed like to be like Sapiens, and I know you are like Sapiens. I am sure God loves you, Mamma. I hope we shall all be in heaven at last."

"We must pray, Charlie, and strive all our lives; we must ask for God's mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ, for He has died for us, and will plead for us with our heavenly Father. And now, my child," she added, tenderly kissing him, "it is time for prayers." Charlie accordingly rang the bell for Betsy, and then they all knelt down together and offered up their prayers at the throne of grace.

After prayers, Charlie went up stairs to bed, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of building a house upon the rock; though, as is often the case in dreams, he could not get forward in his work; either he could not move the stones, or when he

had got them into his hands, his feet seemed to slip backward as he tried to reach the unfinished wall. While he was thus acting his mother's tale in his sleep, she stole gently into the room ; creeping up to his bed she stood for some time watching the slumbering boy. Many thoughts of her husband rushed into her mind as she saw his likeness repeated in the boyish countenance that looked so calm and still. At last a smile crossed Charlie's face, and crying out, "'tis done! 'tis done !" with an indistinct utterance, he waved his hand over his head in token of some dreamy triumph. The truth is, he dreamt just at that moment that his house was finished, and all the stones fixed in their place.

"O Charlie," exclaimed the widow to herself, catching up his words, "may you indeed do God's will ; that is my only care ; I want nothing else; may you be able to say, when the end comes, ' 'tis done, 'tis done.' "

Thus thinking earnestly of her boy's salvation, the subject always uppermost in her thoughts, she knelt down by the bedside of the unconscious child, and poured forth her soul in hearty prayer to the Giver of all good gifts, that He might preserve the soul of her boy, and keep him in the paths of innocency from his youth up, as a true member

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of Christ, and a true disciple of the cross. Long she knelt in that quiet room, and long she prayed. At last, greatly refreshed, she rose from her knees, and giving Charlie a kiss she hurried to her own room. Soon all was still in the widow's cottage, and the holy gift of sleep closed every eye.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

BE IN TIME FOR CHURCH.

I SAW a great crowd standing by the gates of a grand palace ; the day was hot, the sun struck strongly upon the heads of the people, but they patiently kept their ground. On asking one of the bystanders what was about to happen, he told me that the Queen would pass that way ; "but," he added, "she won't come this half hour, though it's best to be before our time." I thought upon the patience of the multitude, and was glad to see how greatly they esteemed the Sovereign whom God had set over them.

I passed on till I came to another crowd clustered in front of a theatre. They were pressing against the door as though their lives hung upon getting in ; and they swayed to and fro like the waves of the sea as different parties in the crowd made fresh movements towards the entrance of the house. I enquired of those who were nearest

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to me what they were all waiting for ; " there's a great concert, Sir, this morning," was the reply, " and a great singer, a most splendid singer, is to be heard ; we shall have some time longer to wait before the doors are open, but it's as well to be before our time." What ! said I to myself, all this patience, all this expectation, all this waiting for a few songs that fill the ear with a moment's sweetness and then pass away !

Again I pursued my walk till I reached the outskirts of the city, when, on approaching the remnant of an old common that was advertised for building ground, I saw a large tent pitched on the grass, one side of which was besieged by a throng of men, women, and children eager to get in. " It's no use pressing and pushing this way," said a man to those who were next him, " the show doesn't begin yet, and the door isn't open." " You're right, Sir," said another, " we are long before our time, but it's a fault on the right side." On asking the nature of the show, the man said that there would be some horsemanship in the tent, and there were some wild beasts in the caravan behind. How long men will wait, I said to myself, for such things as these !

The next day being Sunday I went to church ; I was there some ten minutes before the time, as

I always like a little quiet interval for composing myself before the service begins. I could not however help noticing that there were not a hundred people in the church. Slowly it began to fill ; slowly the congregation straggled in ; there was no “ pressing to hear the word of God,” no eager crowd at the door ; and the people seemed anxious not to be a single minute before the time. When the clock struck and the clergyman began the service, many families kept trooping in, and his voice was almost drowned by the shuffling of so many feet.

I thought instinctively of the gate of the palace, of the theatre, of the show in the field ; and it saddened me to consider that men were so willingly before their time to catch a glimpse of the Queen, to hear the song of a great singer, to see some horses and wild beasts, while they were behind their time in coming into the presence of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords, the Giver of all good, from whose gracious and loving hands they had received all manner of gifts and bounties both for body and soul.

Let us consider this matter, my friends. Should we be punctual, should we be early, should we be before our time for worldly things, and late, unpunctual, behind our time in seeking heavenly

things ? Suppose the Queen or any great person in the land were to invite us to a feast, should we straggle in one by one, and not care to lose the beginning of the feast ? I think not. If anything unforeseen did hinder us at such a time, how confused should we be to arrive late, how grieved and distressed, how it would dwell upon our minds, how anxious should we be to explain the matter to the Queen and to give the reason of our delay ! And we may be sure no light thing would hinder us ; we should take care to be up in time, to be dressed in time, to start in time. How should it be, then, in going up to the house of God, where God is, where His feast is spread, where He Himself waits for us, and says, Come, for all things are now ready ? Surely to enter into God's presence, to be allowed to enter the most holy place where He dwells, is a privilege, an honour, a grace, a blessing infinitely greater than the greatest of earthly privileges, or honours, or acts of grace. For God to be ready, and we behind-hand ; He in His house, we loitering lazily on the way or unprepared to come, what is this but a grievous sin on our part, a grievous slight on the majesty and graciousness of God, a great dishonour and indignity for which we deserve His displeasure.

And yet it is no rare thing to see people late at church, nay, the rare thing is to see a whole congregation assembled in good time; the door has to be opened many times after the service has begun, many times is the service broken and disturbed by persons entering in. These things ought not so to be; it is time to have done with such irreverence, this fault should be cured at once; we should long and yearn to be at the very beginning of Divine Service that God may not number us among the laggards, that we may not miss His blessing by our backwardness. Unpunctuality in such a cause is a sign of indifference; to be late is to be lukewarm, for where there is a thing greatly desired men are in haste to get it. If we did indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness, we should not creep to the spiritual well, and to the table spread with meat.

Confused should we be and vexed with ourselves and ashamed for coming into the earthly presence-chamber of the most holy, most mighty God, the ever-blessed Trinity, when His servants were already on their knees before Him, and He already bending down His ear to hear their prayers. To press in and pick up a prayer in the midst, hurried and out of breath, is not the way to serve God acceptably; there is no sign of

“ reverence and godly fear” in such a course. Nay, even just to be punctual, to hit off the minute and to run the time close, is not the way which the true reverent and earnest worshipper would pursue. Rise earlier, start earlier, get on your way, leave yourselves time to walk slowly ; leisure is good ; to be flurried is the way to spoil church-going ; it discomposes us, it puts us out and tries our temper. If we are before our time, we are more likely to use our time well. He that is a quarter of an hour before the service, is likely to gain the most profit from the service, if he spends the time not in dangling about the door and gossiping about worldly things, but in prayer or in solemn thought, or in reading Scripture. It is a great matter to have a little quiet space to ourselves, a little pause in which we can get our souls in tune for the awful and blessed act of worship. We can then compose and prepare our minds, we can trim the lamp before we light it. We can offer more lengthened and worthy prayers for grace, instead of hurrying down our heads and hurrying them up again in token of a hasty prayer ; we can calmly kneel down and collectedly implore God to give us the spirit of true devotion, and to sustain that spirit by His Spirit for our Saviour’s sake. There

BE IN TIME FOR CHURCH.

may be time besides for meditating upon some text of Scripture, and thus we shall be more likely to pray in faith and to hear in faith when the service actually begins.

Lay then these words to heart; they are written for your good. Honour God; honour His holy house; remember His presence in His house. Seek to have, like David, a "longing" to enter into the courts of the Lord. Where there is a longing heart there are no lazy feet. We are always in time for things which we greatly like and long to have.

BE IN TIME FOR CHURCH.

WHEN once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, than thou : for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most ;
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
Stay not for the other pin : why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.

Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

GEORGE HERBERT.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

TO MOURNERS.

YOUR heart is darkened ; it is full of heaviness ; trouble has fallen upon you, and it is great and heavy ; you are now feeling the truth of words that have often sounded in your ears, that "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward ;" the iron enters into your soul, and your head is a fountain of tears ; all joy and cheerfulness and mirth are gone ; the cup of suffering is in your hands, and though you have had fair days and sunny hours in times past, you are now numbered among the mourners.

Suffer me then to come to you. I would speak some words that may do you good ; in your hour of mourning, in this your cloudy day, I come as a friend to speak with you ; and though you see me not, yet my heart would talk with your heart. As a member of the same body of Christ, as a brother in Christ Jesus, as one sub-

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ject to like afflictions, I come to you to drop some friendly words into your ears. Receive me into your house of mourning, or rather receive my words.

And first of all, I pray you to consider that God has made you what you are ; He has willed to place you among the mourners ; His hand is on you, His rod has fallen upon your soul ; He has taken you from the light and glare of the world, from the sunshine and the cheerful days ; He has sent these clouds and storms ; He has put the cup of suffering into your hands ; He has ordained that you should suffer ; He has called you to this lot. It is by His direct appointment that sorrow has entered into your house and into your heart. Whatever you are suffering, God has ordained it. Now this is a great thing to know ; it is a great thing to feel. It is easy to *say* that trouble comes from God, but try to *feel* it. Bring that truth home to your heart. At once recognise and discern God's hand in your affliction ; see that He has stricken you ; own that the sharp arrow of this sore trial has come from His bow, and that you are wounded by His hand ; for there is then some comfort, nay great comfort to be found in your suffering ; it is not in this case an

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enemy that hath done this, but a friend, the best of friends, your one Great Friend, your Father in heaven. There may be wrath, there may be punishment in the blow, but not hatred, not enmity; you are not hated by God; He has not stricken you with the hand of an enemy. On the contrary, it is a friendly stroke; it comes from Him who is Love itself; it comes from the very fulness of His love, and is a mark of love. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Christ lays His cross upon you, and where His cross is laid, there is His love; He is afflicting you out of love; He has loved you too well to let you always be prosperous; He is humbling you now that He may exalt you afterwards; He is making you sow in tears, that you may reap in joy. Mourners are His beloved ones; they are the sheep whom He has not forsaken, whom He cares for and yearns over with divine long-suffering. He takes you along the way of the cross which He has Himself trodden, and He would not take you His way if He had no care for you.

If then your affliction is from God, have hope in the midst of these present griefs; there is a rainbow in your sky, a light in a dark place; you have a witness of God's love; you are not cast

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out of the circle of His good providence ; you may be sure that you are yet in a state of grace, that you have a heavenly Father's love, and that in the very sharpness of your affliction you are tenderly looked upon as one belonging to the very family of God ; you have the witness that you are yet among the children of God, however you have strayed : He afflicts none whom He has cast out. He never afflicts now except to save, to heal, to purify the afflicted soul. He is not now taking vengeance ; but all present punishments and present chastisements are medicines for the soul ; there is healing virtue in them. When He will punish in the life to come there will be no mercy, no healing virtue to be drawn from the bitter herbs ; it will be mere punishment ; it will be the day of eternal vengeance ; His wrath will be then without pity ; He will not chasten in order to save, but the rod will torture the soul and cause it to writhe in eternal anguish as the due reward of past iniquity. But now how different is His mind towards us in giving us present troubles ! Love shines throughout. God designs by these distresses to rescue us from eternal woe. By these means He seeks to save us from eternal vengeance.

If then you are now afflicted out of God's

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love, should you not try to profit by your affliction? let the dark and heavy hours do their work in drawing you nearer to Christ; let not the trouble come and go without doing you good; eat through the bitter rind of this fruit of sorrow that you may reach the sweet juice that is within; go instantly to God; hurry to the throne of grace; call upon your Saviour; give yourself to Him; seek Him more earnestly than you have ever done in former years. Where else can you go, or where else should you go? You may go to the world; you may try to staunch your grief in worldly excitements, or you may strive to drown thought, and to turn away from your affliction; but this is trifling with yourself, and hiding yourself from your own good. God seeks you out by means of this distress; what madness then not to go to God! Arise at once; He longs to see you on your knees; He longs to see you forming purposes of a more holy life; He longs to see you feeding upon His Divine Word with a hungering soul, and seeking your consolation from the true source of all comfort. Seek your heavenly Father; seek your Saviour; seek the Holy Ghost the Comforter; and then you will be refreshed with a multitude of peace from God; from Him alone can true

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peace come ; in Him alone can true consolation be found ; true solace is nowhere else to be had. It is the gift of the Spirit who is made known to us as "the Comforter," who comes to soothe the weary heart and to pour in oil and wine, who seeks the wounded ones of the flock, and tenderly binds up their wounds ; who soothes the distressed heart and is the mourner's Friend, who leads the afflicted beside the waters of comfort, and when all human consolation fails, takes His stand by the sufferer to speak gentle and effectual words of peace and hope inwardly to his soul.

O if the Divine hand has placed you among the sufferers, I beseech you by the mercies of Christ pour forth your soul to God. Whatever you have been or however you have lived, go straight to Him. If you have served the world, and lived a worldly life, and obeyed your lusts, and had no heart for the things of God, it is time to return to the Bishop and Shepherd of your souls. Then the use of your affliction is as clear as day ; the trumpet gives no uncertain sound ; you have a plain call to repentance and newness of life. Your sorrow is sent to awaken you out of sleep ; to rouse you from your sin, to stir you up to an altered life, to drag you away from *the pit of hell*, to force you away from those evil

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or foolish courses which lead to eternal wrath. Yes, if you have been among the wanderers from Christ, and have left your Father's house, it needs no prophet to interpret your affliction ; it is a merciful invitation to a wandering soul ; it is designed to convert your soul and to bring you back to God ; it is meant to shew you the power of God, and the capacity of suffering which you contain in yourself, and it is sent to save you from being numbered among the eternal sufferers.

Or if you have been endeavouring to walk by faith, to tread the holy ways of Christ, and to seek the kingdom that is above, then your sorrow is designed to purify your soul more and more, to lift it up to still higher flights towards God, to purge it that it may bring forth more fruit, to separate you more entirely from the world, to put you more entirely under the shadow of the cross, to bring you by suffering into closer fellowship with Christ, to increase and heighten your desires for that most blessed land of peace, where there is no sorrow nor pain nor death, and where "tears are wiped from all faces."

Thus in both cases, whether you have been neglecting or serving God, the love of Christ is

manifest in your affliction. Your salvation is the thing desired by God ; to further your salvation is the end of your affliction ; it has not come upon you by chance, but it has a work to do ; it is a sort of minister of God, sent by Him to lead you towards eternal joy ; it is a friend sent by your truest Friend. Treat it therefore as a friend. Though it may come in a stern guise, yet hear a friendly voice.

Do not be impatient ; try not to break the yoke from off your neck, but in the spirit of true resignation, endeavour to submit to the will of God ; endeavour to learn your lesson of godliness in this hard school of affliction, and seize hold of the cross of Christ.

And supposing you instantly cast yourselves into the hands of God and draw near to Him, how will He receive you in your season of distress ? Are you sure that He will turn towards you and hear you pray ? You may indeed be sure ; for whom does He especially call ? look through the Scripture, does He say, “ Come ye prosperous ; come ye happy ; come ye rich ; come ye that are full ? does He plead tenderly with these ? Nay, these He rather threatens ; and while He calls them, He calls in somewhat stern and threatening words ; but to the afflicted and

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the mourners, to the broken-hearted and the distressed, hear with what warm and loving words He speaks, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

He prays you to come ; He not only does not refuse you when you come, but He invites you to come ; He spreads forth His hands ; He asks you to cast yourselves into the arms of His love ; He goes out to meet you ; He yearns over you ; His eye pities you ; He is ready to fold you to the bosom of His love ; He desires you to unbosom yourselves to Him of all your griefs, and to pour forth all your sorrows into His ears ; He is your great Friend in adversity ; He is the mourner's Friend. While He was on earth He gathered round Him the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, the widows, and childless, the desolate, and the poor. And so now. He still desires to see the heavy-laden and the sorrowful coming to Him for help. When all is dark and sad, then He the true light shineth in our hearts ; when the child has lost his father, He draws near to be better than a father to the child ; or when the father has lost his child, He draws near

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to bestow more than a child's love upon the father ; to the widows and the friendless He is more than husband and friend. And it is just in the very darkest, dreariest, most woeful hours of life, that He is most near to us.

We have friends enough in prosperity ; we have no lack of companions when all goes well ; we shall find many to laugh when we laugh, to rejoice when we rejoice ; give feasts and our tables will be full of guests ; but let sorrow come upon our house, let death enter it, let feasts come to an end, let mirth and cheerfulness be driven out, let the day of mourning darken our whole home, who will come then to comfort us ? Who will throng to us and press to our doors ? Some may say "poor man," and some decent phrases of pity will come coldly from their lips, but few will gently sit down with us and comfort us ; few will take us by the hand and speak soft words of real love ; few will weep when we weep, and enter in any degree into our sorrows ; nay, there are many whom we are content to have, and whom we like to have about us in prosperous days because of their good spirits, or pleasantness, or powers of entertainment, whom we would not have in our sick room, whom we *would not* call to our side when God takes from

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us father or mother, wife or child. When then many of our friends fall off, and when many whom we have been wont to know, are not such as we would ourselves call to our side in the time of adversity, our most blessed Saviour offers Himself and draws near to us, and gently speaks to us, and promises the gracious gift of the Holy Ghost.

And should we not consider in this matter the mystery of the Incarnation and Manhood of Christ? When Christ offers Himself to us in our day of suffering, should we not remember that He also has suffered in the flesh, that He knows what it is to weep and to be in agony, that He has borne human sorrows and the whole weight of all human affliction. Surely it greatly comforts us, and greatly encourages us to draw near to Christ our Lord and God, when we remember that He has our human nature though without sin, and that once, in that His human nature, He went through our sorrows. He was once the “man of sorrows;” He “carried our sorrows;” and by all those His sorrows for us we are assured that He feels for us in our time of trouble ; the great Sufferer feels for sufferers ; He has a fellow-feeling ; He has felt all that you feel ; He knows by experience your affliction ;

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lift then up your soul to Him of whose sympathy you are sure, and who from His own troubles will be the more inclined to your prayers. He will indeed look upon you, and willingly hear you ; He will come to you. Though you should be quite alone in your grief, and should have none to feel for you, He will be with you in your loneliness, and refresh you when your heart is desolate.

But when you draw near to Christ, draw near to Him not only for comfort's sake, but for profit. Ask Him to give you not only consolation, but power to devote yourself to Him. You want to be improved as well as consoled, purified as well as refreshed, in spirit. The Apostle shews us the use of trouble, when he says that "afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." Your trouble should serve to make you a better, a holier man ; it is a *purifying* fire when it is rightly used, and when you are rightly "exercised thereby," it should rouse you to a more decided and devoted life ; it should move you to cast yourself with all your heart into the way of faith. All doubts, all indecision, all backwardness and hesitation in Christ's service *should be cast aside.*

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You should use at once all the means of grace mercifully vouchsafed in Christ's Church as helps and aids to a holy and devoted life. You should give yourself to frequent and fervent prayer, to godly meditation, to the earnest reading of God's Holy Word and other holy books, to the humble reception of the great and strengthening feast of the Lord's Supper. In these ways you will get help from heaven to devote yourselves to Christ, to walk patiently with your cross, and to attain that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." The more you serve God the more will your soul find peace; the more it throws itself on God and endeavours to obey His will, the more will it be refreshed. And then see how the horizon of your view brightens! what streaks of light are along the distant line of the Christian's sky! He who indeed believes in Christ crucified and Christ risen, and does himself die to sin and rise again unto righteousness, looks upward and is glad. He thinks of the day when the heavens will be opened and the earth shall pass away, when Christ Jesus shall come forth in His glory to take His redeemed to the everlasting feast; he thinks of the wonderful morning of the resurrection, when all the faithful ones of God shall meet their Lord, and meet

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each other face to face, when godly parents shall look again on their godly sons, when the godly husband shall receive back his godly wife, when friends will be united to friends, and all the company of the saved shall pass in together as brethren into the eternal house of God, never to sigh any more, never to be parted, never to suffer pain, never to sorrow, never to weep, never to die. Happy are they who in the school of affliction learn lessons of godliness that shall fit them for this glorious coming of Christ. All they now lose will be found hereafter; their sorrow will be turned into joy, and of that joy there will be no end. O Lord, gracious art Thou in Thy chastenings, for Thou dost win our souls thereby from the power of a deceiving and fleeting world; and when Thou dost lay Thy cross upon us, Thou art setting us on the way to heaven. Lead us on then, O Saviour, in that way by Thy Spirit, that we may at last rejoice with our brethren in Thy presence for ever through the satisfaction of Thy death.

**AN ACT OF RESIGNATION WHEN A FRIEND
IS DEAD.**

I ADORE Thee, O Lord, I bow my very will, with my whole soul to Thee, whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out. I will bless the Lord at all times. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

I have received innumerable good things from Thy hands, O Father of mercies, why should I not receive those that are evil ? The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it ? I humbly take it from Thy hands, O my God, and submit to Thy wise dispensations. I return to Thee back again that which Thou so lovingly bestowedst upon me, with my most hearty thanks for lending me the enjoyment of it so long.

O my soul, never cease to bless the Lord ; forget not all His benefits ; especially His great love, His exceeding great love in Christ Jesus, by whom He hath provided a remedy for all our griefs, and comforted us with the hope of another and better life, where there is no death, nor any

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pain or sorrow, but all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes.

To Thee I fly, O blessed Jesus, who art my best and my eternal friend ; to Thee who knowest our frame, and canst have compassion on our infirmities, most humbly beseeching Thee to bear me up under this sore affliction in a thankful remembrance of all Thy mercies. Yea, draw up my heart thereby more towards heaven, where Thou, my Life, art, where I hope my (husband, wife, or friend) is, where I hope to be when Thou shalt call me away from hence ; there to sing Thy praises with incessant joy, in the company of all Thy saints, and of the holy angels. Amen. Amen.

BISHOP PATRICK.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

SUDDEN DEATH.

ARE you prepared to die? Suppose this night your soul were required, are you ready for your journey from this world to the next? You may say, "I am well and strong, as lusty as an eagle, in vigorous health: talk not to me of death; go to the weak and sickly, to hospitals and sick rooms; I am not likely to die." And yet thousands, when they were well and strong, in vigorous and lusty health, reckoning boldly on many years of life, and according to their own thoughts not likely to die, have met sudden death. Thousands who have gone forth from their homes in the morning, full of life, thinking to come home to their evening meal, have dropped down dead on the road, have been seized by fits, or have been cut off by accidents, and have been carried to their homes stiff and cold. In many a case the evening meal was prepared, the wife waiting at the door, the children thinking to climb upon the father's knee, the bed ready for the hour of rest, when he who was to have sat by the cheerful

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fireside with wife and children, and then gone to rest, was all the while passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” You may be strong now, but you may be sick or dead to-night. If every man says to himself, “I am not likely to die suddenly,” then there is no such thing as sudden death ; if every man thinks he will escape sudden death, whatever may happen to his neighbour, who will die suddenly ? I say again in the words of the Spirit of God, “Boast not thyself of to-morrow ;” many have boasted and trusted and presumed on their morrow ; and when they thought to be here, they have been carried far hence, out of the world, into the unseen world beyond, without time to lift up a prayer, to cry for mercy, to repent of a single sin, to seize hold of the cross of Christ. In one moment they were here, full of their schemes, their pleasures, their work, their gains, their hopes, their feasts, their buying and selling ; the next their souls passed from the world for ever ; suddenly they died. They were on the morrow to have done this or that, to have gone here or there ; all was settled ; the day was *forestalled* ; it was filled up with business or

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pleasure ; its hours were reckoned and marked out. But when the morrow came, the hand that was to have written so many letters, or worked so many hours at its trade, was stiff and powerless ; the tongue that was to have spoken so many words, or tasted so many good things, was mute, and dried up in the mouth ; the feet that were to have moved to so many places were motionless as felled timber in the wood ; the eye that was to have seen so many sights was glazed over and had looked its last on the world and worldly things ; eye, ear, tongue, limbs, heart, all had been touched and chilled and stricken in a moment by the mystery of death. May not the like happen to you ? And what if it should happen ! suppose God has decreed that of the thousands who are to die suddenly you should be one. Are you ready ? are you living closely with God ? are you all your life preparing for death, that it may not come upon you unawares ? are you wearing your daily cross as a good soldier of Jesus Christ ?

O see that your life hangs upon a thread even when you are at your prime ; a slip of your foot upon your door-step may end the whole. It is said of men at sea, that there is but a plank between them and eternity ; and what is there be-

tween you and eternity though you stand on the hard earth? sometimes you are within a hair breadth of eternal life; your foot is often on the very edge of the gulf, and yet you may not know your peril.

Trust not then to your strength, your health, your youth. At once serve Christ your Saviour; at once "prepare to meet thy God;" at once put on the armour of light; at once walk with a prepared and wakeful spirit across the uncertain sands of life, into which your foot may sink suddenly, as in quick-sands, before you are aware of it. Cling closely to Christ at once; end all delay; content not yourself with good intentions of serving Christ by and bye; "hell," it is said, "is paved with good intentions;" it is the devil who tempts you to delay. What has a man to do with delay who may die to-night? You may be lost to-night or saved. If then you say, "I will pray to-morrow, I will think of my soul to-morrow, I will give up the world and crucify my lusts and begin a holy life to-morrow," you may by that time be in torment. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

A FEW WORDS TO TRAVELLERS.

MEN often think a journey is waste time, time given away. But men are often slovenly farmers of their time ; they do not turn all the nooks and corners of their fields to good account ; much he waste land of time, if I may so speak, by bad husbandry, by careful tillage, might be made bear its crop. A godly man, if he has to rney, may get some fruits from the hours spent on the coach-top, or in a railroad train. If, as his worldly business is at a stand, he may look upon the hours of his journey as a "god-send," as a little breathing time in the bustle of busy life, as a space in which he may duly try to get some profit for his soul.

I. First of all, a disciple of Christ will find time enough, and quiet enough too, in the course of a journey, for many a secret prayer. So, I say a coach-top or a railroad carriage may afford us many an occasion for many a prayer ; we may lift up our soul when there is silence about us ; we may pray for our safety on our way,

for the friends we have left at home, for a safe return, for delivery from temptation while we are abroad, or for other things which have nothing to do with travelling. Prayer is never out of season and never out of place. St. Peter prayed on the house-top, St. Paul on the sea-shore. Sometimes we are alone when we travel ; sometimes our fellow-travellers are filled with their own thoughts. As the wheels move on, we may send up our souls to God, and none may know of it ; none know till the day of judgment that we found time and opportunity to pray upon the road.

2. The disciple of Christ will also give himself to godly thoughts ; there is time for meditation, time for thought, and much to make us think. The churches we pass with their spires and towers pointing upward to heaven, remind us of Christ's presence here on earth, of our Christian privileges and Christian hopes, of the font and the altar, of the Sacraments and the preaching of the Word. So do the churchyards remind us of death and the resurrection, of the journey which all men take to the grave, and of the rest at the journey's end, which remaineth to the people of God. The swiftness of our passage past hedge-rows and fields, cottages and towns, reminds us of the swiftness of life, and of the

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changing scenes which we go through in our earthly pilgrimage ; while the varying weather on our way, wet and dry, storm and sunshine, cold and heat, reminds us of the varying states of this mortal life, good and evil, joy and sorrow, health and sickness, hard times and prosperous times, falling to our lot in turns.

3. Again, a true disciple of Christ may practise a great deal of charity, kindness, and unselfishness on a journey. It is often a saying of travellers, "every man for himself." I wish it were only a saying ; it is often a doing of travellers : they do not consider others ; they are selfish ; they seldom yield to others ; they think of their own comfort, and their own ease. But if on the day of judgment we have to give account of our journeys, as much as of any other parts of our life, how careful should we be to shew that kind spirit, that love, that true courtesy, that unselfishness, which our blessed Saviour so much commends. Many a Christian deed may be done in a coach or railroad. For instance, how often we may be kind to women and young persons who are not used to travel, who have no friend with them, who are going to strange places, and are far from home. We may put ourselves to trouble cheerfully on their account, and act as

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friends, and for Christ's sake treat them as though they were our kindred. We shall not be kind in vain ; it will be written down in God's book, and every considerate, friendly action will be heard of again when we stand in the presence of Christ. We often see helpless and friendless people left to shift for themselves when they travel ; nobody regards them, nobody will take any trouble to set them at ease. We may also often shew our unselfishness, by sharing our coats and cloaks with some shivering neighbour who is but ill clad for rough weather. These are acts of true charity not to be despised.

4. Lastly, the true disciple of Christ prays before he starts, and does not set off as if he needed not God to take care of him, but solemnly puts himself into the hands of God and commends himself to His care. So also, when the journey ends, he hastens secretly to give God thanks ; and remembering how many have lost their lives who thought to come safely home, he is indeed thankful for the preservation of his life by the mercy of his Lord.

THE SAILOR'S VOYAGE.

THOSE who have any thought for you, or take any interest in you, cannot but know that you are placed in very great and special temptations, temptations so strong as to ruin thousands for ever. When you first exchanged school or a father's fishing-boat for your ship, you came at once into a world of iniquity: your ears were poisoned with swearing and filthy language; drunkenness and other fearful sins of the flesh were talked of lightly and practised commonly all round you. You found you had no private place for prayer, but would have been laughed at if you had dared to kneel down. Holy days, Sundays, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and all other blessed seasons, come to you often in your ships, far away from all sound of the Church bell, from all sacred rest, from all holy and solemn observance, and far away from the pastoral care of God's clergy. Confirmation and the Holy Communion are only names to the mass of sailors: and that blessed Church, a man's home and family, all the pure softening saving

influences of a Christian home, are out of your reach. These are sad and fearful drawbacks to your calling : but as they are not altogether of your seeking, God will have mercy on you in the midst of them, if He only sees you really, manfully, striving and labouring to serve Him according to your light and means.

Those then who love you, know all these difficulties which beset your life at sea. But in the midst of these special temptations you have also especial privileges, helps, and blessings ; for the neglect of which God will judge you, as for your difficulties He will pity you.

You are then free from several grievous temptations : from poverty, and so from temptation to steal : from being alone and deserted, and so from gloominess and repining. You have also time and opportunity to learn to read ; and, when you have learned, you have time to use this happy power in meditating on God's Holy Word.

Then again you have the sight of God's glorious creation ever before your eyes. You are not shut up in cities by black smoke and dreary walls. You see the sun go forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course. You see God's light in all its beauty, shining on the water and the

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clouds, and in the bow of heaven. The free winds rush by you. You shoot across the seas. The storms with all their blackness and thunder roar around and tell you of Him "who maketh the clouds His chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind." The sea beating against the shore as you sail past, tells you of Him "who hath given it bounds that it cannot pass." The moon and the stars all sing to you of God's power and love for this present state, and of that day when they shall fall from heaven, and the sea shall be dried up, and the earth be burned.

From these things you may learn and will be expected to know your ever-present God and your Judge hereafter. You who see His glorious light burst upon the dark sea, and make one blaze of light, must feel how clearly He sees you wherever you are and whatever you are doing. The God of light, shall He not see? Shall He not see the drunken, shall He not see the fornicator in the midst of his blackness? The God of the thunder, shall He not hear? Shall He not hear that rash oath, that filthy jest, that taking of His holy name in vain? And shall He not punish? You see His storms, judge then of His wrath. Judge how He, who hurls the lightning through the sky, and who here-

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after shall cast down even that sun and moon and the stars which seem so securely fixed, judge how He will throw down the sinner into hell, and cast him into the bottomless pit. O provoke not such a God, "For when He is angry all our days are gone," for "He is a consuming fire." O provoke not such a God, for when we see Him, He is to us as the sun and the lights of heaven; He delivers us out of all our troubles, and in danger and sorrow and pain, "He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still."

This is that which may be called the Gospel of nature. But when we come to look on God's creation, and the light which Christ has shed upon it, we find in it new wisdom and blessedness, and it becomes to us all full of the Gospel of grace.

To you very especially, God's creation which is around you from morn to eve, and from night to day, is full of the Gospel. To you, I say, very especially, because you have so much time to consider, and minds so fresh and quick to think upon the beautiful things which concern your peace.

I. The sea and your ship bring before you *all the holy histories* of the ark, of Jonah, and

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the Apostles upon the sea of Galilee, and the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul; that of the ark to remind you of the judgment upon sin, and of the Church of which the ark was the figure, and of your baptism in which you were saved as Noah and his family from destruction ; (1 Peter iii. 20, 21.) that of Jonah to warn you against sin, as well as to tell you of your Saviour's three days and three nights in the grave ; and those of the Apostles and St. Paul, to support you in fatigue and peril. Especially meditate on the history of Jonah. He being one sinner only, would have brought destruction upon the ship, unless he had been cast out, to shew you that one sin draws down God's wrath upon transgressors, and that nothing can save you, nothing can bring peace and safety, except to take up the sin and cast it out, and have no more connection with it. This only is true repentance. This only saves souls through the mercy of Christ our Saviour.

II. All things around you are full of holy meaning. The sun is the figure of Christ the Sun of Righteousness, who brought life and light into the world, who alone can give light to you. The moon and the stars shew forth God's Church and His saints, which now give light and shine, but

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not of themselves. They tell you also how glorious those blessed ones shall be, who, for converting sinners and shining here before men, shall hereafter shine like the stars in heaven before God. The wind is the sign of God's Holy Spirit, which we cannot see, who bloweth where He listeth, and giveth us motion on our course. The night which you see set upon the dark sea speaks to you of death, and the morning of the resurrection. The ship is to you a figure of Christ's holy Church; and the sea, of the waters of baptism. The wrecks and the dead which lie in the depths along the deep sands over which you pass, preach to you of the day when the sea shall give up her dead, and we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Your whole voyage from first to last is a spiritual history. When you sail, you are like the child launched upon the world, at whose baptism we pray that it may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally it may come to the land of everlasting life. Upon this voyage of the soul you all are sailing. Rocks of temptation beset you; currents of sinful pleasure would draw you out of your course; tempests of sorrow, or pain, or fear, would make *you lose heart* and faith in God; the voyage is

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long, and is made by day and by night, in joy or in sorrow, and a port waits for you. Alas ! how often have you nearly made shipwreck of your souls ! how many rocks have you fallen upon ! how often have you turned aside out of your course ! Yet despair not. The voyage is not over. God gives you time. Cast out the cargo, the sinful burden of your soul, cut away all to save the ship ; any sacrifice but that of the soul, any loss but that of heaven.

You know, none know so well, what need there is of watchfulness : how many pilots are lost because they turn away their eye but for a moment, how many sink even at the mouth of the harbour ; even to old age, even to death, watch, and keep to your course until you are in your haven safe for ever.

III. What can be more blessed than for you to remember how much of your Saviour's life was passed upon the sea, to remember the doctrine which was taught by Him, and the miracles which He wrought along the shores or on the waves of the sea of Galilee. He walked on the water, and bid St. Peter come unto Him, to shew you that by faith in Him you shall never be overwhelmed, not even in the great waterflood. He rebuked the winds and the waves, and said to

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them, "Be still," to strengthen your hearts in danger, to make you lean only on Him, and to shew Himself to you as the Ruler of all tempests within us and without us. He slept in the ship when the waves were breaking over it and it was beginning to sink, to shew you the peace and trust of a good conscience, and to fix in your hearts the blessed truths, that Christ's Church can never fail, tost and driven as she may be, because He is in her, and that you can never perish whilst He abideth in you. If we wake Him in our danger, that is, if in prayer we call on Him until He hear us, He will arise and deliver us. He also made the ship of the Apostles to be immediately at the land whither they went, instead of toiling any longer on the waves, (John vi. 21,) to shew us that He can at once and shortly bring us into peace and safety, and that when we seem farthest from our joy we may be very near; when the memory of our sins distresses us the most, when we are most alarmed at our temptations and the perils of our souls, then are we most near to our deliverance, then soonest shall we be carried into the port of safety.

These are some of the many glorious and gracious thoughts which all things around you place

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before your eyes like a book for you to read. Every thing to you is full of Christ, of the life of the soul, and of heaven and hell. Think on these things then, often. Think of them with a holy desire to be better by them. Read of them in your Bibles daily. If but a few words, yet read some, and meditate on what you read. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Never fail to pray when you lie down, and if you are called up suddenly, yet pray a few short words, like these,

"Jesus, I awake to Thee. Jesus, I rise up to Thee. O keep my body and my soul."

These holy exclamations of prayer will be of great use to you : for you can make them when you have no leisure for long prayer, and what you see will remind you to make them, and they will sanctify to you what you see.

Thus when you behold the sun rise, say,

"O Jesu, Sun of Righteousness, shine in upon my soul."

And when it sets,

"O Jesu, light of my life, go not Thou far from me, nor hide Thy face because of my sins."

And in a storm,

"Blessed Saviour, at whose word the winds

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and waves were still, save us now, and be Thou peace to my soul."

Or at the beginning of a voyage,

"O Saviour, bring me to the haven where I would be, even to Thy eternal presence."

Or looking at the sea,

"O Jesus, who didst walk upon the sea, grant me to walk upon the waves of this troublesome world to Thy eternal kingdom."

Or when you go to keep watch,

"O Lord, grant that when Thou dost come I may be found watching."

Such short earnest prayers will be of the greatest use to you. You can say them privately, and without leaving off the work of your calling. The work itself will remind you to pray for diligence in the work of your salvation.

Only be in earnest to save your souls, and to shew some love to the Saviour, who has shewn so much to you, and these and other holy exercises will come naturally to you, and be full of grace and comfort.

Only be in earnest, and then there will be no fear of your not gladly seizing every means of grace which God holds out to you. I say here the means which *God* offers, because I fear the *prayer meetings* which are held in some of the

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ships, when many lie anchored together, are not right or good for you. Certainly a captain may read prayers and a sermon to his men, and would that every captain did so, but when many crews join together without a clergyman, then their meeting seems an imitation of a congregation, and we must remember that only God's ministers have power to serve in public for praise and prayer. When at anchor then, go to some village church, or floating church, if possible ; but, if not, remain in your own ship, and read your Bible and your Prayer-book.

And O do not think that Confirmation and the Holy Communion are not for you, or that you can do without them. Your life is not unfit for them ; if it were so, it would be unfit for you. For you, as much as for any men, Christ died. To you He offers Himself as well as to the rich and those who have leisure and quiet. He would help you in your temptations, and comfort you in your perils and labours. Prepare yourselves then and go to Him. Receive Him in His Holy Sacrament, and He will receive you, and He will be very near to you and you to Him in all your life.

Then in your ship be obedient to those over you, and kind to those on a level with you.

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Glorify God by a dutiful and cheerful obedience, and by a loving companionship. If you are always patient and gentle, and ready to help others, and yet strict and firm in having nothing to do with what is wrong, you will win your mates to serve God too. They will respect you for your firm denial of sin, and love you for your kindness and cheerful readiness to help. And so you will go on day by day, pleasing God more and more, and becoming more and more safe from falling away. Every day your voyage will be shorter. You will have passed another rock, escaped another shoal, have become more experienced and skilful in your course ; every day will bring you nearer and nearer God, and at the last, whether you die in old age or suddenly, by land or by sea, in storm or calm, what matters ? Your voyage will be over ; your haven will be reached ; suddenly you will be where you would wish to be, even with Christ; no more to be tossed or troubled, nor in danger, nor weariness through hopes delayed, but for ever and for ever safe, peaceful, blessed, with Him and in Him who is Peace and Blessedness itself.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

*EDWIN FORTH, OR, THE EMIGRANT
IN CANADA.*

"We can do nothing with him ; nothing, I am sure," said Mr. Forth ; "for he has been tried by every means, and now he has spent the last penny of his own money ; I am told he has heavy debts, which he knows we are so careful to avoid ; so long as his grandfather's property lasted, so long he would not listen to my advice, and now he may go." "Where?" said his wife, gently.

"Any where," said Mr. Forth, who was much excited ; "worthless, reckless spendthrift. He may go any where."

"He is our child," again interposed his wife.

"Our child, indeed ; I know to my cost he is our child," said Mr. Forth, "he has caused me more care than all my family beside."

"He may amend," said Mrs. Forth ; "perhaps when he finds his money is gone he may be more careful, and it is certain his companions will forsake him."

"He will not amend," said Mr. Forth, angrily, "he will go on getting into debt ; we may be

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thankful he has not the power, as he has the inclination, to ruin every one of us."

"I hope he has not such an inclination," said Mrs. Forth, "his bad companions have led him astray; but I could not think so badly of him, or give up my child, deeply as I regret his folly and wickedness."

Mr. Forth did not reply, he was not in a humour to discuss closely the faults of his son; he felt the disgrace that he was bringing on them all by his bad habits.

Edwin Forth's career had been that of far too many young men. An overfond grandfather had left him a large legacy independent of all control by his father. He had looked forward to coming of age, as a time when he should be quite free from restraint; even during his residence with his family he had shewn an impatience unbecoming a child to his parents, and he no sooner received his fortune than he set all at defiance, and after a few months left home. He was not long in finding companions to assist him in spending his money. London abounds with those who, like himself, had once brilliant prospects, which they misused.

Edwin was every where, and saw every thing; he called it pleasure; it was selfish enjoyment,

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not real pleasure, which can only consist in others happiness, as well as our own. God has mercifully decreed, that to be truly happy in this world we must make others happy also, and that no real happiness can exist where others are made unhappy by our conduct. Edwin could not bear to think of home after he had left it, and dreaded his father as he would an enemy. His mother, during a short visit, had in his father's absence tried to persuade him to return home ; he consented to remain for a short time ; the restraint was insupportable ; he came only to return with greater eagerness to his companions ; now it was all come to an end, and Edwin was threatened with a gaol for debts contracted in some gambling transactions with his friends, as he falsely called those who had either defrauded him of, or wasted, his property.

When troubles came upon him he found his way to his father's house ; he knew it was useless to try his companions ; he had heard their jests at those they had ruined, their boasts that it took so long to clear out some victim, and he was too proud to bear their taunts when his fortune was gone.

His interview with his father held out little hopes of assistance ; he was met with an offer of

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the payment of all his just debts, on condition that he embarked within a week for Canada.

Mr. Forth was an honourable man : he had foreseen an end must come to Edwin's career ; he feared even worse than what had now arrived ; he saw that if he allowed him to remain in England his bad associates would gather round him, and he preferred sending him to another country, with all its dangers, to the risk of his remaining at home. He resolved to purchase a farm, and to employ one of his agents in America so to secure it, that Edwin should not be able to encumber it, and he offered him such a moderate allowance as should suffice for his wants, yet not enough for him to indulge in luxury without great exertion on his part.

It was a terrible blow to Edwin when he heard his father's proposal. "What I have spent," he said, "was my own."

"Nothing is our own, Sir," said his father, sternly ; "I have, by prudence and self-denial, provided for all my children, but if they shewed the same disposition as you have done, nothing would remain to me in a few years. I shall not allow my children to lead me to the doors of a gaol."

"I will not go," said Edwin, "that I will not;"

he rushed out of the house, and accidentally meeting one of his companions less hardened than the rest, began to tell him how cruelly his father had used him, and that he had determined to take his chance, rather to go to gaol than submit to such a banishment.

"Forth," said he, "take my advice; go back home. I came to tell you that they are trying to arrest you for the debts that you have owed so long; you have not a chance in our set; I have watched you, and been sorry to see how you have thrown yourself away; for myself, I am alone; you have parents, don't break their hearts; I ruined mine, and should prefer any life to the one I now lead."

Edwin went home, bidding his companion good by, and saying he supposed it was the last time they should see each other.

Is he a friend? thought Edwin: why does he want me to go away? He tried to prevail on his mother to ask for a longer respite, but she saw it would be useless, and prepared herself for a parting with her erring child. She blamed herself for the little indulgences she had given him, and suffered much more than Edwin, who busied himself with preparations for leaving home. He dared not leave the house, except at night, and

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was kept from his former haunts by the knowledge that he would be imprisoned.

At the end of a week a younger brother went with him to Liverpool, and saw him on board the Ajax, a fine vessel, which was to sail the same evening that they arrived. His brother paid his passage money, gave him a sum of money as a present from his father, and added something of his own, saying, "Edwin, this will do when father's is all gone."

Edwin felt ashamed; "No, William, I cannot take it," he said. William made him take the money, and soon after left the vessel, which was towed down the river.

When he recovered himself, and looked at the boxes neatly directed by his mother, he felt their kindness, but was angry with his father, who had not even come to Liverpool to see him to the ship. He recalled his pleasures, and wished to enjoy them once more; mentally he exclaimed against his parent's injustice, thought of many companions who had spent more than himself and proposed leaving the ship; then there came before him the certainty of a gaol, and the inflexibility of his father's character.

While he remained in sight of home he hoped *he might return*, but as the shores faded from his

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sight, and he saw nothing but the wide sea around him, he yielded to circumstances, and began to talk about Canada to the captain and passengers.

When he told them he was going to farm, asking if he could hunt or shoot, and if the fishing were good, the captain said, "Young man, there is plenty of fishing, and hunting too, but if you want to farm, I would leave all kinds of sport, for all farmers work in Canada, or they don't farm long."

"Then I don't intend to work," said Edwin.

"That is as you please, Sir," said the captain, "no one will force you to work, and if you do not want for any thing I suppose you will not work."

"Very few work for the pleasure of it; captains do not, I am sure."

Edwin did not like the captain, who was very strict, observing religiously the Sunday, and reading the prayers from the Prayer-book, when no clergyman was on board to officiate, and at the same time shewing great interest in the spiritual condition of his sailors, to whom he constantly lent books. Edwin had found idle companions on board the vessel, and a kindly-intended caution from the captain, when he saw him losing money at cards, produced no good feeling in his mind. "Every body seems to interfere with me now;"

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said he. Before the end of the voyage he had lost all the money his father had given him, and on his arrival at Quebec, he found, that had it not been for his brother's kindness he could not have completed his voyage ; he began to think the captain was not so bad after all, and discovered that he had lost his money to a set of sharpers.

Edwin remained for a day at Quebec, and was reminded by it of France, which he had visited when a lad ; he then set out for Toronto. He had no money to spend, and therefore amused himself with the scenery on the river, or watching the rafts of timber, which float down the river St. Lawrence, to be shipped at Quebec. Looking at his boxes, he saw one directed "Books, with care ;" and stamping out the words with his shoe, he said, "Books. I shall not want you, I do not like books well enough," yet he was glad in the evening to read the books which belonged to the vessel.

When he drew near Toronto, he enquired of the captain of the steam-boat if Mr. Robertson would be on the pier ; "Yes," said he, "he is agent for our boats, and when he comes on board I will bring you to him." Presently he said, looking through his glass, "There he is, waiting for us on the pier."

On their arrival, and on Mr. Forth being introduced to him, he said, "I received a letter from your father by the last mail, and he was very anxious to know if you had arrived safely." Oh, thought Edwin, he does care for me then, and he may intend me to return home; this is only to frighten me; but his hopes were soon damped, when he heard that Mr. Robertson had purchased a farm, and furnished the house for him; he was gratified when he said, "I shall be happy to see you at my house; you must require rest after so long a voyage; and you will have an opportunity of returning thanks to God for His mercies in preserving you from the dangers of the sea. I hope you had a pleasant voyage." Edwin thanked Mr. Robertson, and accepted his invitation; he made no reply to his suggestion that he should offer his thanks to God for the mercies he had received. He was not thankful; he had long neglected private prayer, and he felt a sort of shame in attending a public service.

He was soon at home in Mr. Robertson's house, and amused his family with stories about England; at times Mr. Robertson thought he observed a levity in his manner, and too great carelessness as to his future prospects. On the evening after his arrival he took Edwin to see

the town, and after introducing him to his neighbours, and shewing him the large warehouses filled with merchandise, he said, "A few years since, Mr. Forth, this town was a forest, and there was not a capitalist within it. I was myself one of seven children, without any property, but we have laboured hard, and you see the results before you ;" and pointing to their church, he said, "we have not forgotten, you see, to build a temple for the service of God, the first duty of Christian men." After some conversation about the country, and the manner of living, "Mr. Forth," said he, "I know your past life, for your father has written to me, and asked me to be a friend to you, and that I can only be if you will help yourself ; forty miles, which is the distance of Rossneath from Toronto, is far enough to separate us, if you do not find my family pleasant company, but it is not too far for me to serve you, if you will avail yourself of my services."

Edwin thanked him, and said, "You must come and have some sport with me, or have some fishing ; I suppose that there are lakes near my house."

"Yes," said Mr. Robertson, "about half a mile from your house is a lake of great extent and beauty, but my visits to you could not be for fishing or shooting. I may see you when I

come on business ; I have little time for pleasure, and that little I give to my family.”

Edwin thought he should not like Mr. Robertson much as a visitor, if he did not hunt or fish ; he however appeared pleased with the country, and listened to its praises, which were poured forth in no sparing manner by one who really loved his country well. On Sunday Edwin went to church, and as Mr. Robertson again suggested it, returned thanks in public for his safe arrival in the colony. He thought it was only a form, and would do neither good nor harm ; there was one however, present, whom Edwin did not see, and who purposely avoided seeing him ; one who did join in returning thanks. Edwin Forth and another person : “ Who could that be ? ” said Edwin to Mr. Robertson.

“ A young man who worked his passage out, and arrived last night ; our rector seemed much interested in him. He is going quite into the backwoods, two hundred miles hence.”

It was Edwin’s companion, a penitent ; he had fled from his companions who had ruined him, and had seen but carefully avoided Edwin, fearing they might injure each other ; he told his tale to the rector, and took his advice ; told him of the disgrace he had been to his family, and of

the misery which sin had brought upon him. He had come to Canada to work as a labourer, and for that purpose chose the backwoods, that none might know him.

"If I die, Sir," said he to the rector, "I shall leave references to you among my papers, and you can tell my friends ; if I live, I will try by my life to express my sense of the goodness of God in not cutting me off in the midst of my days."

Edwin did not pray, but there were those who prayed for him ; nightly when the family assembled they prayed for the absent and erring son ; and again, when morning came, was the prayer repeated, for him who lived without prayer.

"He is in the hands of our heavenly Father," said Mrs. Forth, "the time may yet arrive when he will bless us for separating him from his wicked associates, who would have ruined him utterly. We have seen more than once that the providence of God is a never-failing providence. We thought William had not recovered from his last illness, yet God has given him a longer respite ; it may not be very long, yet it is a blessing to live a day with him ; he is ever gentle and affectionate."

"And so was Edwin as a child," said his father ; "the legacy we thought so good a thing, and on

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account of which we perhaps favoured him, has turned to a curse."

"Yes; we call those good providences which bring us riches or honours, and do not fear as we ought their dangerous nature; our poor Edwin had perhaps been very different if trained to poverty."

There were many enquiries about Edwin from the younger members of the family, who could not understand why he, who was so kind to them, had been sent to America. They were told he had done wrong, and happily did not understand how grievous were the sins he had committed.

After a short stay at Toronto, Mr. Robertson took Edwin in his own waggon to Rossneath, and shewed him over the farm; Edwin was pleased with its appearance, and also with the man who had been hired to look after it until he could take possession of it, and whom he agreed should continue as his servant. Mr. Robertson stayed a few days, and gave all the information he could; and desired him to visit him if at any time he was in doubt how to manage. When he left, Edwin began to look out for amusements, and soon gathered round him the idlers of the township; he formed fishing parties, as it was not the

season for hunting, and when they returned the time was spent in drinking.

His servant would frequently beg him to give up his loose companions, and at length wrote to Mr. Robertson, telling him that the farm could not answer if Edwin went on in his expensive course of living ; the inhabitants of the township also told Mr. Robertson the same, so that he resolved on another visit to Rossneath ; he was greatly pained to observe the change in Edwin ; his character was almost gone in Melville township ; some complained that he did not pay his debts, others of his constant excesses, and the evil he did to the young men, who liked his company. The clergyman had seen him, but found he had no influence over him.

In order to separate him for a time from his idle set, Mr. Robertson proposed to take him back to Toronto, to which Edwin consented reluctantly. He felt degraded in his own estimation, the chances of improvement were gone, and he saw no way of peace but in fresh excesses ; the man had managed the farm well, and was very honest, so that there seemed a better prospect for the farm without Edwin than with him.

He returned to Toronto, and for a few days behaved himself well ; he was ashamed to allow

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himself in his bad habits : but, having met some of his old companions, who had also come to the town, he again relapsed, and scarce ever returned to the house in the evening, so as to be able to meet the family ; more than once he had to be carried to his room. At length it became necessary that he should return to Rossneath, for he was worse in town than in the country, and Mr. Robertson was obliged to write to his father, and tell him that he was almost without hope of his son ; the money with which he had supplied him at his father's desire had been spent in excesses ; he had encumbered himself with debts, he disgraced himself daily ; and he added, his life is as completely without religion as if he had never heard the name of God, or a future state of existence.

The winter came on ; deer tracks in larger numbers than usual had been seen about the township. A hunting party was formed by Edwin and his companions, with provisions for two or three days, and, as usual, a large supply of rum. The expedition proved most successful ; on the second night they were returning in two sleighs laden with venison, intending to keep up a feast at Rossneath ; they had all drunk to excess, and Edwin had used no moderation, but lay like

a log on the top of the foremost sleigh. They nearly overset the sleigh several times in coming through the woods, and as they entered the clearing, a sudden jolt threw Edwin into the road; no one missed him; they were uproarious in their mirth, and the second sleigh, which followed soon after, went over him as he lay in the road, snapping his arm and leg. None heard his cries; he was forgotten by those in his own sleigh, until on their arrival at the cottage the driver of the second sleigh recollecting driving over something which he thought was the stump of the tree that had jolted Edwin from the sleigh. All were alarmed; the night was becoming intensely cold, so that, even wrapped up as they were in their buffalo-skin coats, they could scarce keep themselves warm.

In a few minutes the sleighs were unloaded, and Edwin's servant went off to look for his master; they called loudly, but there was no answer. Charles looked and saw a track; "Some one," he said, "has found master; we will follow them; they cannot be very far off;" he was much further than they thought, much time had been spent in looking about for the track, and more than once they had lost it; at length they came to Temple's cottage, a mere log building in

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the woods, and there they saw Edwin, suffering intense pain.

Temple had been to the store, and was returning home, when he heard Edwin's groans and entreaties for help ; he knew the old man Temple.

"Temple, for God's sake, help me ; pray save me ; they have left me, and I am dying."

"Master Edwin, has it come to this !" said the old man. "God be praised that I have found you, for in another hour it would have mattered little who found you."

He lifted him out of the road, and in a few minutes had cut down some fir boughs, weaving the branches into a frame. He then laid Edwin upon it, and drew him as gently as he could, though suffering great pain, to his house. As he pushed back the door Mary said, "Where have you been, you are so very late ?"

"Don't say a word, Mary, get our bed quickly out of the corner ; Master Edwin has got a serious hurt, I fear, and I must go for the doctor."

Mary was as ready as her husband to assist any person in affliction, and without another word was preparing the bed ; she had finished, and laid Edwin on it with her husband's help, when she said, "The mercy of God is great ; it is well he is not frozen."

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"He is nearly frozen, I fear," said Temple.

"No," said his wife, "the coat had wrapped over him; but his arm is broken."

"Then I must be off at once," said Temple; "Squire Jones will lend me his horse I am sure, when he knows what it is for;" and it was true; Squire Jones would have lent his horse for any settler, and his kindness in lending his horse caused him many inconveniences, but he said it did a neighbour good, so he did not mind himself.

A two-hours' journey brought him to the doctor, who resided in the next township; it was not long before Temple roused him up and informed him that Edwin Forth had broken his arm.

"Very cold to-night, Temple," he said, "come in."

"Come in! I can't, doctor," said Temple; "I must give the horse a rub down; he has come pretty fast, and must go home fast too, so as soon as you have got all ready we must be off. A beautiful night it is, doctor," said Temple, rubbing the white frosted breath from the horse's chest. And a beautiful night it really was; the moon was at the wane, the stars shone with brilliancy, the snow sparkled with the reflected light, the wind slightly moved the fir branches;

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and there was a perfect calm. The old man raised his head, and standing still to rest from his exertion, began that beautiful psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work."

"Now I am quite ready, Temple, and we will start."

"Jump in, doctor," said he, "and get the skins round you, for you will be cold enough before you reach Melville, but Mary with all her nursing will not forget us, I know."

"I am not afraid of finding a welcome at your house," said the doctor, "I have found many blessings there." He had frequently been there to service when the travelling missionary came to say the prayers of the Church, and give them Communion.

Temple drove rapidly. "I do not like to drive another man's horse so fast, doctor, but Squire Jones will forgive me on such an errand, I know."

When they came to the cottage the doctor went in, leaving him to take care of the horse, which he had no sooner put in the stable than he came to see how Edwin was going on.

"How is he, doctor?" "He has broken an arm and a leg," said he, "but happily he is

not frozen, and with care he will soon get over it."

A warm mash was soon prepared for Squire Jones's horse, the never-failing Indian corn-meal provided him a supper, and after due care Temple came to prepare supper for the doctor.

"I must take care of the horse first, doctor, or he will not take you back again at the pace we came."

"He will not take me home at such a pace at all, for I do not know the road so well as you."

Edwin suffered greatly ; his arm and leg were set, and the doctor remained with him for some time, but when he saw him composed he again set off for his own house.

"Good bye, Temple," he said, "I will send the sleigh to the squire in the morning. I leave Edwin in good hands ; you will be chaplain and nurse to him ; poor young fellow, he needs both offices."

"If I can do the young man any good I will do it ; he shall hear nothing but what is good from me, and none of his companions will come near John Temple's dwelling, I know that ; perhaps God has ordered this for the poor fellow's good. 'Before I was afflicted I went wrong, but now I have kept Thy commandments,' saith the Psalmist."

"What a truly religious mind!" said the doctor to himself, as he drove from Temple's door.

Temple, who had only been a few years in Melville township, was an instance of the blessings of an early acquaintance with the principles of the Church. He had from earliest childhood learned his Catechism, and studied his Bible and Prayer-book. On leaving England the parish clergyman had pointed out to him the difficulties he would have in a new country ; "especially," he said, "you will have temptations to forsake the Church of your fathers ; her ministrations must of necessity be unfrequent and irregular in a distant settlement."

"Then," said Temple, "my house, Sir, shall be a church, and I will read the prayers to my wife, and to any other people belonging to our Communion who will join with us." And he had religiously kept his promise ; his house had been a church ; often after a snow-storm Mary and himself were reminded of their first beginnings by being alone, Temple saying the prayers and Mary responding. In fine weather they were never without visitors, and the old country people said John Temple brought back home again, and made them think of the village church and their own

land. The Bishop had given John his license to act as a lay reader, and sent him a volume of sermons to read to his friends.

And daily too the old man said the confession and collects appointed by the Bishop for family devotion ; his neighbours said he was a strong churchman, for he would not go any where except to his own Minister, and John Temple said he hoped that he was consistent, for he had too much faith to change his religion every Sunday.

As Edwin grew better, he began to express his gratitude to Temple. "John," he said, "how many times I have laughed at you, and teased others because they came to pray here instead of drinking and swearing, and now here I am indebted to you for life. I should have perished if you had not found me, and nursed me so well."

" You must not talk much yet," said the old man, "you shall pay me for this."

" Yes, I will give you any thing I have freely," said Edwin.

" We will settle it when you get better," said Temple, seeing he did not understand him.

Youth was on Edwin's side, he recovered more quickly than was expected from the nature of his injuries, but the cold had seriously affected his

health. Temple lost no opportunity of bringing good influences to bear upon him. He said the daily family prayers by his bed-side, prayed for him especially, and watched for every indication of relenting in that hardened heart. And John prayed for him in secret too in the deep woods ; he remembered the prodigal, and hoped for his return. One day he said, "Temple, there are some books in one of my boxes at the cottage, I should like to read them now ; Charles knows where they are, and will give them to you." Temple thought this was a good sign ; "if he reads," said he, "he may also reflect." When the books were brought to him, as he looked at the titles, he was humbled by the thought of others' care for him, while he had not cared for them, or for himself. The Bible and Prayer-book were the gift of his mother ; as he turned the leaves over, he saw written at the bottom of a page, "Edwin was born on this day ;" it was the eighth Sunday after Trinity ; he read the collect, then the epistle, "Brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die ; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." He scarcely understood what he read, and was ashamed to ask, yet when John Temple came in, he shewed

him his mother's writing, and asked him to read the epistle and explain it to him ; the old man took his spectacles from the shelf, and read the epistle in a reverent tone ; when he had finished he said, " Master Edwin, since you have been at Melville you have lived after the flesh, and I fear long before you came here, for men do not become wicked all at once. You have been a drunkard, you have blasphemed, you have done many bad things, they say in our township you—"

" Hush, John, pray do not say a word more ; I know enough ; I have led a very bad life ; God assisting me, I will try to amend ; I will lead a different life, if I ever see Rossneath cottage again."

Tears rolled down Temple's cheeks as he said, " Let us pray for it." He knelt down and said the collect, " O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth ; we humbly beseech Thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which be profitable for us ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

" Amen," said Edwin faintly, and burst into tears. The old man prayed secretly for him, and he now found he could pray for himself ; he was astonished at his past life.

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"Master Edwin," said Temple, "you promised to pay me for my trouble."

"Yes, any thing I will give you," said Edwin, "and so will my poor mother, I am sure."

"Your mother cannot pay me," said Temple, "but you can. Will you promise me to do what you can to pay me for my trouble, and all you can?"

"I will, John, trust me I will."

"Give up every one of your old companions," said Temple slowly; "yes, every one of them."

"I will, with the assistance of God; I cannot do it of myself, indeed I cannot; we have been so linked together; but tell me how to do it."

"Leave that to me," said Temple, "they have not been to my house, and I hear that they say it will be all right when they get you back to Rossneath again, the old fellow will not be there then."

"But you will come, John, will you not?" said Edwin.

"Yes, to do you any good, or to drive away the idle ones, I will come; but when they know that you pray daily and read your Bible, they will not trouble you with their company."

Edwin was left very much alone. Temple was about his work, and often went to Rossneath to see how Charles got on: and he wrote

to Mr. Robertson, told him of the accident, and his hopes it might prove a blessing to his soul. Edwin often read the epistle, and never without acknowledging the good providence of God. He often talked with Temple when he saw him at leisure, and asked him what the Apostle meant by “the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” He read it, “the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.” “Am I a child of God, who have sinned so grievously against Him?” asked Edwin.

“I wish our Minister was here to answer you,” said Temple, “we lay people ought rather to receive instruction than to give it, but we are so alone here without Priests and without Sacraments, that we must use such light as God has given us. I will explain what I know about it. The Romans, whom St. Paul addressed in this Epistle, had in their Baptism been made the children of God, and adopted into the Christian family; their Baptism was an outward sign of inward grace given to them; the sin of their first parents, and the actual sins of their past life, were on their repentance done away, and they became the children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. But you were in childhood thus adopted *into the family of Christ Jesus our Lord*; yours

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was the promise of an heavenly kingdom, if you denied the world, subdued the flesh, and resisted the devil ; but alas, you did not do this ; your past life has been unholy, you have committed deadly sins, and the Spirit did not bear witness with your spirit, for your spirit was daily grieving the Holy Spirit ; I trust not grieving it altogether away, for you appear penitent just at this time, but you are now in sickness, and that humbles you ; you have nearly lost your life, and that also warns you ; but none of us can say that penitence will remain ; if it does, and your future life is that of a child of God, if your works are those of the Spirit of God, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance ; if, Edwin, you exhibit these Christian graces, we shall trust the renewing grace of God has been given to you, and be assured the Holy Spirit will witness with your spirit, that you are again among those who daily live in the hope of a better and more enduring life."

"Temple, you are indeed a comforter to me. If I had been alone I should have despaired of mercy, and now I rejoice that I have suffered, and will try to bear my cross as a servant of Jesus Christ."

"My dear master Edwin, you must bear many

crosses ; God has much to forgive in you, for you have been a grievous sinner, and I trust you will love Him much. It is a blessed truth for such as are bowed beneath the burden of their sins to hear this saying, so worthy of all to be received, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Edwin now began to walk out with a crutch ; he went to his cottage, and was pleased to see how careful Charles had been. "I will try to be a better master to you than I have been," he said. Some of his companions came to him, expressing their joy at his recovery, and hopes of a merry meeting at the cottage soon. "Never, never more," said he, to one. "I have to thank God for my afflictions, for they have shewn me the folly of my past life ; let us all," he said, "try to serve God instead of the devil, to whom we have been so long enslaved. I might," he added, "that night have died in my sins, and then what could I have expected but the just judgment of God against a rebellious and disobedient child, and a most miserable sinner."

As soon as he was able he wrote to his parents, telling them of his accident, which they already knew, and of Temple's kindness to him ; he told *his mother*, though poor in this world's goods, he

was indeed rich in faith, and one who lived in a daily trust in the good providence of God.

Mrs. Forth was most thankful for Edwin's letter, and her husband wrote to Mr. Robertson to have a house built for Temple, and also sent him presents.

When Mr. Robertson proposed it he said, "No, no, I cannot take any thing; we want sadly a church and a clergyman, if Mr. Forth can help us, I shall be most thankful; our township wants both, and I could not live in a better house while we had no church."

Temple's wishes were soon complied with; he had the satisfaction of assisting in building the church of the Holy Trinity, in Melville township.

Edwin removed to Rossneath cottage, which had entirely changed its character. It was known as the most riotous house in the village; now it became the resort of all who lived soberly and godly in the present world; the works of charity were planned there; there the clergy found a ready welcome, and the friends of the Church met together to devise improvements.

After a few years, at the request of his parents, he returned home; he humbly asked their forgiveness for the great wrongs he had done them, thanked them for sending him from home, and

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praised the good providence of God, in that he suffered for his sins while in this life. His health was much impaired, though it improved by his journey to England.

On his return, he established a school with the assistance of the clergyman, who induced him to take a few boarders into his cottage; carefully did he train these young people under his charge, earnestly did he warn them of the dangers which beset their path through life.

John Temple came to live at the cottage, and made himself very useful about Edwin's farm. He had enough to support him, and after his wife's death, preferred, he said, ending his days with his dear young friend.

One day in winter Edwin was visited by a stranger, who brought a fine boy with him. He appeared about his own age, and as he came to him, he said, "Edwin Forth, you do not remember me!"

Edwin looked at him, and said, "No, I do not."

"Do you remember one who advised your return home, when you said you would not leave England?"

"Arthur Manley?"

"Yes," he said, "I am Arthur Manley; it was I who with you returned thanks to God for pre-

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servation from danger in passing over to this country."

"I can never too thankfully acknowledge the mercies of God; my family have forgiven me; I am living with my children, and God has blessed the labours of my hands; this is my eldest boy," said he, introducing a fine boy to Edwin's notice. "I have had many hard struggles; when first married we were all ill, and but for the kindness of friends, must have perished. You will perhaps ask, Edwin, how I discovered your abode. I saw you soon after my arrival, and I heard of you from the rector of Toronto. I was afraid to associate with you, for I did not dare trust myself when I heard how sadly you were living. I prayed for you, and now it has pleased God to manifest His mercy in calling you from sin to a life of patient resignation to His will. I was anxious to meet you, and mingle my prayers and thanksgivings with yours."

"I am truly glad to see you, Manley," said Edwin. "I may truly say, 'Thou hast chastened and corrected me, but hast not given me over unto death.' I suffer much from the injuries I received some years since; but I can only thank God for afflictions which prevented me from continuing in a life of sin."

Manley stayed some time with Edwin, and yielded to his wish that he should leave his son with him ; at the death of his father, Edwin received sufficient for his maintenance, though less than others of his family. He did not murmur, but acknowledged the justice of his father, and thankfully received his legacy. He is now living at Melville, which has a church, a resident clergyman, and a schoolmaster, who carries on the school which was begun at Rossneath cottage. Temple lies in the church-yard, under the shade of the church reared in part by his labours, and wholly by his influence. His story is often told by the old people as they pass his grave, or point to Rossneath, now a most beautiful spot ; and Edwin loves to speak of the old man's kindness, to relate the mercy of God in preserving his life, and giving him such a guide as John Temple. Of himself otherwise he does not speak ; but the patient endurance of pain, the gentleness which arises from a subdued temper, the charity which is ever kind, are the marks of a penitent's life, who acknowledges that God has taken him from the deep waters, which had nigh overwhelmed his soul.

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"JANE, what are you doing now?" asked Mary Falton, on meeting her former class-fellow in one of the narrow lanes at the back of the High-street. "I am going to service," said Jane, "my governess has got me a place at Mrs. Andrews', and as they keep another servant, I shall learn a great many things." "I wish I could go to service," said Mary, "I do not like to stay at home; Mother goes out to work now; I have baby to nurse all the day, Ellen, and John, and Edward, to get ready for school; the master will not let them be late; and then father expects his meals to be all ready for him, and I cannot do it all like a grown woman."

"Does any one expect you to do it?" said Jane; "or do you think that complaining will make it any better?"

"I don't know about that," said Mary; "I am

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always uncomfortable, and get so many scoldings ; you never had so many in all your life."

" You certainly are full of complaints," said Jane, " and they do not help to forward work. I do not expect service is without troubles ; governess told me Mrs. Andrews was very quick tempered, although really kind, and I was to remember not to answer again when spoken to, and to look upon my situation as one to which it had pleased God to call me."

" Did Miss Flood recommend you, Jane?" said Mary, " I wonder if she would get me a place."

" Yes, Mary, she recommended me to Mrs. Andrews ; since Henry's death we have been badly off, father has been cross, and he told governess he could not afford schooling, I must earn my bread ; so she begged him to keep me a little longer at school, and then I should have a place."

" And who is going to do for your father? I should have thought he would have been glad of you at home."

" Father is not much at home," said Jane. She said no more, the truth was too painful to be told, even to such a school friend as Mary Falton ; Jane's father was not steady.

He had been unsteady in his early life, then

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on marrying had become more steady, provided for his family, and kept to his work ; at the same time he seldom went to church, but lived, as many do, in conformity with certain principles of their own. He was strictly honest, paid every body from his weekly earnings at the factory, and would always contribute to help his fellow workmen when in trouble. He was kind to Jane's mother, and grieved at her loss. About half a year after his wife's death, he lost his only son, a steady, good lad, of whom he was very fond, and this made him reckless ; he missed the mother from his fire-side, and the boy as his companion to and from work. His place was unfortunately supplied by men addicted to drinking, who, with very kind intentions to James Johnson, had so little command over themselves, that they were poor guides for others, especially in distress of mind.

James, too, had always been afraid of being over religious, as he said, and rather sneered at some of his companions, who, professing to be religious men, were not careful to pay their debts, or to keep their families decently clothed. Jane knew her father's character, and respected his good points ; he had been good to her, in that he gave her education, clothed her well, and

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though severe and very particular, was proud to see her respected in the school by the visitors and clergyman, and loved by her governess.

Times, however, had become very bad, work fell off, the long illness of the mother and of the son had reduced James's small stock of money, and being a very self-dependant man, he did not sufficiently look up to God, who giveth all things, but looked down, and despaired of living, when he found troubles come upon him; perhaps, too, he was a little proud, and that is a disposition which cannot look upwards, because it is enthralled by keeping its place on earth. It is a great blessing to keep our eyes upward in prosperity, that we may have the habit in us when adversity comes upon us; it is the upward eye that looks thankfully to heaven, and blesses God for prosperity, and the uplifted heart that thankfully acknowledges the hand of God in adversity. Jane had learned this better than her father; her mother's gentleness, perhaps, prepared her to receive good impressions, and companionship with a suffering parent had prepared her for trouble; so that Mary Falton's troubles seemed few, very small to hers, for she had brothers and sisters to love and play with, whilst James, her only brother, who had nursed and petted her, and taken her

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in the evening to church with him, was gone to the grave ; the grave from which there is no return. Jane had tended her father, and tried to keep the house for him, always returning quickly from school to have his dinner ready, and on Saturday cleaning out the two rooms which they hired. Jane and Mary were parting, when Miss Flood came by, and said, "Children, are you saying good bye ?"

"Yes, governess," said Jane ; and thinking to help Mary, she said, "Mary wants a place, she is quite tired of being at home, and does not like nursing the baby."

"I never try to get places for those who complain of their own homes," said Miss Flood, "they are sure to find fault with their mistress, or quarrel with their fellow-servants, or fancy more work is put upon them than they can do."

"I should not," said Mary, "I would try, governess, if you would get me a place. I am always getting into trouble at home, sometimes the boys are late at school, and then the baby is tiresome, and mother says I do not try, but I do."

"Perhaps you think so," said Miss Flood ; "but you are not the best judge of that, you

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did not always try at school, and I can therefore believe you do not try at home."

"I do though," said Mary, rather displeased.

"Very well, Mary, I shall soon see if you do; Ellen comes to school now very irregularly; when I see her more regular, and hear you have learned to do your duty at home, I will talk to your mother about a place for you. Good bye, Mary; Jane, you must come with me, I was coming to see if you were at home, and to say we will help to make up your clothes at school."

"I wish, governess, you could help Mary," said Jane, as they walked along to Jane's home.

"I cannot, Jane, until I see her doing her duty at home; God has placed her where she is, and not a mere chance; if I were to help her because she complains, a habit of complaining would follow her through life; she is learning her lessons every day, and if she becomes patient, more tidy, and more attentive to her mother's wishes, I will get her a place as I have got you, but I will not do any thing while the baby is young, and Ellen unfit to nurse it."

Mary Falton had her trials—who in this world has not—her father often found his dinner uncooked, or the fire out when he came home, and wanted food and rest; the mother's earnings

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were a large portion of the income, for Falton was only a day labourer. He wanted his wife at home, and he wanted her earnings. Mary could not fill her place, and she did not try to do it ; she grumbled at her hard case ; when her mother came home, she found she must work, when the work really ought to have been finished, and the house tidy, for her return. It would have been better had she remained at home. Every married woman should avoid going out to labour, especially if she has a family ; children are poor substitutes ; and Falton would have spent less in drinking if he had found more inducements to stay at home.

Jane's mother would never go out to work. James, she would say, married me, and must maintain me ; I will keep his home clean, mend his clothes, and bring up the children ; but if my home is dirty and miserable, he will find clean places and bright fires elsewhere, and spend his money away from his family ; while she lived James was sober and steady, when she was gone, the good influence was gone which had kept him from evil habits.

Jane found her father at home ; there was no work at the factory ; he rose up and thanked Miss Flood for her kindness to Jane ; "she must

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keep her place, Ma'am," said he; "I can't keep her any longer; there never were such times."

"Times, I hope, will mend," said Miss Flood, "and Jane will be a good girl, I think, because she has been regular at school, and obedient to her teachers."

James gave out her mother's clothes box, and said, "you had better take it," and brushing away a tear, he left the room, with a "Good morning, Miss Flood; God bless you for what you have done for the child."

In a few days Jane went to her place. Her father sold all the furniture he did not want, paid his rent, cleared up the shop score, and removed to a furnished lodging, where he was to sleep, and have his meals prepared for him. Fortunately he fell into good hands; his landlady was an elderly person, who had known James from his boyhood, and pitied his misfortunes; by her endeavours Johnson became more regular in his habits; she pointed out to him the error that must follow on his present course. He was less wanted at the factory, and when there was work, was less able to do it than he had been; by kindness, great patience, and often helping him in his difficulties, she at length won him from his bad companions, and led him to regularity in public

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and private devotion. Jane kept her place, occasionally coming home to see her father, and always asking him to take her to church ; he grew fonder of his daughter, and began to think she was very like his wife : he always took her to see Miss Flood, saying he could never repay her what she had done for Jane, with whom Mrs. Andrews was so pleased that she raised her wages, so as to enable her to help her father, as well as to clothe herself.

Jane did not forget Mary ; whenever she came home she ran into Bell Court, to see if Mary was at home, and she thought the house looked cleaner, and Mary had fewer troubles ; "Father," she said, "is better contented, he has got more money now, and mother only goes out three days in the week ; the boys, too, are better, and Ellen such a good girl to nurse the baby, when she comes from school."

"Then there is a bright side to your house now, Mary, I see," said Jane, smiling.

"Yes, Jane, after what governess had spoken to me, I tried to do better to get away from home, because I thought the better I do, the sooner I shall go."

"And you are not gone yet."

"No ; Miss Flood very often comes to see me,

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and has told my mother she will get me a place. She says there are crosses every where in life, and I now know all my troubles, but I do not know what may be elsewhere if I leave home."

" You do not think then, you would like to go out now," said Jane.

" Yes," said Mary ; " if Ellen could fill my place I would leave home directly, but Miss Flood says, wait for another year, and I shall wait. I never thought that I could have endured home ; now I really like it, and am happy in it."

" And how did you change your mind ? or what made home more pleasant ?"

" I think Miss Flood did me great good ; she came in to see if I had the house tidy on Saturdays ; then she told me I should certainly have heavier troubles, if I did not bear those which were in the path of duty. She told me she had herself suffered for endeavouring to escape from small troubles ; and at last I began to think I had no troubles at all."

" And no complaints to make about the baby, or the house, or the boys ?" said Jane.

" No, Jane, I think the boys were better when I ceased to complain of them; they got up earlier, would go to the conduit for water before they

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went to school, and since mother has stayed at home more, father is better contented, and seems to like to come home."

"Then there are cures for our troubles?" said Jane.

"Yes," said Mary; "Miss Flood says, if we do not utter our complaints, we soon cease to think of them; and if we try to be patient, and, as Christians, to remember we must take up our cross daily, the troubles of life are much lightened."

"And did you really, then, try to think every day of taking up your cross?"

"I did try, Jane, but often failed, only Miss Flood would remind me so gently if I were impatient of my promise, and tell me, unless I took up my cross, I laid another cross in my parents' way to happiness; and so by degrees I left off complaining, and now we are very happy."

"I hope you will go to service soon," said Jane, and if you can try and live with me, it would be so very nice to be in the same house together; we would try and have no complaining, and if I were impatient, Mary, I would come to you to learn a cure, though we have very few complaints in our house, for mistress is very kind."

"And you had learned the cure before you

COMPLAINTS AND THEIR CURE.

went to service, Jane, and I hope I shall before I go."

And Mary learned what we must all learn, that there is no trouble of life that does not bring with it its own cure, if we would try to find it!

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JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

HOW TO BEHAVE IN CHURCH.

God's house is not lightly to be entered. Have a care, my friend, as you draw near to that most holy place ; recollect yourself ; pray for a solemn, serious frame of mind. Do not hurry in. Go leisurely, go thoughtfully ; it is a solemn place, and you are about to do a solemn thing ; to offer worship is indeed an awful though a blessed work. It is true that you cannot see anything but walls and windows, stone and wood ; yet it is not a common house. God is there, in the very midst of the congregation ; you cannot see His awful majesty or His great glory. He tries your faith ; He does not shew Himself ; He is too bright for mortal eyes to behold. When Moses drew near to the mount, God would only shew the skirts of His glory lest His servant should be killed ; when our Lord was transfigured before St. Peter and St. James and

HOW TO BEHAVE IN CHURCH.

St. John, and when somewhat of His glory shone through the veil of His flesh, they fell to the ground. And is God less to be feared, because He does not shew Himself? Are we to have no awe, and shew no reverence, because our eyes do not gaze on Him? He is present all the same, and He should be approached with reverence and godly fear.

Hear what is said in your Bible on this matter. “Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil.” This is plain speaking; and what is more, it is God’s speaking. The Holy Ghost says this. To come hurrying into Church or to lounge in as though it were a common house, or to be careless and thoughtless when we are there, is to offer “the sacrifice of fools.” How many offer the fool’s sacrifice, by behaving ill in Church! Those who look about them and watch their neighbour’s dress, those who loll about in their seats, those who are drowsy half the time, those who come to shew off themselves or their clothes, those who come for any idle purpose, just to idle away an hour, all these offer “the sacrifice of fools;” “they consider not that they do evil;” they do not feel God to be

HOW TO BEHAVE IN CHURCH.

very near and very close to them ; they have no faith ; they have no godly fear ; they provoke God's wrath by being light and trifling where they should be very serious and very grave. God's awful eye is fixed in most just anger on every trifler in the House of prayer.

If then you want to offer an acceptable sacrifice in God's house, I will give you some rules for your behaviour which you would be wise to follow.

1. First of all, when you leave home, think where are you going ; avoid as far as possible all companions on your way except those who fear God. Do not talk about worldly matters up to the very door and threshold of the Church, else these worldly matters will send a worldly spirit to keep you company through the service ; the last bit of news or the last piece of scandal will stick to you and go as it were arm in arm with you down the aisle, and when you kneel you will not be able to forget it or to shake it off. The less talking before Church the better.

2. As you cross the threshold say to yourself, " I am now close to God ; here He dwells ; " and offer up inwardly a short prayer for the grace of God that you may be able to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

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3. When you come to your seat fall down on your knees and offer a longer prayer for grace ; do not just bob down your head, as you see some people do, and lift it up again ; but heartily, warmly, ask a blessing upon yourself and your fellow-worshippers, upon your pastor and upon his flock, upon all men there assembled in Christ's Name, upon all those who by sickness or other urgent causes cannot be present in body in the Church of God.

4. If, when you have thoroughly finished some such prayer, there is yet a little time to spare before the clergyman begins the service, you can take your Bible and read a few texts and think them over. All this will help to prepare you for the service. Do not waste these spare minutes ; do not think it a time to look about and to see who is coming to Church. It is a good time for thought.

5. When the service begins collect all the strength of your mind and fix all your whole soul upon it. It is the greatest work of the week, and requires the greatest care. If a man does not take pains with his worldly business, he never does it well ; and so, if you do not take pains when you pray, the work of prayer will be ill done. A most solemn thing is prayer, and most solemnly

HOW TO BEHAVE IN CHURCH.

should it be offered up. To mumble over a multitude of words without heart or life is not to pray. Prayer must come from the heart ; it must be hearty and sincere. Doubtless it is very hard to keep our heart fixed upon our prayers, but we must strive hard to cure and to check wandering thoughts ; again and again must we go after our thoughts, and fetch them back when they have begun to roam. You will be tempted to think of your pleasures and your business, but you must strive against the temptation ; you must strive hard and long.

6. When you pray, pray upon your knees ; you are asking for your life ; you are asking it of the Lord God who has made heaven and earth. When you ask to be saved from hell by our Saviour's mercy, when you ask to be delivered from eternal death and eternal wrath, should you loll in your seat and sit at ease, and treat the great and awful God as if He were a familiar friend or equal ? A stiff knee is the sign of a stiff heart ; he who feels God's presence and God's holiness and God's majesty and God's power and glory, and his own sinfulness and weakness and need of mercy, will cast himself humbly on the ground ; he will stoop low and abase himself before God ; he will bend his knee at the

throne of grace, and kneel before the mercy It is impossible to pray heartily while you sitting is an act of irreverence in itself. I saw God you would instantly fall upon knees, you would not dare to sit ; and shoul dare to sit because you see Him not ? Is H present all the same ? Kneel then, I charge if you want your prayers to be heard ; if yc in earnest you will not wish to sit, you wil dream of sitting ; it is but lazy drowsy f praying, utterly without the life of prayer, men lounge in their seats as though they reading a book by their own fireside.

7. Attend to the lessons ; let them no half-heard, but listen to them with your soul they are God's sermons, and the Spirit of the preacher. One verse of the Bible is a thousand sermons of men, for it is the Ghost who speaks. Whenever the Gospel is read, there the Gospel is preached in God's words . and hence the Gospel is preached in

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spise a dull one ; a good sermon is not an eloquent one, but one which does good to the soul ; and the Holy Ghost may make a dull sermon good, by blessing it to the hearers and by giving them teachable minds.

9. Be not negligent in glorifying God with your voice. Speak out heartily whenever the congregation is required to speak. Respond audibly ; what is your tongue for ? you speak to men, why not to God ? do not be silent, and do not keep the words within your mouth ; out with the words as though your heart were full ; it is unnatural to be silent when our spirit is stirred within us. It is a glorious thing to hear the voices of the congregation all joining in prayer and praise. The very sound freshens our zeal and keeps us alive to our holy work. It chills us, it damps and deadens our spirit, when the congregation is all mute, when one clerk answers for the whole congregation, when men refuse to praise God with the best member that they have ; when they have no tongue for the service of God it makes one doubt whether they have much heart for it. How could we better use our tongues ? Is the world to have them all, and is God never to be honoured with His gift of speech ?

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10. So also join in the singing, if God has given you the gift of music. You will see men sing to please their friends who will not sing in Church ; they will stand before a whole room-full of listeners, but somehow they are timid in Church ; or if they are not timid, they are backward, which is worse. Sing, I pray you, if you can. God did not give us the gift of music for worldly purposes. He wants us to honour Him with the gift and to dedicate it to Him. Never is music so rightly used as in the House of prayer ; sweet and stirring is the sound of a good old psalm poured forth from the throats of a multitude of worshippers ; it helps to draw up the soul to God, and they who cannot sing with the voice catch the fire and sing all the more warmly with their heart.

11. When all is ended then offer a secret and fervent prayer to God before you leave the church. Pray Him for Jesus' sake, to accept the service that has been rendered Him, to forgive the faults and imperfections of it, and to give His blessing.

Do all this and you will not go to church in vain. The Lord be with you. Amen.

HOW TO SPEND ADVENT.

“WHAT is the use of Advent?” you may ask. Let me answer you in this way. Suppose you were at your daily work, in your common dress and common state of mind, not thinking of anything but your work; suppose suddenly you were to be hurried off just as you were to a great and excellent feast in some grand house, would you be fit for the feast? would you feel at ease with the guests? would you like to sit down just as you were, with the unwashed hands and common clothes of a working day? would you not wish that you had had some notice of the feast, some time to prepare? However great the dainties, however rich the fare, you would not enjoy it half so much as if you had been told of it before and had got ready. You would be flurried, confused, and too much taken by surprise.

Well then, at Christmas the Church keeps a very great, a very rich, a very holy Feast; it is a very holy and golden time if it be rightly used:

HOW TO SPEND ADVENT.

the best food of the Church, the manna, the strong meat, the juice of the true vine, are then offered in the holy House of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself is present in the Church to bless and feed the guests who come to Him in His earthly guest-chamber; we are pressed to partake of that feast which is spread on the anniversary of His birth, and which itself sets forth the great truth of His incarnation and manhood. Now if suddenly you come to this holy time, and say to yourself, "O to-day is Christmas day; I have not thought of it; I did not recollect it was so near; no one reminded me of it; I had forgotten the time," would you not be unfit for the full spiritual enjoyment of the feast? would you not be so taken by surprise as to be unable to enter into its joy, or to feed with deep comfort on the blessed and mysterious truth which it especially puts before your soul? In your common every-day frame of mind, without thought, without preparation, you would, I believe, gain little benefit; it would be a wasted day; you might enjoy yourself in a worldly but not in a Christian way, as a man of the world, but not as a member of Christ.

See therefore the use of Advent; it gives us time to prepare; it is a time set apart by the

HOW TO SPEND ADVENT.

Church for godly preparation. The Church cries out to us through these four weeks, "prepare your souls for the Christmas feast, prepare your souls." If Christmas is to be of use, we must have Advent as a forerunner ; we must not rush into Christmas at once ; we must dress our souls, just as you would make preparation and get things ready and get yourself ready if you were pressed beforehand to some earthly feast. The Church as a kind mother, wise as well as kind, would have us do all things concerning God and our souls calmly and deliberately ; she would lead us on step by step, and get our souls into order by degrees. As she gives us our Christmas, so she gives us a guide to conduct us thither, step by step, and to tell us that this blessed Feast is at hand.

"And how are we to use Advent ? how are we to prepare for Christmas ? I see that we should get ready before-hand," you may say, "but what are we to do ?" Be sure of this, the best way to prepare for a spiritual feast is to examine yourself strictly, and strictly to repent ; repentance is the proper Advent work ; "wash you, make you clean," says Isaiah.

Repent, I say, in Advent ; if you sorrow through these weeks, you will be able truly to rejoice in

HOW TO SPEND ADVENT.

Christ when Christmas comes. Repentance is not a day's work ; no, take every day of Advent, and every day examine some portion of your life ; rake it all up, even the earliest parts ; begin with your earliest memories, and go on from point to point, looking into your sins with searching eyes ; in this way you will carry on a work of repentance ; it will not be a mere fit of sorrow, but it will be something that will deserve the name of repentance. Self-examination is of course necessary to repentance. You must see what you have done before you can know what you have got to sorrow for.

Self-examination and repentance are therefore Advent duties. Add to these especial prayer with fasting, lengthen your prayers, endeavour to be more fervent in praying, read your Bible more carefully, meditate continually on the second coming of Christ, prepare yourself for the worthy receiving of the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, that at Christmas you may feast among Christ's guests. If you do this you will be, as it were, dressed and prepared for Christmas ; it will not come upon you unawares, and so you will enjoy it more as a good and faithful member of Christ's Church.

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS has come again ; again we are in the midst of the cold winter days and the frost ; again we cheer our churches and homes with the green holly and the misletoe ; again friends meet and use hospitality one towards another. We all feel glad ; it is looked upon as a cheerful, pleasant time.

Now let me ask you why are you glad ? You may say, "it is Christmas time, and that is enough." Yes, many so speak ; it is Christmas, but they do not think *what* Christmas is ; they treat it simply as an excuse for breaking out into cheerfulness without rhyme or reason. Now it is quite true that it is Christmas, and that Christmas is a time for rejoicing ; but I want you to consider the *reason* for this joy, that yours may be the right kind of joy. The reason is a *religious* one ; Christmas is a *religious* season ;

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

and therefore our joy should be *religious* joy. The religious reason for rejoicing now is this. At this time the everlasting Son of God, who is God of God, was born as Son of man that He might be the Saviour of the world. His birth was the first open step towards His death. He came to die ; He was born as man, that He might die as man. And He came to die, that you and I and all the world, who were doomed to enter into hell, might be saved from hell, from hell fire, and from everlasting death. Think then what it would be, if you, *for certain*, were still doomed to hell, and if every day you drew a step nearer to hell. How terrible, how very fearful to be unable to escape those eternal fires and pains ! how terrible to be cast into them, and then to go on dying for ever, for ever to be in the agonies of death ! Such would have been your *certain* lot, if our Saviour had not been born and had not died. His birth led to His death, and His death was the means of giving you hope, hope of escaping.

To thank God, then, for this Birth of His dear Son at the time of His Birth, to bless Him and to praise Him for His most marvellous love, to rejoice in the hope and promise of escaping hell, this is the use of Christmas. The reason for rejoicing now, is a religious reason ; it is a rejoicing,

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I repeat, in the promised delivery of our souls and bodies from eternal torment through Christ Jesus our Lord.

It is not a time for worldly joy, worldly pleasures, worldly mirth and riot ; for they who love the world are going against Christ, are rejecting His promised deliverance, and are on their way to hell, just as if He had not been born and had not died to deliver them. If you keep Christmas reasonably, you will keep it religiously ; it is meant for religious men, who do feel the value of their souls, who do think what Christ has done to redeem their souls, and who do desire to be among the thankful and earnest members of His Church.

But when I bid you keep Christmas as members of Christ in a Christian way, let me give you some plain hints on particular points.

I. First of all, make up all quarrels ; let not the Christmas sun see you in a state of enmity with any. Be forgiving ; be at peace with all men ; away with all unkind feelings, all remembrances of wrongs done you, all jealousies or dislikes ; be the first to make up the quarrel ; do not wait for others to draw near to you. Or if you have not any open quarrel, but have dislikes and prejudices in your mind, cast out these

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unkind thoughts ; it is a time of peace, a time of charity, a time for the exercise of forgiveness and true brotherly love ; for at this time did our Blessed Lord come down from heaven that He might reconcile us sinners to His Father, and make peace between us and Him. If we sinners have strifes one with another, how can we be at peace with God, or how can the pure God give us His peace ?

II. Remember the poor ; give alms for Christ's sake ; clothe the naked, feed the hungry, be pitiful to the needy and distressed ; for at this time did Christ become poor that we through His poverty might become rich ; at this time He was lay in the manger and exposed to the cold of a winter's night ; at this time did He make Himself one of the poor of this world, without a place where to lay His head ; therefore He now crieth out to us in the persons of His poor members ; He now says, "If ye love Me and are thankful to Me for My love, love these My poor, who are as I was ; do to them what you would do to Me, if ye found Me poor and naked, an hungered and athirst ; whatsoever ye do to them I will repay as though it were done to Myself ; ye shall be recompensed if ye give these proofs of your love towards Me."

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It is a time for pity, for acts of kindness, for almsgiving, for self-denial. And do not say, "I am poor myself; I have but a little to give; I have but narrow means." Leave not giving to the rich; it is the duty, nay it is the privilege of poor as well as rich, and Christ your Lord especially loves poor men's gifts; the widow gave her mite, and it was more blessed than the almsgiving of the rich, for it proved greater love of the poor, as it was to herself a greater loss. So in this day let those who have but little give gladly of that little.

III. Encourage all family affections and family love; let charity begin at home; let there be love in your own house, and try to draw nearer to each other in heart. As God gives us kindred to be the nearest to us, so to our kindred we should shew the greatest love. Be unselfish at home, for unselfishness is a sign of love, and let the heart warm at this time towards all who eat at the same hearth; yes, let the heart warm with religious love, that natural love of our own flesh and blood may be sanctified.

IV. Avoid over-much mirth; it is not convenient; it is out of place; what have we to do with riotous pleasure when we are thinking of and memorating Christ's love! Rejoice as Chris-

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tians. Rejoice in the Lord. The world makes a Holy Season the excuse for worldly mirth; have no part with mere pleasure-seekers; there is something very fearful in giving vent to worldly joy at the very time that we should be giving vent to Christian joy. Avoid all excess of feasting, all greediness and gluttony; be sober-minded; and while you are glad and cheerful, let the spirit of holy fear keep your cheerfulness within due bounds.

V. Think much of the mystery of Christ's birth and of His love. Compare the most you have done for your best beloved friend with what He has done for you, who were His enemy; think what it was to have left the throne of glory for the manger at Bethlehem, the heaven of heavens for the mean places of this miserable world, the praises of angels and archangels for the revilings and contempt of sinful men. Think of the exceeding greatness of His love who could thus come down from heaven to earth, from the highest seat in heaven to the lowest condition upon earth, from being King of glory, to be a Man of sorrows. Think very much of this love of Christ, and though it " passeth knowledge," try to know it and to fathom it.

VI. Receive the Holy Communion; for as

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this is a season of love, so is the blessed Sacra-
ment the feast of love; therein we are drawn
together; we are one with Christ, and Christ
with us; we are united with the members of
Christ, and they with us. Who can say that he
thankfully remembers Christ's love who does not
partake of the Body and Blood of Christ, of which
Christ commanded him to partake in remem-
brance of Him? If we draw nearest to our Lord
in His Supper, how are we the loving disciples of
our Lord if we refuse His Supper? This is the
true Christmas feast, for herein we feast with
Christ, yea we spiritually feast on Him who is the
bread of life. In this Supper we especially re-
member the great truth of His Incarnation and
His Birth; we see His manhood with the eye of
faith, for He says of the bread, "This is My
Body," and of the wine, "This is My Blood;" we
remember then that our Lord did become man,
took our nature upon Him, was God manifest in
the flesh, and was found in fashion as a man
with human body like our own, sin only except.

VII. Having received the Holy Communion,
enter at once on a new life. Let Christmas be the
starting-point of a new course. As you now re-
member Christ's first coming, so also remember
His second coming. Prepare therefore at once to

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meet Him, in newness of life, in increased holiness set forth to meet Him ; trim your lamps afresh ; set your house in order ; till your field ; watch and pray ; have all things ready ; enter on a more watchful life ; that when He comes you may be found waiting for Him, in faith, in hope, in charity, and may at last sit down with Him at His eternal feast in the kingdom of heaven.

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JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

A TRACT FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

How willingly we hurry forward into life ! We press on with our loins girded, like the Israelites on their flight from Egypt, as though there were some one chasing us, as though we dreaded to be pricked and pierced with the spear of the pursuer if we lagged, as though we were glad to be quit of life. We want Time to drive like Jehu, to drive his chariot furiously ; it seems everything to get over the days of our pilgrimage ; we are all for speed.

Hence the world bids us rejoice in a new year. We are all to be glad, it says ; it is a time for mirth and cheerfulness, as if something good had been got, or as if we had thrown off one great burden from our backs, and could breathe more freely. "Onward, onward," is the cry ; and Hope points to her painted clouds, which each man shapes after his own humour or strong passion ; we have all our castles in the

A TRACT FOR

air, one man seeing lands and houses which he hopes to reach ; another, days of ease and comfort; another, increased consequence and honour; another, fresh cups of pleasure to be quaffed by his thirsty lips, fresh revels, fresh merry-making and feasts ; another, fresh herds of oxen and larger flocks ; another, a fuller shop and more customers. While the world bids us rejoice in our new year, worldly hope lights up the horizon, and gives us brightness in the distant view, that we may forget what has been done, and thoughtlessly hasten on.

And yet why, I ask, are we thus glad to get through time, and to begin another year ? Is life so long that we can wisely rejoice in the shortening and lessening thereof ? Do you really want it to be over, and to lay it down ? Are you really wishing to get to the last page of the tale, and to shut up the book ? Do you want to skip over the pages of life, or to skim them through, in a hurry for the end ?

Or are we sure that we shall have our castles in the air ? Are we sure that we shall have a larger house, more pleasures, gayer revels, fuller shops, better trade, larger flocks and herds, and may therefore gladly part with former days, and welcome what is to come ?

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Or are we such faithful followers of Christ, so firmly fixed in the ways of God, of such mature and vigorous faith, that we are able to meet great afflictions, should our worldly future cloud over and darken as we advance ; should we be even now standing on the edge of some unforeseen distress, should the mists which hang over our future life clear away and reveal to us not riches but poverty, not joy but mourning, not feasts but funerals, not laughter but tears ?

Stop, I pray you, and meet these questions as they deserve ; shout not with the crowd who clamour for new years, but stop and think what you are about. It is true you may meet with some afflicted men, men of God, who wish time to fly that they may pass from this vale of tears into the land of eternal joy ; but even these pray more fervently for grace to finish their work than for years to hurry on. But what, I ask, have other men to do with rejoicing that a new year is just at hand, in other words that life is swift as a swallow on the wing, as a river in wintry floods ? Take heed how you rejoice on such a matter as this. Time and life are great things ; they are the seeds of eternity ; and if we are all for scrambling through our days for the sake of some wild-fires, some dancing deceitful lights of

A TRACT FOR

worldly pleasure or worldly gain that play in the distance of this world, we may find ourselves plunging into a terrible eternity : years are not to be trifled with ; we cannot have them back ; we must not treat them as children do their first gifts of money, which they spend at once for the mere sake of spending, without thought, without knowledge of its worth. Before many days are passed we may long not to have made so light of time ; and those who welcome the opening season, and dance forward with giddy steps, may have cause enough to fall on their knees and cast ashes upon their heads, and wish time to linger on its way.

We often rejoice when we should go into our chamber and pray ; we often break forth into singing when we should be repenting with bitter tears. Ask men why they are so glad at this time, or rather ask yourselves. Can you say that your joy comes from this, that you are one year nearer death, nearer judgment, nearer Christ, and, you would humbly hope, nearer heaven ? Unless we can have this reason for our joy, surely it is misplaced, ill-timed, unseasonable; for then we are in truth rejoicing to get nearer death, nearer condemnation, *nearer Hell*. Suppose before long we have sorrow in our house, or

suppose that we soon draw near death, shall we not then feel how rash and unwise was all the gladness about the new year? Surely this season is more fitted for solemn thoughts, for prayer, for self-examination, for communing with our own hearts in our chamber, and for being still. Yes, it is a time to be with ourselves, and with God, to "be still," to hurry away from worldly mirth. We have at best but a few years to live, and those few years give the colour to eternity and settle it. What have we, a few poor sinners standing on the eve of the Judgment, the best of us utterly unable to present a clear conscience before God; what have we to do with rejoicing that the river runs so fast that carries us to the Judgment? Only believe that our Lord Jesus Christ is coming to sift all our doings in all our share of time, and then we shall not be able to let a year slip out of our hands without an act of deep repentance, without many sober and solemn thoughts.

We see only the deceitfulness of the world and the self-deceitfulness of the worldly mind, when we see all this joy concerning the future, all this hurrying away from the past; it is an attempt to make men treat their past lives as though they need not be remembered, as though there was

no use in dwelling on a finished feast : this is lured away from looking at past sins ; it attempt to separate a man's former self from present self, his present life from his past it is an attempt to throw the past overboard sink it altogether, to cast it into the very depths of the sea of forgetfulness. But do not try to separate ourselves from the past ; do not cut the cord of that burden of past deeds, and thus lie down, and shake ourselves as though we were free. Nay, we can only do this in idea, not in reality ; in reality our former life is not past, we carry it all with us up to God ; it all goes with us ; it is all part of one book, and we cannot pull out the first leaves because they are again for the book is with God ; a man's whole life clings to him ; nothing is left behind, the good and the bad, the earlier parts and the later parts, what we did yesterday, what we did long ago, all is with God. Our life is as it were one roll of a book ; part is open, part is closed up and already written upon ; we cannot cut the roll in two and cast away what is written in it ; it is no good forgetting what is written in the folded leaves ; there it is all the same, whatever it be. If there is evil, if there is sin, if there is foolishness, it is of no use to turn our

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

upon it and to look forward ; that will not mend matters. Of course it is pleasanter to look forward and paint all the future in bright colours, than to remember that you have neglected many Sabbaths, spoken many hasty words, have been often in a passion, indulged many lusts, have been grasping and over-sharp in your dealings, often forgot your prayers, or dosed over them, never received the Lord's Supper, and so on ; but there, I say, stand all those sins in God's book, and the letters will not melt away because you forget them.

If you ask me what is the true and wise way to spend this time, then I say plainly that we had best see what we have been about. Instead of rejoicing in the new year in a light foolish way, we had better examine our mode of using the old year, and all our old years ; we had better use it as a most holy time, a time for most solemn self-examination, most solemn repentance and confession of sin, most solemn prayers for pardon. Do not dance in the new year ; *pray it in* ; let the clock that reminds us that a year is gone find us upon our knees ; it is indeed an awful voice, a voice telling us that we are a year nearer heaven or hell. O how monstrous to be rejoicing at the stroke, to break forth into gaiety and mirth, to

fool away the time that reminds us we are so much nearer our graves! O the madness of worldly men, who rejoice to get rid of time without thinking of eternity!

My friend, let us sit down and think what we are and what we have done; look back and see; let us unweave our life; spread it out before us; mark all the stains and soils and faulty parts: we are hastening to the judgment-seat of Christ; many in the past year have been laid low in the dust; many have been cut down as grass; the young, the middle-aged, and the old, a mixed harvest, have been gathered in; many graves have been opened, and many earthly accounts brought to a close since last New Year's eve. Shall we dance or sing as we think of these things? Who knows what will happen before next New Year's eve comes round? Can we tell whose turn it will be to die next? It may be I, or you. Some among the young, the middle-aged, and the old will fall; why not you or I? Shall we dance or sing as we think of these things? No, let us sit down, I say, and think over our lives; look back not only through the days of the past year, but go to your very youth; see all your childish faults, the springs and fountains of many of your faults now. Transport yourself to

the scenes and places of boyhood, amid the companions of your boyish years. Think of your dishonour and disobedience of parents, or of wilfulness, or of early anger, or of untruths, or of irreverence in church, or of neglect of private prayer, or of quarrels, or of youthful lusts and impure thoughts. Then follow the stream of life from your youth to the present time, marking all the new passions that sprung up with your increasing years, or the new forms of early evil, or the larger shape into which early sins broke forth.

Do this, and you will find things crowding upon your awakening memory, which it is of the highest use to recollect before the Judgment. You may thus be drawn by the very multitude of sins that stand before you to a far deeper sorrow and shame than has afflicted you before ; you may fear for your soul ; you may enter on a deep repentance ; you may see the value of every day that is added to your store of time, instead of casting it away in scenes of ill-placed and unmeaning joy. He who faces his past sins and scores them up in his own mind, can scarcely read that score without being moved to an earnest confession of his great wickedness, to an earnest craving for his heavenly

A TRACT FOR

Father's pardon, and a deep sense of the wonderfulness of Christ's love, of the value of His cross and passion, of His continual intercessions with the Father. O do this my friend; examine yourself, repent, pray; let the year thus go out; thus let this great space of life pass from your hands.

DEVOTIONS.

1. O God the Father, who hast given us Thy dear Son to die for our sins, create in us at this time a new and contrite heart; give us a deep and lively sense of our great sinfulness; open our eyes that we may see our faults, our shortcomings, our infirmities, our wickednesses. Save us from blindness and self-deceit, from false judgment of ourselves and from all ignorance, from carelessness or hardness of heart. Lead us both to a knowledge and most humble confession of our sins; and grant that we may so truly and unfeignedly repent as to commend ourselves to Thy great mercy. O pardon us for Thy mercies' sake; pardon us for the sake of Thy dear Son, our Mediator and only Saviour, through whom we have access to Thee, and whose merits we now plead before Thee in offering Thee these our prayers.

2. O God the Son, our Saviour and Intercessor, plead for us with the Father, for we have grievously sinned; plead for us that our prayers

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may be received ; as Thou hast suffered for our sake, so do Thou continue to succour us ; save us from the power of sin in time to come, and wash out in Thine own blood the sins we have committed. Hear us, O most merciful Saviour, who sittest at the right hand of the Father in Thy glory.

3. O God the Holy Ghost, go before us in our future life, and be Thou ever with us to inspire us with pure thoughts, to guide our tongue to holy and charitable words, and to lead us to perform good works. Be Thou our Guide and Sanctifier ; and as we are now about to enter on a new year, so grant us a new heart and a new spirit, that we may lead a new and more holy life.

THINK BEFORE YOU DRINK.

You love drink ; you are fond of it ; you find it hard to refuse a drop, and when you have taken one drop you find it harder still to refuse another, and so you go on from drop to drop. In short, drink is to you a great temptation ; to some men it is none at all, but to you it is ; a liking for drink is one of your weak points.

Now if this be so, just consider what you do when you give way. To you drink is *poison*, yes, poison that will hurry you into hell, poison that will destroy both soul and body in hell, if you give way ; “ strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it ; ” it shall be bitter ; it may be pleasant now ; it may be sweet to the lip at present ; it may cause you to pass a merry jovial hour with merry jovial friends ; but the day will come when all that drink will turn to gall, will be bitter as wormwood, and you will curse the cups you now rejoice to fill ; you will wonder at your madness ; you will detest those merry

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hours spent in the public house ; you will hate and abhor the place where your feet now love to go ; you will hate and abhor those merry friends whom you now like to meet ; for that drink, that public-house, those friends, are all dragging you downwards, downwards into hell-fire. You do not see hell yet ; you do not feel the fire ; the devil does not stand before you, and shew himself ; no, you only see the drink, the public-house, and the friends ; but in a little while all those things will pass away, and then you will see hell-fire and the devil ; you will see that all the while you were enjoying yourself in the public-house, the devil was binding chains tighter and tighter round your soul. He set those things as traps in your way ; drink is to you a trap, a snare, a bait for your soul.

You have doubtless often watched a spider spin his web ; when the web is well spread out with its little slender cords, he hides himself, as you have observed, in some corner, where he may see what goes on. The unwary flies, flying merrily about without thought or care enjoying themselves on the sunny day, dash into the web, and their wings are caught ; then from his corner comes forth their enemy and destroyer ; quickly are they in his clutches ; quickly do they feel

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themselves in his power; and though they struggle in an agony of fear and dread, they cannot free themselves from his grasp; quickly are they devoured; such is the end of them.

Now in like manner is the devil dealing with you; he is spinning his web to catch your soul; he is trying to get you into the public-house, for that is one of the webs which he spreads in men's way; and unless you take heed, unless you turn away your feet, unless, by God's grace and in Christ's name, you resist him at once, you will be caught, you will be lost for ever. This spider, now hidden from your eyes, will come forth to shew himself when you are fairly in his net; this great enemy, and deceiver, will clutch hold of your soul, and you will be his for ever. Terrible doom! Most terrible destruction! And for what? all for drink, all for a few noisy hours of noisy mirth.

You have seen the bright berries of the deadly nightshade hanging so beautifully on the hedge, so comely to look upon, so juicy in appearance. Here is a temptation to a child; the child loves the look of the bright fruit, dangling within its reach; its mouth waters for the juice that seems ready to break the skin; it longs to pick the berries and press them to its lips. Would you let the child

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gather them? Would you not stop its hand? Would you not warn it and tell it that though the berries seemed so pleasant, they had hidden poison within them, poison in the juice? But are not you acting like the child? Is not the public-house like the hedge with its deadly nightshade? Do not you go in and gather the berries? Do not you fill your mug with deadly drink, drink that will bring you to eternal death? Is there not poison in the juice you drink, I mean, in the beer or the spirits that cause you to reel to and fro?

I say again, "strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it;" a serpent is at the bottom of the cup and it will bite you; the sweet will turn to bitter; the beer will turn into fire, and it will set your soul and body on fire. Perhaps you may say, "I do not intend to be a drunkard; I am, it is true, somewhat fond of a drop; but I shall be sure to stop before I get drunk; I only like a little now and then, just to warm one's-self, or to have a chat with one's friends when one is dull." But to this I answer, find out the greatest drunkard in the place; ask him in his sober mood if he intended to be a drunkard when he first began. He will say thus, *if he is tempted to tell you the truth concerning*

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himself, "I never dreamt of being a drunkard when I began ; I had a liking for drink, and I began with a drop now and then ; I thought I could always stop when I liked ; when I was dull or out of work I used to go to the public-house, just to see one's friends and get a bit cheerful ; but then I got fonder and fonder of drink ; a few visits to the beer-shop turned into many visits ; little became much ; and I went from bad to worse, and now I am bound fast ; now I am a complete drunkard."

Well, then, are you going to do the same ? Are you going to begin with a little now and then ? If so, is not the little in your case likely to turn to much ? two or three years hence, if you live as long, might I not find you one of the most confirmed drunkards in the place ? Down, down will you go, if you once begin to yield ; it is like sliding down a hill of ice, easy to go down, hard, very hard, to get up, if you have once got down. Think of this while you are at the top ; do not trust yourself to go a little way ; go not an inch ; resist the beginnings of sin ; give up the public-house altogether ; go not once into it ; it is not the place for a Christian, except he is on a long journey and wants victuals ; once will lead to twice, twice to thrice ; never be any

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where where you would not like to be found i the day of judgment were suddenly to catch you or if you were to die suddenly. A man woule not like to die at the tap ; ought you then to go to the tap ? It is true a man might not like to die in the street, or in the fields ; but if he were there about his honest labours, he woule not feel it a *sin* to die there ; he would not be ashamed of being caught in such places.

Take then this as a first rule ; go to no place in which it would be a sin to die ; if you inclin to drink, forsake the public-house altogether ; do not deceive yourself with saying, "I shall not go often," or "I shall only take a little, and intend stopping in good time." The moment you cross the door you have thrown yourself into your enemy's land, and you have disarmed yourself ; you have put yourself into a place of temptation by your own act and deed ; will it be wonderful if you fall, if the temptation is too strong ? Is a disarmed soldier in an enemy's house likely gain a victory ? Answer me this. Avoid a public-house as you would avoid hell ; for it is the road thither. Did any man ever get any good or do any good in such a place ? Answer me this also. It is an evil place for all, except when a man is on a journey, and wants such meat as

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Irink as are positively needful for him ; it is an
wil place for you especially ; therefore keep out
of it ; go not near it ; if one lie in your way
ome, go a long way round in order to avoid it.

Next, avoid foolish companions ; drinking
riends are real enemies with friends' looks and
riends' voices ; they are your tempters. Is it
wise to go among tempters ? or can those who
help you on the way to hell-fire be your friends ?
The sort of men you find at public-houses will
drink with you, joke with you, laugh with you,
and make merry ; but will they befriend you in
time of trouble, on your death-bed ? No, they
are only for summer wear ; they are light, flimsy
friends, unfit for rough weather and days of trial.

Consider also what you are ; you are a mem-
ber of Christ, a child of God, a part of Christ's
household the Church ; you have been bought by
Christ, He died to make you His. Should such
an one yield to such a sin as drunkenness ? O
horrible thought, a member of Christ drunken
and staggering, worse than the beasts, with a
stupified soul, a defiled body ! What a picture
of one possessed with devils is a drunkard !
In your baptism your body was made a temple
of the Holy Ghost. Is such a temple to shake
and totter, to be desecrated and dishonoured, to

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be given over to the service of the devil? You are pledged to temperance as a member of Christ, as one baptized into the Church of Christ; you are pledged to God to keep your body free from sin, in a holy state. "Be ye holy," says God Himself, else God will cast you out. However strongly you may like drink, will you for drink's sake perish in hell? Will you anger God? Will you break your most solemn vow? Will you dishonour your Christian name and grieve the Spirit of God? Think of your horror if you should be really condemned on the judgment-day to the everlasting fires; think with what agony you will wish your days back again; and long that you had taken good counsel while you were here. What good to you then will be all your merriment, your jests, your laughter, your merry friends, your boisterous mirth! "Alas! alas!" you will then say to yourself, "I chose poison; I chose death; I chose hell, and now there is no escape; no hope."

Lastly, pray for strength to resist temptation; pray heartily, pray without ceasing, and then God will help you when you yourself are weak.

THE FAIR ON WHIT-MONDAY.

THE bells were ringing merrily on a bright May morning in the village of W —— as Margaret Gray took her pithoher to the well to fill it with water for breakfast. She heard the bells ringing, but she looked rather sad and thoughtful, and when she had filled the pitcher, she set it down for a moment, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. However she took it up again in a minute, and hurried home, where she was soon busy helping her mother in her various occupations, and preparing the cottage breakfast, against her father and brothers came in from their work. Just as Margaret had told her mother that the kettle *did* boil now, and while she was laying the coarse but white cloth on the little round table, Thomas Gray and his two sons came in from the fields, ruddy with health and exercise, and their appetites sharpened by the fresh morning air.

“ Well, Maggy, my lass,” said her father, “ you’ve got a fine Whit-Monday for the fair, and I hope you’ll enjoy it.”

Margaret only said that it was a beautiful day,

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and bent her head lower over the plates and basons she was placing on the table. Ere long all the family were seated at their frugal meal, and the Whit-Monday fair was the subject of their conversation. The two youths expressed great sorrow that now they were out at work they could not go for the whole day to C——, the neighbouring village, where the fair was held, but said they hoped to get leave to spend the evening there, when they said they had always the best fun, as the dancing did not begin till six o'clock. They then began telling some stories about the last fair, how tipsy John Stevens had got, and how bold and rude some of the girls at C—— were, and what fun they had had at the Stag's Head after the dancing ended, when their mother begged them to leave off, saying that she was sure it would do Margaret no good to hear of such doings, and that she wished young people could enjoy themselves without behaving in such a wicked way. To this the boys made no answer; and as but a short time was allowed for breakfast, they soon rose and returned to their work in high spirits. When they were gone Margaret and her mother were again busy putting every thing to rights, and after a few minutes' silence

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Mrs. Gray said to her little girl, “ Why, how silent you are, Maggy ! you used to be so delighted always on Whit-Monday with the thought of going to the fair, talking about your fairings and all the pretty things you were going to see, and now you are quite quiet and have nothing to say. Are you ill ? ”

“ O no, mother, thank you,” replied the little girl, “ I am very well indeed, but I am not going to the fair.”

“ Not going to the fair, Maggy ! ” said her mother, “ why what has put that into your head ? ”

“ Why, mother,” answered Margaret, “ I’ve thought a great deal about it ever since the last fair, where I was very much shocked at many things I saw and heard ; Mr. Lennox has spoken to us several times about it lately, and told us that fairs are not places for little Christian children, and that he wished none of his little girls to go.”

“ Well,” said her mother, “ I know there’s a great deal goes on that’s very bad, such as the drinking and the bad language of the men and boys, and that some of the girls behave very ill, and I cannot say I much like fairs myself ; but still I had not the heart to prevent

you going, you always seemed to think so of it. But if you like to give up going, I you are a very good little girl to do as Mr. I wishes, and I would not discourage you."

"O no, mother! I know you would no are so kind," said Margaret, "but Mr. Lennox us that we had promised to renounce the and vanities of this wicked world, and the sinful lusts of the flesh, and he said tha world' meant every thing that was contr the will of God, that on this earth there are kingdoms, the kingdom of God and the kin of Satan, and that every thing that is not Father, that is, not according to the wi commands of God, is of the world, or acc to the will and commands of Satan."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "I'm like to hear about this very much; bu is it you know it all as well as the m himself?"

"O," answered Margaret, "we have it all over and over again so often, tha I feel I have got it quite into my head."

"But then, Margaret," said her mother, did Mr. Lennox tell you we were to what was of the world and what was of *for it* seems so difficult always to tell."

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"He said, mother, that God had told us all about it in His holy Word, and that as ignorant and unlearned people cannot always understand the meaning of the Bible, God had given us clergymen to explain it to us, and tell us how to apply it to ourselves, and therefore as he is our clergyman it was his duty to explain to us about the world, and to tell us what things and what places were of the world, and what were of God."

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, "I know three things that St. John says are not of the Father, but are of the world; did Mr. Lennox not tell you of them?"

"O yes, mother, you mean the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Gray, "and I know that the lust of the flesh is the same as the works of the flesh that are mentioned in the Galatians; but what did Mr. Lennox say the lust of the eyes was, and how did he tell you we were to avoid these three things?"

"O, he said that the lust of the eyes meant a too great liking for grand things, such as fine houses, and fine clothes, and grand carriages, and all those things; and he said that the richest

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and greatest people in the world might not have the lust of the eyes, and that the poorest little child might have it quite strongly; but I hardly understood how that could be."

"I think I can tell you, Margaret," said her mother. "God has put us all into different stations, and whatever belongs to our station is given us by God, and if we were in a high station, we should have carriages, and beautiful houses, and furniture, and clothes, but we need not set our hearts upon them, but try to serve and glorify God with all the riches He had given us. I remember Mr. Lennox told us this a Sunday or two ago."

"That's just what he said," answered Margaret; "now I remember what he said about little girls having the lust of the eyes; he told us that if we wanted to be richer and grander than we are, and wanted to have fine clothes that were not suitable for us, and when we saw people better dressed than we are, wished to be like them, instead of remembering that God had given us exactly what was best for us, that then we had the lust of the eyes. Then the pride of life, he said, was thinking too much of being of high rank, and having power, and being looked up to, and he told us that we shewed we had the pride

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of life if we wished to be well thought of, and did not like being lowly and in a humble station, and not being much thought of by any one."

"Yes, Margaret," said her mother, "and now I see that if that is what is meant by the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, the fair must be of that world which you promised to renounce, for it never ends without a great deal of drunkenness and other lusts of the flesh being committed, and it tempts to the lust of the eyes by all the fine things that are sold which are quite unsuitable to little village girls, and tempts you to play at games of chance to get money to spend on those foolish things."

"O," interrupted Margaret, "don't you remember Jane Watts last year? she gained two shillings by the funny-looking table that turned round and round, and then she bought such fine ribbons and all sort of gay things with it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "and then she and Mary Stevens quarrelled because Jane said Mary Stevens had cheated her; you told me it made you quite miserable to hear them calling each other names, and then their brothers interfered and fought till John Stevens had such a black eye that he could not see with it for a month."

Margaret and her mother were standing at

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the door of the cottage during this conversation, and just at this minute a carriage drove past, in which were seated a very pretty lady and two children. Margaret and her mother both curtsied, and the lady nodded and smiled in the kindest way, when Margaret turned round and said, "O mother, I do love Mrs. Tennant. I could not help thinking when Mr. Lennox said that people might be rich and great, and not have the lust of the eyes, that he must be thinking of Mrs. Tennant, for though she has such a beautiful house, and carriages, and dresses so richly, I feel as if I could tell her every thing, she seems so humble and kind. She speaks to us at the Sunday school just as if we were her children, and never seems to mind what trouble she takes or what disagreeable things she does for poor people. Don't you remember when Tommy Roberts was burnt, and they could not get a doctor, how nicely she dressed his wounds and quite cured him?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "and I am sure poor Jane Watts is a proof that a poor child can give way to the lust of the eyes, for though her mother could hardly find them food and clothing, she always decked herself out in every bit of *finery* she could get, and was so envious of every

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one who was better dressed than she was, poor girl ! I fear she will come to no good !”

At this moment the sound of children’s voices was heard coming down the lane, and a party of five or six girls from ten to fifteen years old came in sight. “ Well, Margaret,” said one of the elder ones, “ so I hear you are not going to the fair. You are very foolish, for there will be rare fun ; it is to be better than ever. I don’t know what there’s not to be there, there’s to be a conjuror, a rope dancer, and, best of all, a dancing bear.”

Now Margaret had often longed to see a wild beast, and when she heard of the dancing bear she said, “ O I wish I could see that, I should like it so much, but I’m not going, Lucy, so it’s no good to keep you.”

Another little girl now ran up, quite out of breath, and Margaret turning round said, “ O Sarah, surely you’ve not changed your mind, you said you were not going yesterday, and Mrs. Lennox said she was so glad.”

“ Yes, I have,” said Sarah, “ and I don’t know how many pretty things my cousin hasn’t promised to buy me.”

The tears came into Margaret’s eyes, and she took hold of Sarah’s hand, saying, “ O Sarah, don’t go, please don’t. Think of all Mr. Lennox has

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said to us ; come and spend the day with me, we shall be so happy in the fields." But the other girls were impatient to go, and Sarah ran off with them.

When they were gone Mrs. Gray said to Margaret, " Why, Maggy, we've been so busy talking that we've quite forgotten your lamb, do run and take it its milk."

" O mother, how could I forget Cowslip," said Margaret, " how hungry he will be ;" and so saying she took a little jug of milk in her hand, and ran off to her pet lamb. She did find Cowslip very hungry, and when he had done his milk, she untied the string he was fastened by, and he gambolled after her down the little garden into a meadow beyond. Here Margaret gathered a large nosegay of May-flowers, buttercups and daisies, and then while Cowslip tried to nibble the grass, she made a long wreath with the flowers and hung it round his neck. She was sitting by the little path that ran through the meadow by the side of a small brook, and while she was weaving the wreath to a still greater length she was singing in a sweet and gentle voice " The pet lamb." She had just got to the words, " What is't that aileth thee ?" when she looked up at Cowslip who was making sad havoc of her

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wreath, but instead of Cowslip she saw a face she dearly loved. It was that of Mr. Lennox, who had come so quietly along the little path that Margaret had not heard him. He looked at her beaming face, as it kindled with pleasure at seeing him, with the kindest interest, and said, "What, Margaret, have you got a pet lamb? what a rich girl you are."

"O yes, Sir," said Margaret, "I've had Cowslip nearly six weeks now; its mother died when it was only two days old, and Farmer Jones said father might have the lamb if he liked, for that he could not take the trouble of bringing it up; so father brought it home, and it has had part of my milk, every day, and now it begins to eat grass quite nicely. O I'm so fond of it," she added, calling "Cowslip, Cowslip," who came and rubbed his little head against her frock.

"I must send my little girls to see your lamb," said Mr. Lennox. "I am so glad you have not gone to the fair; I thought you would not."

"O no, Sir," Margaret said, "I determined not to go last month, but it made me rather unhappy this morning when I heard the bells ringing and thought of all the amusements, and especially when I heard there was to be a dancing bear."

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Mr. Lennox could not help smiling when he heard her express such a desire to see a dancing bear, but he would not appear amused, as he particularly wished the children of his parish to make a friend of him, so he said kindly, "Perhaps the dancing bear may stay after the fair, and then you can see it; but you know, my dear, that if we wish to live like Christians, we must be ready to give up things we like, if we think it right, and you know quite well why you should not go to the fair."

"Yes, Sir," said Margaret, "I told mother all about it. I hope, Sir," she added with some hesitation, "it is not very wrong, but I cannot help half-wishing to go to the fair."

"No, my dear," said her kind friend, "but you must try against that wish, and when you think of the many wicked things that go on at the fair, and remember you do not go because you wish to be like Christ and do as He wishes, that wish will soon go."

"O, Sir," said Margaret, the tears starting to her eyes, "that is just what I do wish;" and then surprised at herself for being so bold as to express her feelings so openly, she hung down her head and stroked Cowslip.

Mr. Lennox was on his way to see a sick per-

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son, who was very ill, so he did not stay ; he only said, as he stroked Margaret's shining hair, " May that Saviour whom you wish to follow, bless and keep you, my child ! "

Margaret made a low curtsey, and Mr. Lennox passed on. Surely, he thought, as he pursued his way, " of such is the kingdom of heaven," and his heart filled with thankfulness when he saw that his prayers and labours in W—— had been blessed to one soul. He had not been long in W——, and when first he came, Margaret Gray was much like other children, inattentive, and sometimes disobedient and wayward ; but the kind instructions of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox had sunk deep into her heart. They had taught her that God was her Father, that He had of His infinite mercy taken her to be His own child through Christ, and that He had given her His Holy Spirit to strive with the sin that was natural to her, so that now she could struggle against evil ; and they had led her to feel the blessedness of being a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Margaret loved to think of her baptism, and from often dwelling upon the great love of God to her, she began to love Him, and her great desire was to obey and please her Saviour. When Mr. Lennox

had gone, Margaret stood still for some time thinking, and then recollecting herself, she felt ashamed of being so idle, for she was an industrious little girl, and tried to help her mother in every way that she could, and she ran home to fetch some wristbands she was stitching for one of her brothers. When she had got her work, she sat down by the brook with Cowslip by her side, and stitched away until her mother called her to come in to dinner. While she and her mother were eating their little meal, Margaret told her mother that Bessy Neale and herself had settled to spend the afternoon together, as Bessy was not going to the fair ; and her mother, who was a very kind person, told her to keep Bessy for tea, for she said, "you're a good girl, Maggy, and deserve a treat sometimes."

Margaret went off very happy to fetch Bessy, and then they sat together in a little arbour, and read aloud and worked by turns, for Bessy had had a very nice new book given to her which she had brought with her. When they had gone on in this way for some time, they agreed they would talk a little, and after they had chatted about different little matters, the fair included, Margaret said, "I am sorry we have no school to-day and to-morrow, for on holy-days we are always sure

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of seeing Mr. Lennox, and he talks so nicely to us, that I quite look forward to them."

"But," said Bessy, "perhaps as this is not a saint's day, he might not have come into our school. I was so sorry yesterday that I was obliged to stop at home, I could hardly help crying; grandmother said I might go, but I knew she felt very ill and would rather I stayed, so I made up my mind to do so."

"O," said Margaret, "Mrs. Tennant spoke so kindly to us about Whitsuntide; she told us that purity of heart was the great lesson we were to learn from this holy season, and she gave us that text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' for our Whitsuntide motto; and at the end she said, 'How can any little girl who truly desires to be pure in heart, go to a fair, where she knows she will hear and see things that are impure and wicked?' I thought that would have been enough to prevent me going to the fair, even if Mr. Lennox had not said so much to us about its being of the world."

The two little girls spent the afternoon and evening of the beautiful May-day together, having a long ramble after tea in the lovely fields and meadows which lay all around their pretty village; Cowslip went with them, as he would fol-

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low Margaret about just like a little dog, and after Margaret had taken Bessy home, and old Mrs. Neale had kissed and blessed her, and told her and Bessy they were two good lassies, she ran on to her own little cottage-home with a light and happy heart, and when she heard the rude noisy voices of the half tipsy men and boys returning late in the evening from the fair, she did not even regret not seeing the dancing bear. When after her simple evening prayers, which were offered up from a heart full of thankfulness to God, she laid her head upon her pillow, full of peace and love, she felt thankful that she had been spared the sinful sights and pleasures of the fair, and thought that she should always look back upon Whit-Monday 18— as one of the happiest days of her life.

Lately published, price 2d.,

THE DAY THAT NEVER CAME:

A Tract illustrating the danger of delay in religious
matters.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

ALICE GRANT.

Where is it mothers learn their love ?
In every Church a fountain springs,
O'er which th' eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.—*Christian Year.*

Alice sat by the fire watching the slumbers
her little infant, and often would she lay
her work to wipe away the tears that filled
eyes. She had lost her first child just at the
when its innocent prattle and engaging
rendered it each day more precious to its
nt's heart ; and the infant sleeper, though
inually reminding her of the loved one she
laid in the grave, seemed yet a token of
y sent to soothe her heart still aching under
late bereavement. Alice was a truly Chris-
woman. She knew that her first-born had
taken away from the evil to come, she loved
ink that he had joined the company of white-
d saints, his own garment pure and unde-
as theirs, and though the tears would dim
eyes as she gazed upon her babe, there was
much of earnest gratitude in them as of
ural grief.

The little glen of M——, where Alice and her

husband dwelt, was now almost deserted. Lord R., to whom all the property belonged, had long been absent. Evil men had gained dominion in the land ; men who hated all rule, and spurned at all authority ; men who had not scrupled to slay even the Lord's anointed, the king whom His providence had set over them ; so what wonder then that the Lord's people and His Church found little mercy at their hands. Those were grievous days for Scotland ; the priests of the Lord were forbidden to minister His Sacraments to the people, and were sent forth from their homes and their flocks to beggary and starvation ; the people, at least those among them who still were found faithful to their Church and prized the appointed means of grace, were harassed and persecuted. Heavy fines were imposed on any who should be found guilty of having worshipped God after the customs of their fathers, or received into their houses for food and shelter any of the ejected ministers. But in spite of all restrictions and persecutions, there were still many, who in secret places, in the darkness of the night, or in the wild mountain passes, met together to join in prayer and to receive the holy Sacraments from the appointed priests of the Lord.

In M—— the persecutions had been great;

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they were a poor but faithful people, ignorant of much of this world's learning, but they had learned this simple lesson, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Their worthy pastor had not ceased to impress upon them even in those troublous times the duty of obedience to their Church and loyalty to their king, and many of them, preferring martyrdom to disobedience and heresy, had been content to forsake home and property, and to go out, not knowing whither they went. Many cottages were now forsaken, and the little gardens overrun with weeds. The church had been defaced and spoiled of all its ornaments; rude and sacrilegious hands had overthrown the font, and mutilated and destroyed its rich carvings ; the sacred quiet of the churchyard had been invaded, the simple cross of wood that marked the resting-place of the child of poverty, and the richer and more decorated shrine which had been erected to the memory of the noble and the wealthy, all were alike laid low and trampled under foot.

Robert and Alice Grant lived in a secluded part of the hamlet, and there had fortunately escaped the malevolent observation of those who sought with eager haste the destruction of all who remained faithful to their Church ; none, alas !

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more eager in the cruel work than they who had turned their backs upon its holy ordinances, and either from fear or from worldly interest had joined the ranks of the rebels.

Alice sat expecting the return of her husband from his work, and no sooner did she hear the sound of his approaching steps, than she roused herself from her reverie, and hastened to throw more wood on the fire, that a cheerful blaze might welcome his return. After bending for a moment with affectionate interest over the infant sleeper, Robert took his seat in the chimney corner, while Alice prepared their evening meal.

"Have you remembered what we spoke of last night?" said Alice, after a short silence.

"Yes, indeed I have," he answered, and then dropping his voice to a whisper as he drew nearer to her, he continued, "I have seen our good minister, and he promises to do all you wish; he fears no risk for himself, and will be at our usual place of meeting to-morrow night if you are still bent on this undertaking; but indeed, dear wife, you are hardly strong enough yet. Why not defer a little longer the baptism of our little one; he is, thank God, a healthy child, and there need be no anxiety on his account. Wait at least till the nights are warmer."

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"No, indeed, Robert," said his wife interrupting him, "I dare not put it off any longer, if the nights will be warmer by and by, why they will be lighter too, and the darkness is a help to us. Mr. Cunningham's hiding-place may be discovered, and he may be obliged to leave us, and then there may be no means of gaining this great blessing for our baby. Do you know," she continued, while a tear gathered in her eye, "sometimes when I see a shadow pass over his innocent face, it seems to me as if an evil spirit were whispering to him and had power to come near him because he has'nt yet been brought into covenant with God, to be made His child; and do you remember, Robert, what our good minister said the day our blessed child was baptized that's been taken from us? I mind his words so well when he spoke of the sign of the cross, he called it 'that royal sign which if the devils behold they may tremble and flee away.'"

"O yes," said Robert, "I remember those words well, and truly it was a royal sign to our darling child, and has taken him no doubt for Jesus' sake safe into the presence of his King for ever."

"Then you see, Robert," urged his wife, "it

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is not so much my baby's death I fear, as a life begun without giving him to be God's child, with all sin growing up in him because of his evil nature, and none of God's mercies in Christ made his by covenant, no holy washing to make him clean from the evil in which he was born, no Holy Spirit to strengthen and help him against the power of the enemy."

"But do you really think, dear Alice, that God, who is so merciful, would visit that poor child so hardly for what would be no fault of his?"

"Indeed, Robert, I can't say. God is very merciful, full of mercy, but then if He has chosen to appoint a way of giving this mercy, surely if we refuse that way we have no right to say He deals hardly with us in withholding the mercy."

"No, Alice, I see that, and of course God has the best right to appoint in what way He will take us and our children into His favour, and to refuse the grace if we refuse the way."

"And oh, Robert, think how dreadful it would be to see that dear little fellow growing up to be wilful and disobedient, and to know that it was our doing."

"Hush, Alice," exclaimed her husband, "I can't bear to hear you talk so, oh! that would be worse than any thing. No, we must indeed do

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all that we can for him at any risk, that so we may be able to bless God for him in life or in death."

"Thank God, we are of one mind in this as in all other things," said Alice, as she affectionately embraced her husband. "And now tell me, Robert, what did Mr. Cunningham say about the sponsors? did he think this was a case in which we might answer for the child?"

"No, indeed, he didn't, Alice, though I told him how difficult it would be to find any one now to stand for him, let alone the fear of bringing a friend into trouble; but if I can, I'll tell you just what he said. He said this was just an occasion that shewed how wisely the Church had acted in ordaining the office of sponsors, who might be ready to supply a parent's part if needed; for who can tell, he said, in such times as these, whether parents may be permitted themselves to see their children virtuously and piously brought up! They may be torn from them by persecution or death, or, as we have seen some mournful instances even in our own village, they may forsake their God and forget their vows. And then he took my hand so kindly, and said, 'I do not fear this of you, Robert, nor of your wife either, though it becomes us all to be not high-minded, but watchful and fearful of falling.'

yet we must not now disobey our Church in the smallest matter when so many are daily falling away from her communion, but admire her wisdom and consent to her ordinances ;' and then he offered so kindly as we were in such a difficulty, to stand godfather himself for our child, and to persuade old David Lee and his granddaughter to stand too."

" How kind he always is !" said Alice, " and oh what an honour for our dear baby to have such a good man to think of and to pray for him ; and Janet too, though she's so young, will keep to what she promises, for she has learnt through much suffering to love and obey God's will, poor child. And I asked her when she came to see me in my illness, only she said she must ask her grandmother first, and Mr. Cunningham."

The night was dark, and the cold wind howled mournfully among the branches of the still leafless trees, as Alice, with her baby closely wrapped in her cloak, took her way through the wood towards the spot where Mr. Cunningham had promised to meet them, to perform the holy rite by which her child was to be made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, blessings which Alice prized *far too highly* to risk the loss of them for her

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beloved child. But though strong in faith, and earnest to do God's will, this was a moment when her woman's fears would to some extent prevail, as pale and weak from recent illness, and trembling at each blast that shook the trees of the forest, she hastened on her way, repeating to herself as she went, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom then shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid?"

It had been agreed between them that to avoid suspicion, Robert should remain in the wood, as if not returned from his daily work, that Alice might seem to have gone in search of him, should she meet any one who might suspect her errand; but the darkness of the night, and the secluded nature of the road, had been in her favour; there was but one dwelling that she had to pass, and that she well knew to be empty; the old shepherd and his wife who had lived there all their days, and had hoped there to await their departure to their Father's home and their looked-for inheritance, had been among those suspected of allegiance to a persecuted Church, and had been driven from their much-loved home, to hide themselves where they could until the fury should have passed away.

Their granddaughter Janet, of whom we have already spoken, alone knew their hiding-place, which was indeed the same which had yielded Mr. Cunningham a temporary refuge, and she had worked and toiled with persevering affection to procure them such things as they needed in their old age and destitute condition.

Alice had now reached the thickest part of the wood, and had still some distance to go before she would reach the secluded spot which had been chosen for the perilous meeting of the little flock and their faithful pastor. Once or twice she had fancied she heard footsteps on the rustling leaves that covered the ground, and now a dark object certainly was to be seen moving rapidly towards her, but the quickened beating of her heart was soon stilled by the encouraging voice of her husband, who had come as far as he could venture to meet her, and now taking her arm within his own, cheered her on with kind words, and assisted her steps through the close and tangled brushwood among which they had to make their way.

"Did you meet any one as you came out, Alice?" he asked.

"Not a creature, except just as I passed the blacksmith's forge in the dale, the boy Alick

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peeped out after me, and I thought he followed me a bit, so I turned at the corner as though I were going up the road, and then I lost sight of him, and took the next opening into the wood."

"Well, I hope he did go back," said her husband, "for they say he is set as a spy on all of us, and that he delights in the work. 'Alick the informer' is a name that's well known and quite dreaded among the poor hunted people of the Lord, and wherever he is there's sure to be some evil done; it's strange he should have such a spite against every thing good, and he is so young too: but, to be sure, he has never been taught better, poor fellow;" and the sigh that followed as he pressed his wife's hand, told her as plain as words, that he was thinking of their little son and of their last evening's conversation.—Alick had never been baptized.

They had now reached the place, where they found Janet Lee with the good old pastor already awaiting them. Old David was too infirm to venture into the chilly night, and so Robert was to answer for him, but, as David said, he should be with them in spirit and in prayer, and should none the less stand to his promises for the child because another's mouth had promised them in

his name. On the spot where they were now assembled, the brushwood had been partly cleared away, and the moon which had now risen gleamed faintly through the branches, casting long and flickering shadows on the ground. In the centre of the clearing stood an aged tree, whose top had been shivered by lightning, and in the hollow stump was placed the vessel containing the holy water. The solemn prayers began as the little band knelt around that rustic font; and earnest were the responses made by each when the minister asked whether they would promise faithfully for that child, that he should renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh, believe in God's holy word, and obediently keep God's holy will. The priest then received the babe into his arms, and poured the water on its infant brow, and as he made the sign of the cross, the hearts of those around him thrilled with a warmer love, and a more stedfast courage, while they remembered that that holy sign was theirs also, and that they too had promised to confess the faith of Christ crucified in spite of persecution or martyrdom, and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants even unto their lives' end. And when Alice had received her babe again to her arms, quickened with a new life, a life of grace, how more

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than tenderly, and with almost a feeling of awe, did she gaze upon his calm and innocent face, and wonder at the great mystery which had wrought so great a change.

“What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed :
But seen by faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.”

Oh blessed means which God has sanctified to so great an end! What an exercise for our faith! but still more what a call for our thankful praise! that to each infant thus brought to holy Baptism there is given the seed of a new and holy nature to overpower rising corruption, to keep down evil passions in their earliest growth; a Heavenly Spirit there to dwell continually, making a home of its bosom, and a church of its heart.

Twice during the performance of the holy rite Janet's quick ear had caught a sound as of some one moving near them, but the rest, too deeply wrapt in prayer, had not perceived it; now however, the noise increased, and seizing Alice's arm, Janet pointed silently towards a spot in the

darkness where there was evidently a figure moving. In another moment, and before they could recover from their dismay, Alick the informer stood before them. His manner was agitated, and his words thick and hurried; "Don't go," he stammered out, "Oh pray don't go, I know you hate me, and I hate myself," and tears that none had ever seen on his face before, coursed each other down his cheeks. "But," he continued, "I never heard of this, no one ever told me of such things as you said just now, and no one ever took me to be baptized, that my sins might be washed away, and that I might have the Holy Spirit given to me. Oh Sir, that's the reason I'm such a wicked boy, that every one hates me, and sets me to do wicked things, because they say Alick 'll stick at nothing, and that's why I came here as a spy to-night of my own accord. I know not why it is that I'm so bad, and so miserable, but oh, dear people, must I be always so, and have God always to hate me?"

"Hush, Alick," said Mr. Cunningham kindly, as he lifted the boy from the ground where he had thrown himself, "Hush, God does not hate you, for has He not brought you here to-night? and turned your heart from an evil pur-

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pose to a good and holy wish? It is the Holy Spirit who has done this."

"I didn't know, Sir, it was God that made my thoughts change. I've heard father and some others talk about the Holy Ghost, but they don't talk like you do, for if they want to do any thing, if it's ever so bad, they say the Holy Ghost wills it; but I always knew that couldn't be; but now, Sir," he continued, returning to his former earnestness of manner, "do you think God would let me be baptized now and take away my sins? Oh they are so many, there's a bad spirit instead of a good one with me, Sir," and again he burst into an agony of tears.

"All may have that great blessing, Alick, who seek it in repentance and faith. I think you somewhat know what repentance means; but you hardly know what or how you are to believe, and you ought to understand what you engage before you are admitted to holy Baptism."

"What must I do then, Sir, and when may I come?" asked Alick eagerly.

"I must see you many times and instruct you, that you may be really prepared for Baptism. We must run some risks in meeting, and must meet when we can."

"O never mind the risk," exclaimed Alick, "I

do want to give up what is evil, and to have God's love."

"Well then, Alick, meet me here to-morrow night."

"I will indeed, Sir," answered Alick.

Before they parted, Alice and her husband pressed Alick's hand, and said some kind words to him, and then bowing their heads to receive their pastor's blessing, they returned to their cottage.

Many times did the good pastor meet Alick, and at last he was enabled with a good conscience to administer that blessed Sacrament whereby he was made a child of God. Poor Alick had much to endure after his baptism, not only from his own evil nature, which had so long had free sway, but also from the evil men with whom he was compelled to associate. At last the power of the oppressor was no more, and the public profession of our true religion was restored ; no where was there more fervent thanksgiving than in the secluded church of M—, where all hastened to catch a word or a smile from their beloved and venerable pastor, as he passed through their ranks to take his old accustomed place in the ministrations of the sanctuary.

A TRACT FOR HOLY WEEK.

THIS is indeed a holy week, a week speaking to us of most holy truths, speaking to us of the passion and sufferings of our most dear Lord, speaking to us of the wonderful and unsearchable love of Christ, speaking to us of that blessed work of redemption which He finished upon the cross, speaking to us of that precious blood-shedding by which the scarlet and crimson souls of men are washed white as snow.

O brother in Christ, who hast a high calling in Christ Jesus, who hast a good hope of resurrection to eternal life, shall we not now put away earthly things and walk in the House of God as friends? Shall we not now turn aside from the busy restless ways of the world, and snatch at least some parts and spaces of this solemn week for a closer study of our Saviour's redeeming love? As disciples of the cross let us fix our eyes, yea, our whole souls upon the cross, and upon those steps which led our Lord to the place of death and to the grave.

PALM SUNDAY.

Come then and see the first things of this holy week as Holy Scripture has revealed them for our good. See our Blessed Saviour first of all calling for the colt, the foal of an ass, and riding forth towards Jerusalem, the royal city, the city in which He as Son of David should have been acknowledged King and Prince. This first act seems to be a step to the confession of His kingly power; the sun of popular favour shines; the clouds of reproach clear away; the mists of rebuke are suddenly dispersed; the despised Nazarene finds honour in Israel; there is no shadow of the cross to be seen; no sound of rejection; nay, there is the sound of welcome; He rides on, as if to take possession of His own; and His own seem about to receive Him with great joy; there is an outburst of joy, great and sudden gladness spreading from heart to heart. "A very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the

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Lord, Hosanna in the highest. And when He was come into Jerusalem the whole city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."

Hear this Scripture; it was even thus that Christ entered the holy city on the first day of that week in which He was to be cast out of that city, condemned, rejected, crowned with thorns, crucified without the gates. "Hosanna," was this day's greeting; soon was it to be "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

O Holy Jesus, who didst look beyond that short hour of triumph to the hour of Thy rejection by Thine own people whom Thou hadst loved, those shouts of welcome were but sad sounds in Thine ear, for Thou didst know how soon the bright day-spring of that week would be darkened over with very heavy clouds. Thou wast indeed meek, and in meekness passed into the beloved city which Thou wouldest have saved. O teach us, good Lord, after Thy example to make little of earthly praise, and lightly to esteem earthly honour, so changeable and fickle, so soon withdrawn. Grant, O Lord, that Thou mayest be our King, ruling and reigning in our hearts, we ever bowing down ourselves before

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Thee, and in great stedfastness confessing Thee to be the Son of David, ever receiving Thee into the very centre and citadel of our hearts with great joy, loving Thee without change and without decay of love, never casting Thee out of our souls, but trusting in Thee more and more unto our life's end.

Even as our Lord came near to the city, sorrow filled His soul. He sorrowed not for Himself, but for those whom He would have gathered under His wings but who would not be gathered, for those who were about to reject Him, and in rejecting Him to seal their final rejection as the enemies of God, as the Cains who were to wander over the earth with the mark upon them of the blood of the better Abel, an accursed seed, cast out for this slaughter of the Lamb.

“ When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.”

Thus was it after all a day of tears to the Son of Man; for though He did of His love desire to offer Himself for mankind, yet it was to Him great grief that His own chosen people,

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His beloved Israel, should be His murderers, that by them He was to be slain, by them whom He had as it were carried in His bosom. For them He wept. Thus to Jerusalem He exclaimed, "Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." O see in these words with what sorrow the Lord sorrows over the unbelieving, the hard in heart, the blind and deaf, who will not consider the things that belong unto their peace; how He lingers in His judgments; how He weeps when the sword is forced into His hands; how unwillingly He condemns; how long He bears with the disobedient; how often He calls, and recalls, and calls again, in hope of beholding repentance!

O Blessed Jesus, give us ears to hear, and eyes to see, and hearts to understand Thy heavenly truths. O that we may not cause Thee to weep and sorrow over us as over disobedient children, a perverse, faithless people. Yea, let us cause Thee to rejoice by beholding our love, our faith, our stedfastness, our thankful use of the means and opportunities of grace. If we have erred in times past, draw not our term of grace to an end at once, but move us by Thy Spirit to repent while it is called to-day. Teach us to call upon Thee and to walk with Thee

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while we have the light, now in the day of salvation, now in the accepted time, that Thy truths may not be hidden from our eyes, that we may not pass into the darkness of the everlasting night.

When our Lord came into the city He went up to the temple, to the holy place, the House of prayer. He went to that which was especially His own.

Even then those who had faith were received; the blind and the lame who came to Him were healed. If the blind in heart had even then known and confessed their blindness they also would have received sight to behold and confess the Lord of glory and the Prince of life. Some Greeks also desired to see Him, and at this time a voice came from heaven in answer to the prayer of Christ, "Father glorify Thy Name," saying, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

After these things our Lord left the city, bringing to a close a day that seemed to open with unusual light, but which soon was overcast, first causing the Saviour to weep, and then to burn with holy indignation. He went out to Bethany for the night, withdrawing His presence during the calm hours of the night from those who in the

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day had provoked or grieved Him, making it night indeed, a type and token of that darker night that was soon to come, that more complete withdrawal of His presence from the temple and the city of the Church of Israel.

MONDAY.

On Monday our Blessed Lord returned to Jerusalem. On His way thither He found an emblem of the people whom He had planted with His own right hand, but whom He was about in anger and in sorrow to pluck up by the roots and to cast away. Though it was early He was an hungered; it may be that He had spent hours of the night in prayer; it may be that He had prepared Himself by fasting for the hour of the prince of darkness. "And when He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever."

Not as in His other miracles was there mercy here, but wrath. Not by a miracle did He provide Himself with fruit. He cursed the tree for its barrenness; and in that tree the curse was spoken against His people, His barren fruit.

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less people, full of leaves, yet lacking fruit, full of professions, wanting in holy works. The words of yesterday were repeated, and in that act "many like words" even of lamentation and mourning and woe. Yesterday He wept over the city as not knowing the time; to-day He pronounced the doom. Yesterday He exclaimed, "O that thou hadst known!" To-day, "thou hast not known; it is too late to know; the decree is fixed; thou art doomed; the time of thy fruit-bearing is past; let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever."

O Holy Jesus, if Thou didst thus curse the unfruitful tree, how much more will Thine anger burn towards Thy faithless children whom Thou hast planted in the new creation, the Church, built upon Thyself. O teach us to think of the awfulness of that day, when our account will be made up, when no more fruit will be added, when, if we be fruitless, we must remain fruitless for ever. As Thou didst speak words of condemnation against unbelieving Israel, how much more wilt Thou be wroth with us who have been brought into a better covenant, who have been washed and sanctified, who have been grafted into Thy Holy Church, and had many renewings of the Holy Ghost. Fearful will be the doom of

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the faithless and the fruitless who have been called after Thy Name. O grant that we may bear fruit in due time, before Thou comest; grant that we may hunger and thirst after righteousness and may be filled; then when Thou comest hungering after fruit in us, we may have fruit to give Thee, not leaves only, but fruit acceptable to Thee according to Thy divine mercy.

Our Lord then went into the temple.

Alas, there was nought there to heal His sorrow, much to raise His just wrath; there was nought there to prove that His people even at the eleventh hour were turning from their sin, there was much to testify that the city was polluted in its holiest place, that the whole heart was sick, even the sanctuary defiled. If the holiest place had become unholy, in what condition was the rest? So it was on that day, that not knowing the Lord of the Temple was to be there, it was found to be a house of merchandise; there was marketing, trading, buying and selling even in God's House. What wrath was this people hurrying upon their heads! Could the Lord bear this, to see a den of thieves where there should be a fellowship of worshippers!

He went into the temple, and began to cast

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out them that sold therein and them that bought ; saying unto them, “It is written, My house is the house of prayer : but ye have made it a den of thieves.”

How soon was He Himself to be cast out, not only from the temple, but from the city, having never been received into His people’s hearts by faith ! How soon did they do despite to the temple of His body, having first practised and learnt profaneness upon that made by men’s hands ! The lesser sacrilege led to the greater ; and soon were they trafficking about the Sacrifice and the Temple, about the Lord Jesus Christ the Sacrifice, about the living stones of the Temple of His body, buying and selling the Lord of glory whom they knew not.

O Holy Jesus, who now drawest near to us in the House of prayer, grant that with pure hearts we may approach Thee there, putting off all worldly imaginations, and worshipping Thee in spirit and in truth. Grant that we may alway most reverently remember Thy presence, and delight to dwell with Thee in these perishing sanctuaries until Thou shalt call us into Thy more glorious presence in the life to come. Make us also to preserve in all holiness and purity these our bodies, which by Baptism have become tem-

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pleas of the Holy Ghost, that we may not sell ourselves to do evil, nor follow sensual pleasure, to the grieving of the Holy Spirit, whom in Thy mercy Thou now sendest into these sanctuaries of flesh.

Our Lord returned to Bethany for the night.

TUESDAY.

Again did our Lord return to Jerusalem. He wandered not any more at this time into distant towns ; He narrowed His wanderings ; He was in and out of the holy city ; He seemed to hover about the place of His sufferings ; He seemed unable to remove far from it ; the time was come ; and His last few days were spent close to the scene of His sufferings. He was ready for His hour ; He kept Himself ready. On this morning He beheld on His way the fig-tree blasted, dried up to the roots, dead, withered. “ And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig-tree withered away ! ” Even so does all wither that is not of Christ ; even so was Jerusalem to perish ; her lofty pinnacles, her palaces, the temple itself, was to come down to the earth, to lie in the dust, “ a ruinous heap ; ” even so, like a tree whose sap was dried

up, would all outward show, pomp, splendour, state, magnificence, riches, shrink away and be dissolved. As beneath the roofs of all the vast houses of that vast city there was no fruit, no vast company of faithful men dwelling holily; or as beneath all the show of worship, all the outward acts of religion, the inner man of the heart was corrupt, worldly, covetous, unbelieving, so the glory of the city was to pass away, and the people of the city to perish.

And might not our Lord, on beholding the withered tree, have thought also upon Himself, in one sense so soon to be like the tree, in another sense so unlike it. Surely on Him the Father's curse was about to fall, for "cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree," and it was His to become "a curse for us." Soon was His holy flesh to turn pale, and give forth its crimson sap and die; soon was it to be laid in the earth, even as a dead tree; as a tree cut down to the roots, never more, as it seemed to man's eyes, to put forth leaves or to bud and blossom. Yet here mark the difference; this vine when cut down, when juiceless and dead, was not to see corruption; this vine in dying bore forth much fruit; this vine was cut down out of the land of *the living*, not for its own lack of fruit, but for

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the fruitlessness, the evil fruit of others ; above all, this vine was about to rise again, to regain its life, to bud and blossom, to lift up itself to greater glory, and to raise up the trees of the forest which should draw near to it, to bear abundant fruit in others, and to give to others that were dead abundant life.

After speaking to His disciples, who wondered at the rapid withering of the tree, of the power of faith and of faithful prayer, our Lord entered the temple. Behold how He clung as it were to the temple and sought its courts during these awful days. In the temple again He found no new thing, no token for good, no sudden rise of faith, no meekness, no teachableness, no sign of awakening from this dead sleep of unbelief, no moving of the spiritual limbs. Nay, He was met with opposite signs. "By what authority," exclaimed the chief priests and the elders, the blind leaders of the blind, "doest Thou these things?" Our Lord then answered the question of unbelief by asking in return, "The baptism of John, whence was it?" And they durst not tell their thoughts. Then our Lord spoke three parables, that of the father and his two sons ; then that of the vineyard in which He so touchingly described the householder sending last of all his

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son, thinking that the husbandmen who had killed servant after servant would reverence his son, but “they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him ;” and here also He described the vengeance of the householder on the murderers. Then from the dark sayings, from parables, did our Lord proceed to speak plainly, plainly threatening Israel with destruction, plainly warning them of the end of God’s favour. He spoke yet a third parable, that of the marriage feast, to which many were bidden, but few would come, still further declaring the rejection of the Gospel by the Jews.

Then was He tempted by the Herodians, by the Sadducees, by the Pharisees, all trying to entangle Him in His talk, all bringing the day of their grace the more certainly and quickly to a close, all grieving the soul of the Son of Man on His journey to the cross, by the hardness and impenitence of their hearts. Nor did He withhold His tongue from the unrighteous leaders of the people. “Woe, woe, unto you,” He exclaimed eight times, even in these awful words of warning giving them a last hope ; for this threatening of woe might have raised some sudden penitence or remorse, might have made some conscience start and turn.

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Yet all was not dark in that hour when words of denunciation were coming from the most loving Saviour's lips. One gleam there was in that bitter day; for He beheld the widow cast in her mite which was her all, and after thus seeing some light in the temple, one deed of love and self-denial, which He greatly blessed, He went out. After this, on the Mount of Olives He spoke of those things of which He had of late so often spoken; for the last time He foretold the overthrow of Jerusalem, the end of the world, of which that fearful overthrow was but a type. Three parables, that of the ten virgins, of the talents, of the sheep and the goats, closed the wonderful sayings of that wonderful and eventful day. Again He withdrew from the city, as though He were not a dweller at Jerusalem, but came to it as one almost rejected, yet too full of love to let it reject Him without lifting up His voice to save. He passed the night at the Mount of Olives.

WEDNESDAY.

Plainly now did our Lord speak to His disciples of His coming suffering and death, for the time drew nigh. Unlike the sons of men, He

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knew the number of His days, and was certified how long He had to live; doubtless this fore knowledge of a death so bitter, and of the hour o bitterness, added greatly to His sorrow and gave Him a foretaste of His woe. In love He told His disciples of the awful scenes so near at hand that such things might not burst upon them unawares, like thunder storms on a summer' day, but that their minds might be prepared their hearts nerved for the woeful act. "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified."

O Blessed Jesus, who didst thus foresee the toils that would be laid for Thee, and didst draw near like a lamb to the thicket that Thou mightest be caught, merciful art Thou in placing mist before our eyes, so that we see not the full height and breadth and terribleness of many griefs and sorrows that it is our portion to meet. Merciful art Thou in giving us strength for the day when the trials come ; O Lord, all Thine own sorrow were known unto Thee ; and all such foreboding and fears beforehand as we have, Thou knowest Assist us in all times when with fearful heart we see clouds arise ; assist us in all times when tribulation has come.

It was now too that the chief-priests and

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scribes and elders, still further maddened by His words of yesterday, took counsel against Him in the palace of the high-priest Caiaphas, the high-priest thus consulting about the great Sacrifice. At first fears of the people damped their counsel. Later in the day was one great dreadful step taken towards the slaying of this Sacrifice. From the side of Jesus one went forth, His own familiar friend whom He trusted, His companion, His follower, His chosen one, His Apostle Judas, Judas Iscariot. He went forth, yielding himself up into Satan's hands, to sell his Lord. He went forth from the pure presence of the Lord Jesus to a den of murderers plotting death. He went forth from the All-holy to the unholy. He went forth, the worst idolater of all that have had idols, to do the worst of sin that sinner has ever done, giving up his Lord for such a god as thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him that was valued. And this too did the all-knowing Lord know. He knew that for which Judas went forth. It was in itself a bringing near of His death; it was a great step towards the cross; it was a wound from a friend's hand; it was a friend's hand turned into an enemy's, one who had eaten of His bread, to whom He had given sweet counsel.

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whom He had taught, nourished, blessed with His presence, fed with His words of truth ; such an one was His betrayer ; and while the traitor was covenanting, the betrayed Master was aware of it. He knew of that sale of His own blood. Awful bitter day to the Son of God ! Awful day of the selling of Jesus ! the net was spread abroad with cords ; soon in the snare of the fowler was the bird to be caught ; yea, soon was He purposed to yield Himself to the snare, though He had the wings of a dove and might have flown away and been at rest.

THURSDAY.

On this day the shadow of death fell more darkly on the holy Jesus ; death was very near But He had work yet to do ; He had works of love yet to fulfil, and words of love yet to speak The nearer His death was, the more did His love seem to issue forth. He sent His disciples to prepare the Passover, that feast which through many generations had continued to foretell and to shew forth the shedding of His blood. When the feast was prepared, He sat down with the twelve ; He gathered His chosen ones around Him

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for the last time. He was in the midst of His beloved fellowship of Apostles. It was His last feast with them, His last Passover, His last union with them before He suffered. And so He said "with desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." It was an awful yet blessed hour ; the Lamb appointed to be slain was soon to be in the hands of His murderers ; and now, before that great scene of woe, He had a little space of stillness and repose ; and for this brief calm, ere the storm broke furiously upon Him, He had reserved acts and words that might after His suffering dwell with the force of dying acts and dying words in the hearts of His disciples.

During this Supper He first commended the great grace of humility and reproved His followers for striving among themselves for the highest place ; He reproved them in that wonderful act of humility, the washing of His disciples' feet, when He stooped low and humbled Himself before His own servants and was indeed among them "as he that serveth." Stronger than all words concerning humility was that abasing of Himself before them all. Most marvellous act of lowness ! How did the Lord of glory bow Himself before His creatures, when He took a

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towel and girded Himself and washed His disciples' feet! "So after He had washed their feet, and had taken His garments, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

O Blessed Jesus, teach us to humble ourselves for our brethren's sake, and after Thy example to do them lowly service. Teach us to wash their feet, to stoop to any offices in which we can shew forth love. Teach us to condescend to men of low estate, to keep watch by the sick, to wait on the suffering, to serve those who require kindly service, to shun high places and to be lowly in heart, following Thee in Thy lowness and seeking to be conformed to Thy most perfect pattern. Quench all proud and haughty thoughts, all love of earthly honour, all fondness of rule and sway. Even as Thou didst serve, so may we serve those within our reach, seeking to do them good and to treat the humblest of our neighbours as our brethren through Thee.

After this, they all continued the feast, and

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our Lord saddened them in the midst of it by saying, "One of you shall betray Me." When they sorrowfully began to say unto Him, every one, "Lord, is it I?" the Lord pointed out the traitor, the traitor who had already made his bargain, and was now about to deliver the Master whom He had sold. "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." And yet even now He spoke words that were enough to make Judas turn from his evil path and repent. He warned him of his tremendous guilt. He would not let him go forth unwarned ; "Woe unto that man," He said, "by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born." As if still more strongly to warn Judas, to touch his conscience by an act of love, He Himself dipped the sop and gave it to Judas. Yet Judas was unmoved, unchanged ; Satan had obtained possession, and the son of perdition went out from his Master's presence, from his Master's side, from his Master's feast of love, with those last words of warning ringing in his ears, "That thou doest, do quickly,"—words that shewed to Judas our Lord's divine knowledge, as if to startle him in the midst of his guilt by revealing Who it was he was about to deliver up.

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St. Peter was now warned that he would thrice deny his Lord before the cock crew. It was night when Judas went out. And now was ordained that new Passover, that new feast, that most blessed, most mysterious feast of love, that Sacrament whereby we both shew forth the Lord's death, and partake of His life, that we may live by Him. "As they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." This bread He blessed, He consecrated by His blessing to be unto us His body; this wine He also consecrated to be His blood. Then His disciples fed spiritually upon their Lord; thus did this Man give us His flesh to eat, which is meat indeed; thus did He give us His blood to drink, which is drink indeed. Thus was accomplished that mystery which could not be understood by the unbelieving when they asked, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" Thus did He ordain that feast whereby His Church would be fed even unto the end of the world; thus did He ordain that feast whereby the souls of all His

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servants, new-born in Baptism, would be sustained in spiritual life and strength till they appeared before Him. Thus beforehand did He pre-figure the sacrifice of Himself, His own passion, His own sufferings, the pouring out of His blood, the rending and piercing of His body. How can we be Christ's disciples if we neglect to derive life and strength from Christ in this blessed Sacrament? How can we be His disciples if we break the loving commandment of our Lord which He gave to us the night on which He was betrayed, the night before He suffered for our sakes.

O Blessed Lord, though we be unworthy to gather up the crumbs under Thy table, may we thankfully draw near and partake of Thy Body and Blood, so that our sinful bodies may be cleansed, and our unclean souls purified by Thy Body and Blood. May we thankfully do this thing in remembrance of Thee, and so prepare ourselves for this blessed Supper that we may derive therefrom that grace and strength which Thou dost graciously convey. O Lord, we bless and praise Thee for inviting us to this mysterious banquet provided for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls.

Many comfortable words did our Lord speak

to His disciples at that Supper. He declared Himself to be the Way, the Truth, the Life. He gave the great promise of the Comforter, He shed abroad upon their hearts His gift of peace. They then sung a hymn and went out to the Mount of Olives, that beloved place where our Saviour was wont to resort with His disciples. On their road He spoke other comfortable words, and offered up a prayer to His Father for the unity of His flock.

And now our Lord drew near to the garden of Gethsemane ; leaving the rest of the disciples He took with Him the beloved three, Peter, James, and John ; then from even these three He withdrew Himself about a stone's cast, that He might be alone. Awful was that hour ; sleep was upon man, yet the Son of Man had His watch to keep ; in the stillness of the night, in the dark garden, in solitude, the sorrows of death came upon Him. He had said to His disciples, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death ;" and when He left them at a little distance this exceeding sorrow increased greatly. Agony came upon Him, bitter anguish, distress of spirit ; thrice He threw Himself upon the earth ; thrice He prayed to His Father to remove the cup of death

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from Him, if it were possible, submitting Himself to His Father's will if it behoved Him to suffer. He prayed in an agony of prayer ; He threw Himself upon the ground ; He bowed Himself to the earth ; and as He prayed His agony was so great that His sweat was as it were great drops of blood ; the sorrow of His soul so overcame the flesh that His veins gave forth blood. While He was thus suffering so very heavily, His disciples slept ; He was alone in His sorrow, and yet not alone, for an angel appeared strengthening Him.

And all this sorrow of Christ was for our sakes, by reason of our sin ; all this anguish was borne for us ; we caused it ; for us it was endured. Nothing had He done, for He was without sin. It was the weight of our sorrows which bent Him to the earth, which caused His soul to overflow with sorrow, and which made His flesh to weep forth tears of blood.

Most holy, most loving Saviour, grant that we may continually behold Thee in Thy agony, that we may learn to hate sin more and more, and more and more to love Thee for Thy most wonderful love. Blessed be Thy Name for Thy exceeding mercy in becoming the man of sorrows, who needest never have sorrowed.

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O Son of the Highest, grant that we may behold Thee in Thy agony bowed to the earth in deep abasement, bowing Thy head low, humbling Thyself before Thy Father, and teach us somewhat thus to pour out our complaint unto God, thus after the manner of Thy earnestness to offer prayers, kneeling down and seeking Thee in all times of lonely sorrow and desolation, who hast Thyself felt all the tribulations of men, who knowest all our heaviness. Have pity on us when we have to taste the bitter cup of affliction ; when our head is a fountain of tears, come down and succour us ; by Thy bloody sweat we pray Thee to comfort us in our hour of agony, and to strengthen us by Thine own presence and by the ministrations of Thine angels.

The hour was now come for the Lord to be delivered into the hands of men. With lanterns, and torches, and staves, a great multitude led by Judas, who knew the place, came and seized hold on Jesus and led Him away to Annas and Caiphas. When He was examined in the presence of the chief-priests, and elders, and scribes, and confessed Himself to be the Son of God, they did spit in His face and buffeted Him ; and “others smote Him with the palms of their *hands*.” Alas, at this time, St. Peter, on being

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asked whether he knew his Lord, thrice denied that he knew Him; then, as the cock crew, our Lord turned and looked upon Peter, he remembered His words, and went out and wept bitterly. O that we may be able bravely to confess our Lord; or if we fall, may we as quickly and as sincerely repent of our sins. It was now night. Look back and think over all the scenes of this momentous day, and in great awe consider the cursedness of sin which thus brought our Lord from all the glories of heaven to this bitter agony, to this deep shame and sorrow; consider how often we ourselves have grieved this loving Lord and forgotten the sufferings which He bore to rescue us from the power of sin. On our knees let us confess in all sincerity the greatness and multitude of our sins, praying earnestly for pardon, and resolving by the aid of the Holy Spirit to walk more closely with our Blessed Saviour for the remainder of our lives.

GOOD FRIDAY.

This day let our words be few, our thoughts many and very deep. Let us by faith behold the Man of sorrows in the height and extremity of His sorrows; let us think, meditate, ponder,

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through and through, over and over, in all ways, trying to know the great act of this great day, though we know nothing ; yet let us speak but little, let us almost hold our breath, and in awful stillness stand, as the whole scene in Scripture words passes before our eyes in its fearful vividness. It is the day of the cross, the good day, the evil day, the blessed and the bitter day. Very early was our Lord led to the high-priest and to the council. Bound with cords He was led from thence to Pilate, from Pilate to mocking Herod, and from Herod to Pilate. Judas in the meantime hanged himself, losing all he had thought to gain, and hurrying himself into that everlasting woe which he had drawn upon himself by the darkest sin ever committed upon earth. Pilate pronounced our Lord innocent; but the people thirsted for the blood of the Holy One and the wavering judge yielded to the madness of the people. Behold now the ever-blessed Jesus condemned, given over to death, even the death of the cross. Behold Him scourged, mocked with the purple robe, crowned with the sharp piercing crown of thorns, derided, stricken, bearing His cross, fainting under it, until it was laid on Simon the Cyrenian ; taken to Golgotha, offered the vinegar and gall, nailed

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upon the cross, from which He prayed for His murderers, lifted up above the blasphemous crowd, with a thief on either side, numbered among transgressors, derided by one thief, confessed by another, to whom He promised a place that day in Paradise for his most wonderful faith ; beholding His mother, loving her, caring for her in the midst of His own deepening agonies, delivering her to St. John, crying out at the ninth hour, after fearful darkness had come over the earth, those awful and mysterious words, “ Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani ;” crying out again, “ I thirst,” tasting the vinegar that was brought to Him, then saying, “ It is finished,” after this, “ Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit ;” bowing His head, giving up the ghost, the veil of the temple being at this time rent in twain.

Thus began, thus ended the scene of blood. What shall we say ! Yea, let us rather keep silence, even from good words. O Holy Saviour, what can we say concerning Thy cross, Thy suffering, Thy death ? We stand before Thee confused, awe-struck, amazed, humbled, overwhelmed with mystery, convinced of sin, over-powered with Thy love. We bow ourselves before Thee this day ; we ask to know Thy love which passeth knowledge ; we ask to know our

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own sinfulness, that we may lay the weight of our sins at Thy feet, and that by Thy cross our sins may be forgiven. All we know is that Thou didst suffer out of Thy love, that we desire to be saved by Thy blood, not knowing how to speak except with stammering lips, casting ourselves before Thee on this great, good day, and saying, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on us."

When it drew towards evening the soldiers broke the legs of the two thieves who were yet alive, and on finding that our Lord was dead already one of them pierced His side and "forthwith came thereout blood and water." Later in the evening Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus, which he laid in his own new tomb hewn out of a rock. Nicodemus also shewed his love at this time, while Mary Magdalene and the other Mary beheld where He was laid.

SATURDAY.

This was the great Sabbath; yea, it was indeed the greatest of Sabbaths, since God rested from the creation, a day of awful blessed rest, the day on which our Lord rested from the work which He had finished upon the cross,

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the day on which His body so lately in an agony, so lately scourged, rent, torn with nails, fainting, giving forth its blood which is the life, was calm and still, in deep repose, placid, unmoved, free from pain, past all suffering, taking sweet rest in Joseph's grave. Yet was it an awful stillness, awful repose and rest, for it was the rest of death; death, the mystery, the fruit of sin, was on His limbs; death had passed over Him; it was not taking of rest in sleep. Awful it is to see the stillness that comes upon any sufferer when he dies; the cry of anguish, the convulsed limbs, the tortures that precede death, yield to an awful stillness when we say, "he is dead." How much more mysterious and awful the death of the Son of Man, who is God of God! To have subjected Himself to death, to have gone through it, to have experienced the common lot of man, this is indeed a mystery. Mystery of mysteries is Christ's love manifest in His death.

Through the hours of the Sabbath He was at rest; the stone was at the door of the sepulchre; His body lay untouched and undisturbed; His soul was in Paradise. "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," had He said on the cross to the penitent and dying thief. When He gave

continue dead to the world and thus
pared for that hour when we must o
be laid in our tomb. O Blessed Jesus, wl
our hour to depart hence, grant that o
may be laid in the grave with hope, and 1
souls may pass into Paradise. Be Thou
in the hour of death, be Thou with ou
when they are separated from the flesh, a
them nearer to Thyself; take them to the
place of departed saints, who have fallen
in Thee, and in Thee have found a sat
sweet rest.

Thus, brother, have we journeyed thro
chief acts of this Holy Week. May v
grace to think of these things more de

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

THERE had been a Confirmation in the summer at a church a few miles distant from the village of Fourfield. Formerly it used to be held in the assize town, and a great blessing it was that now it was held so much nearer. For then there were such crowds together, and some had to come seven or eight miles; and then such a meeting in the public-houses afterwards, and such a strolling and idling about the town; such staring and impertinence, jeering and jesting, as made even the best-disposed think less religiously, and was a sore temptation to all.

But this year it was different. About a hundred candidates altogether had met in a quiet country church, and the farthest had barely four miles to come, and there was room for the god-parents, as the Prayer-book orders; and there was no need to go into a public-house at all, but the elders walked back with the younger, and all was orderly and peaceful and quiet.

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

I do not mean to say that all thought as soberly as they ought. “The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” and some there were who would rather have been at the assize town, and who hoped they should have had a treat at the Red Lion. But these were not many, and some few were *very* glad of the quiet. There was scarcely any thing to disturb their holy resolutions, which they thought upon as they came home.

Twenty-three candidates had gone from Fourfield. Amongst these were five or six middle-aged people, who, by God’s grace, were beginning to try and fill up what had been left too long undone: and there were two quite old people, who had been dissenters all their lives, but were now returning to the One Fold. And the rest were young men and women, such as commonly come.

It had been an anxious time for the parson of Fourfield. Even of those who were middle-aged, married people, one or two were very ignorant, and though they seemed to wish to be confirmed, yet they did not think they had done very wrong in neglecting it so long. So hard is it for us to root out secret pride, and confess ourselves really sinners!

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

And of the younger ones some there were to whom he almost trembled to give tickets. For though they answered quick and well, and came regularly to him, yet there seemed to be but little seriousness. Oh! how he did caution them what a solemn thing it was to make a promise to God! and how he prayed that God would touch their hearts, and that his fears and doubts might prove groundless.

And one there was, whom whenever the parson saw, he said to himself, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and prayed to God to teach him that truth. This one had been a good scholar, and was fond of reading; but he seemed to read more for the sake of reading than of learning; and he answered all the parson's questions as if they were too easy and common; and as if he thought that the devil could not get over such a good scholar as he. In truth, the parson's heart was anxious for him, and many others.

About three months had passed. More or less the parson's eye had been upon those who had so lately given in their names and promises to the service of Christ. Of the twenty-three, twelve only had become communicants. These were the old man and woman, four of the

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middle-aged, and six of the younger. Two of the married people had promised, but the Holy Communion had now been administered more than once, and they came not. The young man who was so good a scholar came not. These three professed to have liked very much what the Bishop had said. They wished they "could sit under him often." But alas ! his manner, more than his solemn charge to them, was what they liked. They thought more of how he had given them a "beautiful discourse," than of their own promise, or of Christ's blessing.

Of one young man the parson had lost sight ; and sorely he grieved when some of the others stayed away from church, or behaved badly, and seemed to have forgotten their promise altogether.

If a minister's heart is heavy and grieved when his flock wander, what must be the Great Shepherd's woe, whose love was such that He laid down His life for the sheep. How sorely must He be vexed ! how grievously must He be wearied with us ! Good people, think for yourselves !

"Well, Henry, I have met with you at last," said the parson to a young labouring man, one

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

evening. "Have you been away?" "No, Sir, but you see I'm very late home at nights now, Sir. It's hard upon three miles from New Farm yonder, and sometimes work takes me as much beyond t'other way." "Oh! you are at New Farm, are you? Well, come to my house, will you, if you can, some evening; I should like to speak to you: and Henry, bring your Prayer-book."

The next evening found Henry in the parson's study, but no Prayer-book in his hand; how was that? "Why, Sir," said Henry, in explanation, "the truth is, the children have had it, and they've pulled it a'most all to pieces." "How do you manage at church, then?" "Well, Sir, I don't know," and Henry looked as if he had rather not be asked much about church.

The parson paused for a moment, and then suddenly but gravely asked, "Did you ever make any promises to any one, Henry?" "Sir!" said the young man, for he was puzzled at the question, and tone too. "Did you ever, I said, make any promises to any one," repeated the parson slowly. "Promises, Sir!—Not that I know of," said Henry, after some time. "Well, do you know what day of the week this is?" "To be sure, Sir; it's Tuesday." "Can you recollect any thing par-

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

ticular which has happened to you on a Tuesday lately?" "On a Tuesday, Sir?—No, Sir, nothing as I know, unless you mean my leaving Mr. Jones to work for master at New Farm there; I know folk spoke about it, because I'd been so long with Mr. Jones; but I never made any promise to stay with him," said Henry, (thinking now he had hit upon what the parson meant,) "I was only on from week to week; but perhaps you mean that, Sir?" "No, Henry, I do not exactly mean that; but do you recollect any thing else of the same kind, which happened two Tuesdays before that, when you had your choice to make between two masters, and you did choose One, and said you would serve Him always? You know what I mean now, do you not?" "Well, Sir," said Henry at last, "I suppose you mean about being confirmed?" "Yes; you made a promise then, didn't you?" "Well, Sir, I expect I did; but I didn't think you meant that kind of promise, when you asked." "What do you mean, Henry, by *that kind of promise*? Is not a promise a promise to whomsoever it is made? Think what a promise is. If you leave Mr. Stagley at New Farm, and come to work for me, and you engage to work your best, and do what is wanted, and not go away just anywhere where

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

you can get another shilling a week : if you engage with me on those terms, that is a promise to me, is it not?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, Henry, where is the difference between that sort of promise, and the one you made at Confirmation? Did you not come then to Christ Jesus, and say that you would be His servant, and undertake to do what He required of you ; and to keep away from what would grieve Him ; and did you not engage to keep with Him, and not to leave Him just because some pleasure or gain tempted you ? Henry," continued the parson gravely, "learn to look upon what you *have* promised, seriously. You know well it will never be an excuse to say, 'I didn't think of it.' What you undertook at Confirmation was as much a promise to Christ, as if you had agreed, and written down on paper, and had it witnessed, and signed, and all. But, my dear young man, it was the greatest promise you ever did make, or ever can make. It was made not to man, but to God : not in a farm house or a cottage, but in God's House : not for a few years, but for all your life. And think who heard you ! Not only a few neighbours, though they *did* witness it, but God the Father, and His Son, our Master Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost ; yes, and the blessed angels. And

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

think in whose book that promise is written—in God's book, which will be opened—you, Henry, know when, I am sure—at the day of judgment, and men shall be judged out of that book, you and I, and all who were confirmed that day, or beforetime, and said those two words, 'I do.' And will it do *then* to say, 'we did not think it was a promise?'

"Henry," continued the parson after a pause, "you recollect what those words 'I do' mean?"
"Yes, Sir." "Well, tell me yourself, for they were your own words." "I do make for myself the promises that my god-parents made for me at my Baptism, and I do resolve to keep them." "You were fully instructed, Henry, what those promises meant; have you thought about them?" "A little, Sir." "Think about them, my man, not a little, but much—daily. Just as you think in the morning what work you have got to do for your master at the farm, so think, too, what work you have got to do for your heavenly Master. For *every* day, be sure, there is some 'work of the devil' which you have promised to renounce and forsake. There is some self-will, or pride, which you must give up: some lust, and bad desire which you must check: some pleasure which you must not follow: some common custom which

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

you must not be led by, but must go against, for *you have promised* to do so.

"And, Henry, you know it is not only that you have so solemnly promised to leave off what is wrong ; but you have also engaged to do what is right ; to go forwards ; not to be half and half, just keeping out of *great* sin, but really setting yourself to do what you know will please God, and to shew a good example to others.

"And now before you leave me to-night, I will just give you a short prayer, which you can use by yourself as often as possible. But first, we will kneel down, and say it together.

"Let us pray.

"ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, who hast called me by Thy grace to be baptized and confirmed, and for myself to choose the service of Thy Son ; grant to me, daily to remember what I have chosen and promised, and to continue Thy faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end : through the same Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

A few evenings after this Henry was again at the parsonage. "I wanted to see you again, Henry," said the parson, "because there were

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

one or two more things to say on the subject we were talking about. So sit down, will you and let us think it over a little more.

"I feel that the great point for you is this. As you were taught before the Bishop came, that you were going to make a promise, and undertake a service; so now that you have been before him, remember that you *have* made a promise, and *have* engaged in the service of the Lord.

"It often happens, you know, that when a servant goes to a new place, he knows the general work he will have to do, but the particular ways of his master or mistress he only learns after he has been there a time, by degrees, according as he finds what they like." "Yes, and the longer he stays the more handy he gets if he takes any pleasure in it at all." "To be sure," said the parson: "well, it is not much different in religion. At the young age at which most are confirmed, what they chiefly know the general nature of Christ's service: the particular duties, and the things which most especially please Him, they will get at by degrees step by step, by watching and enquiring the heavenly Master's mind: by seeing what other fellow-christian servants of good character

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

but of course chiefly by listening to, and following the instruction of those who speak to them in Christ's name as His Ministers.

"But I do not want this evening to say more on this point than to remind you again, that by your promise you are engaged to do *every thing* you can to please our Lord: and that every year of your life will bring you something more to go on to. Do your best now, Henry, and it will become a pleasure to you to do more by-and-by.

"But, Henry, when we look back upon Confirmation, we must not look *only* upon our own part, *our* promise. No, for comfort and strength we must look also upon God's part: upon what He did for us, and gave us." "The blessing, Sir, you mean." "Yes, the blessing which He gave through the Bishop. The Bishop, you know, stood there, as it were in the place of Christ: He laid His hands upon your head; and it was as if He said, 'I receive you, My son; I receive your promise; I receive you as My soldier and servant; you shall be Mine, and I will be yours: I now give you My Holy Spirit.'

"Now, Henry, I would wish that you could feel again and again that the laying on of the hands of the Bishop was much more than a mere outward sign. It was a 'certifying' you, a making

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you *sure* of God's favour and gracious goodness towards you : it was giving you something to carry away with you, and take care of, and use when the occasion came.

"What ought to be your feeling then? It ought to be this. 'I have offered myself to Christ, and He has accepted me: His Spirit is given me: He has certified that He is ready to help me, that He will always care for me, that He will never forget that I am His. By my Confirmation I have carried that certainty away, and please God I will not let it go; no, not for ever.'

"One word more, then, Henry. You have got that blessing, make use of it! Do not be afraid and say, 'How shall I do differently from everybody round; how shall I ever get through all these temptations;' but meet them one by one with that gift of the Holy Ghost; meet them firmly, and they will not stand against you.

"Or if, as is more likely at your age, you do not seem to see much difficulty at present, yet still keep the remembrance of that blessing, as of something which will be of great use to you some day: think often that you have got it, and what a great thing it is; and see if you cannot find a use for it. Remember, in short, that the

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

promise you made has been met by a promise from God, and that if you try not to fail in yours, He for certain will never fail in His.

“ Now I have written out for you a few questions, which you will find it very useful to ask yourself, and which will help to shew you what you should particularly pray for. I have also written out for you some prayers: the two first you may use at any time. I recommend you to learn them by heart, and say them always on the day of the week on which you were confirmed. The other prayers you should use before you are coming to the Holy Communion. Use them, if you can, every day in the week before you come; or at least on Saturday night and Sunday morning. Here they are, Henry, and now good night to you, and may God bless you, and keep you in the right way !”

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

1. Have I, since I was confirmed, thought about my promise?
2. Have I been as earnest in my prayers at home and at church, as I should be?

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

3. Am I trying my best to keep away from bad company, and to root out my faults?

4. Am I preparing myself for Holy Communion?

5. Have I, since I was confirmed, remembered my heavenly Father's blessing in the gift of the Holy Ghost which I then received?

6. Am I thankful to God for having taken me to be His child and servant?

7. Do I believe with full faith and comfort that Jesus Christ is my Master, and will never forsake me?

P R A Y E R S.

**1. FOR A PERSON WHO HAS BEEN LATELY
CONFIRMED.**

O LORD Jesus Christ, who hast appointed Thy servants the Bishops to bless in Thy name; grant that the blessing which I have received may abide upon me in all trials and temptations; to Thy honour and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

O ALMIGHTY God, who didst seal me by Thy Spirit in Confirmation, and didst renew Thine own promise of saving me at the last day ; grant that I may faithfully use Thy gifts of grace, and abound more and more in holiness and heavenly wisdom. Withdraw not Thy grace from me, but lead me on and guide me into all pure and holy ways, that I may be preserved blameless in the midst of an evil world, and may always cleave to that which is good, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **AMEN.**

2. BEFORE THE TIME OF HOLY COMMUNION.

O GOD our heavenly Father, who of Thy great mercy hast called me to be confirmed in the service of Thy Son, Christ our Lord ; grant, I beseech Thee, that by the Holy Communion of His Body and Blood now offered to me, I may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come to Thine everlasting kingdom : through the same Thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast by Thy mercy called me to the heavenly feast of the Supper of

A FEW WORDS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

our Lord ; grant that I may carefully prepare myself for the feast, and worthily partake of it. Give me a repentant, a believing, charitable mind, that I may receive all the benefits which Thou dost convey in this blessed Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood. Hear this, my prayer, for Jesus Christ's sake ! AMEN.

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Q U E S T I O N S

TO

C A N D I D A T E S

FOR

C O N F I R M A T I O N.

FIRST SERIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following questions were compiled in imitation of a plan successfully adopted by the Incumbent of a large Metropolitan district, and were intended originally for private use. They are now published at the suggestion of some who consider that they will be of service to many of the Clergy.

It is frequently a matter of difficulty to ascertain the amount of religious knowledge which those who seek the holy rite of Confirmation have acquired. To facilitate this, it is recommended that these questions be proposed at the time the candidate gives in his name, with a request that written answers be returned with all due speed. These will enable the Parish Priest to discover to what points in particular his subsequent instructions must be directed.

Local circumstances may render it advisable not to set all the questions; which should be omitted, it is deemed better to leave entirely to the judgment of the Examiner.

I.

HOLY BAPTISM.

1. WHAT is the natural state of every child of man born into the world ?

What sacrifice did God ordain to redeem man from sin ?

2. What Sacrament is appointed as the means by which we may first obtain an interest in that sacrifice ?

How many Sacraments are there ?

What do you mean by a Sacrament ?

How many parts are there in a Sacrament ?

What is the outward part in Baptism ?

What the inward part or thing signified ?

3. When, by whom, and in what words, was Holy Baptism ordained ? Matt. xxviii. 19.

Had our blessed Lord given any previous intimation of its necessity ? John iii. 5.

4. Why was the Lord Jesus baptized, seeing that He knew no sin ? Matt. iii. 15.

See also, the First Prayer in the Baptismal Service.

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II.

BAPTISMAL VOWS.

WHAT do you mean by your *Christian name*?

Who gave it you?

What did your godfathers and godmothers for you?

Are you bound to do all they undertook in your name?

Why?

If you do not keep these promises, what will be the consequence?

What was the first promise made in your name?

What three things are you to put away from you?

Will the devil flee from you if you fight against him?

Quote a passage from Holy Scripture to prove this.

How should a Christian look upon the things of the world? Eccles. i.; 1 John ii.; Col. iii.

What are the lusts or works of the flesh?

What does St. Paul say of them who do such things? Gal. v.

May the young give way to their passions and sinful appetites? 2 Tim. ii.

4. Where do you find the chief articles of the Christian faith collected?

What does the Church of England say concerning creeds?

See Eighth Article of Religion.

BAPTISMAL VOWS.

5. Can you mention any occasions on which the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are related in Holy Scripture to have been present ?

Prove by texts from the Bible that "the Father is God" (Eph. vi.), "the Son is God" (John xx.), and "the Holy Ghost is God" (Acts v. 3, 4), and yet "they are not three Gods, but one God" (Deut. vi.).

6. What is the third thing promised and vowed by you through your sponsors in your Baptism ?

Where do you find your duty described for you ?

What two precepts of our blessed Saviour contain the whole of your duty to God and to your neighbour ?

Who is your neighbour ?

7. Which Commandments relate to your duty to God ?

Which to your duty to your neighbour ?

Explain each of the Commandments, by quoting from the summaries given in the Catechism of your duty to God and to your neighbour ?

8. Is outward obedience sufficient, while the heart is far from God ? 2 Cor. x.

III

PRAYER.

1. ARE you able, in your own strength, to do all that you have promised?
Of what, then, have you especial need?
How is this to be sought for?
2. Have we need of any mediator or intercessor to forward our petitions to God?
Quote Holy Scripture in proof of your answer.
Is there more than one?
3. Quote from the Old and New Testament any texts which enjoin *private prayer*. Was our blessed Lord frequent in private devotion?
4. Are there any particular blessings promised to unite public worship? Matt. xviii. 19, 20.
What admonition does St. Paul give us on this matter? Heb. x.
Was our blessed Lord careful to be present in the temple and in the synagogues on the Sabbath day?

PRAYER.

5. Give a brief explanation of the Lord's Prayer.
6. How did you obtain the privilege of calling God your Father? Rom. viii. 15.

IV.

CONFIRMATION.

1. Have you any other means by which you may seek and obtain God's grace?

Name them. What is Confirmation?

2. Had the Jewish Church any ceremony at all similar?

Have we reason to suppose that our blessed Lord observed this? Luke ii.

3. Is Confirmation a Divine ordinance?

How does St. Paul speak of it? Heb. vi.

What order of clergy can alone administer it? Acts viii.

Show that the Apostles considered it necessary. Acts viii., xix.

4. Does the Church of England order every baptized person to be confirmed?

See the address at the end of the Baptismal Office, and the Rubric after the Office of Adult Baptism.

Are you not then bound to observe this holy rite?

Should you deem it a sin to neglect it, where it may be had?

Do you incur thereby any obligations which you have not already incurred by your Baptism?

CONFIRMATION.

5. What benefits do you seek in Confirmation ?
What does God covenant to do to you ?
What are you bound to confirm, or renew ?
6. Is there any symbolical sign in the administration of this ordinance ?
Of what is it significant ?
7. Do you desire, and intend, immediately and regularly after you are confirmed, to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ?

V.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

1. When, and for what reason, was the Sacra-
ment of the Lord's Supper ordained?

Had our blessed Lord given any previous
intimation to His disciples, that to par-
take of it was necessary to salvation?
John vi.

2. Quote St. Paul's account of the institution.
1 Cor. xi. From whom does St. Paul
say he received this?

3. What is the outward part, or sign, in the
Lord's Supper?

What the inward part, or thing signified?

Quote St. Paul to prove this. 1 Cor. x.

What do "the wicked and such as be void of
a lively faith" take therein?

See Twenty-ninth Article of Religion.

What are the benefits of which the faithful are
partakers thereby?

4. Is there any symbolic action in the adminis-
tration of this Sacrament?

What does this represent?

In what do we claim an interest by celebrating
Holy Communion? 1 Cor. xi. 26; John
vi. 56.

• THE HOLY COMMUNION.

5. Give texts from Holy Scripture to prove that the sacrifice of Christ was necessary to man's redemption; and to shew what benefits we derive from Christ's Resurrection (Rom. iv. 25; 1 Cor. xv. 17, 21—23); and Ascension (Psalm lxviii. 18; John xvi. 7; xiv. 2; Heb. iv. 14; ix. 24).
6. What is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper?

Express this in four words. Can you neglect, or turn away from this without injury to your soul (John vi.); and without committing a sin? (Luke xxii. 19; 1 John ii. 4).

How often is it wise to partake of this Sacrament?

VI.

THE CHURCH.

1. What do you profess in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds to believe concerning the Church ?

What is the meaning of "the Church," as given in the nineteenth Article of Religion?

What do you mean by *Catholic*? what by *Apostolic*? Eph. ii. 20; Acts ii. 42.

2. By what title does our blessed Lord call the Church in many of His parables?

Who make up the Church in earth?

Are the good and bad mingled together in it?
Matt. xiii. 30; Rom. ix. 6; 2 Tim. ii. 20.

3. What is meant by the Church being One?

How does St. Paul speak of this? 1 Cor. xii.,
Eph. iv.

THE CHURCH.

4. When the Apostles founded Churches at Samaria, Antioch, and other places, were these looked upon as separate bodies, or as branches of the One Holy Catholic Church ?

5. What orders of clergy are there in the Church?

Which is the first order?

Who are these successors of?

Are they necessary to the existence and government of the Church?

What bishops did St. Paul consecrate?

Of what Churches had they the rule?

By what other name are bishops styled in Holy Scripture? Rev. i., ii., iii.

6. What is the second order of clergy?

By what title are they called in Holy Scripture? Acts xx. 17.

7. Give an account of the first ordination of deacons. Acts vi.

THE CHURCH.

8. Was there a branch of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church in Britain before St. Augustine came to preach in A.D. 597?

9. Had the Pope of Rome any right to claim absolute dominion over the Church in England?

In whose reign did the English throw off this usurped dominion?

About what date was this?

10. Is schism a sin?

Why? 1 Cor. i. 10—13; xi. 17—19.

Among what sins does the Church of England reckon it?

See the Litany, "From all sedition," &c.

How does she teach us to pray for unity?

See Prayer for all conditions of men; Collect for St. Simon and St. Jude's day; and Prayer for the Church militant.

11. What privileges are enjoyed in the Church?

By what four marks were the faithful members of the Church known in the Apostles' days? Acts ii. 42.

THE CHURCH.

12. Is it any advantage to us to be members of Christ's Church unless we are striving after a holy life? Rev. i. 5; iii. 1—3.

Is it then possible for us to quench the Spirit within our hearts, and reject the counsel of God against ourselves? 1 Thess. v. 19.

What fruits will a sincere Churchman ever be producing? Gal. v.

What then will be his reward?

Q U E S T I O N S

TO

C A N D I D A T E S

FOR

C O N F I R M A T I O N.

—

SECOND SERIES.

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This series will be found to differ slightly from the first, being designed for the use of those who have had the advantage of a good education, and, therefore, containing more difficult and searching questions.

I.

HOLY BAPTISM.

1. What is the state and condition of every child of man born into the world?

Whence has this its origin?

Does *original or birth sin* consist in sinning like Adam?

If not, define in what it does consist.

See Ninth Article.

2. What means has God appointed in the Church to remedy this?

Is "birth-sin" so entirely done away, that no tendency to evil remains?

3. Give the *literal* and the *sacramental* meaning of the word "Baptism."

When, and by whom, and in what words, was this Sacrament ordained?

Had any previous intimation of its necessity been given?

To whom? John iii.

4. Was our blessed Lord baptized?

By whom?

Can you give any reason for this? Matt. iii.

First Prayer in the Order of Public Baptism of Infants.

In what did the Baptism of John and the Baptism in the Name of the Lord Jesus differ?
Acts xix.

5. Were there any converts to the Christian faith in the days of the Apostles who were not baptized?

HOLY BAPTISM.

What do you infer from this?

Mention some remarkable converts who were by Baptism made members of Christ.

6. It is said in the Catechism that Holy Baptism and Holy Communion are "generally" necessary to salvation—what do you understand by the word *generally*?

Illustrate your answer by a reference to any other part of the Book of Common Prayer.

See the Office for the Baptism of Adults.

Show that the account of St. Paul's conversion (Acts ix., xxii.) is a testimony to the statement of Hooker (book v. sect. lvii. 4), "It is not ordinarily God's will to bestow the grace of Sacraments on any, but by the Sacraments."

7. What ordinance of the Jewish Church corresponded with the Sacrament of Baptism?

At what age was this administered?

8. Have we any command, direct or implied, to bring our infants to be baptized?

What does the Church say on this subject?

See Twenty-Seventh Article; first Rubric to the Office of Private Baptism.

9. What *matter*, and what *words*, are essential to make Baptism valid?

Why does the Church order the sign of the cross to be made on the infant's forehead?

See Office for the Public Baptism of Infants.

10. What are the benefits which the baptized receive in this Sacrament?

In what relation do they stand to God?

Quote Holy Scripture in proof of your answer.

II.

BAPTISMAL VOWS.

1. Explain fully, " My godfathers and godmothers in my Baptism did promise and vow three things in my name."

How far are you bound by their promise?

If you fail in your engagement what will be the result?

Give Scriptural proofs.

2. What is the first thing required of persons to be baptized?

Explain what three things in particular you have vowed to renounce.

Give proofs from Holy Scripture that the Christian is able by Divine Grace to overcome Satan.

Also quote from the Old and New Testament any text which may shew how the world and its pomps and vanity are to be regarded. Eccles.; 1 John; Coloss.

What are the lusts or works of the flesh? Gal. v.

Is it permitted to the young to indulge in these?
Epis. to Timothy.

Enumerate those graces which the baptized are to strive to exhibit in their life and conversation.

3. What brief summary have we of the chief Articles of our Faith?

What does the Church say concerning Creeds?

See Article of Religion.

Why is the Creed, contained in the Form of Daily Prayer, and in the Catechism, called the Apostles' Creed?

BAPTISMAL VOWS.

4. What title is given to that Creed which we use in the office for Holy Communion?

Why was it so called?

Can you give any historical account of it?

Who was the great champion of the Faith by whose name the third Creed is called?

Did he compose it?

5. Mention any occasions on which the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are related in Holy Scripture to have been present.

Give Scriptural proofs that "the Father is God," "the Son is God," "the Holy Ghost is God," "and yet They are not Three Gods, but One God."

6. Give in three words the three things promised and vowed by you through your sponsors in your Baptism.

What is the third at length?

7. Where do you find the duty of a Christian set forth? What two precepts of our Blessed Lord comprehend the whole of these?

By what word are the Ten Commandments designated?

On what were these originally written?

Which commandments contain your duty towards God?

What are these called?

Which your duty towards your neighbour?

What are these styled?

Who is your neighbour?

8. Explain each commandment by the summary which the Catechism contains of your duty to God and to your neighbour.

Show that outward obedience is of no avail, unless the heart be right with God. 2 Cor. x., and any other passages you may recollect.

III.

PRAYER.

1. Are you able, in your own strength, to do all that you have promised by your sponsors?

Of what then have you especial need?

How is this to be sought for?

2. Quote passages from Holy Scripture to prove the necessity of a Mediator or Intercessor between God and man. Is there more than one?

3. Shew the necessity of *private* and *public* prayer, by texts from the Old and New Testament.

Was our Blessed Lord careful to use private prayer, and to be present at the services of the Temple and the synagogues?

What inference do you draw from this?

4. What grounds have we for supposing that God accepts man's offering of Houses set apart and consecrated to His service?

Are any blessings specially promised to them who meet together for Common Prayer in such Holy Places?

PRAYER.

5. State any arguments you can in favour of a precomposed Liturgy, and against extempore prayers.
Why is the Prayer Book of the Church of England called the "Book of Common Prayer?"
6. Give a short paraphrase or explanation of the Lord's Prayer.

IV.

CONFIRMATION.

1. What is the original and literal meaning of the word
“Sacrament?”

What do you mean by the word in its higher sense,
as used in the Catechism?

How many Sacraments has Christ ordained in His
Church?

Shew the three points you regard to be requisite to
constitute a Sacrament.

2. Is the Holy Spirit given to us in all His fulness at
Baptism?

Have we any grounds for supposing that He will at
any subsequent period come unto us?

What rite is ordered for the conveyance of the Divine
Gift?

Define the ordinance and the graces bestowed upon a
meet recipient.

By what other significant names is it known?

3. Had the Jewish Church any rite which at all bore a
resemblance to this?

What reasons have you to suppose that our Blessed
Lord observed it? Luke ii.

CONFIRMATION.

4. Is Confirmation a Divine ordinance ?

On what grounds do you make this answer ?

Prove that it was regarded by the Apostles as essential, and consequently generally practised. Acts viii. ; xix.

In what rank does St. Paul place it ? Heb. vi.

What order of clergy can alone administer it ?

5. What does the Church of England, either in Rubrics or any other part of the Prayer Book, say of Confirmation ?

Are you therefore bound to observe this holy ordinance ?

Do you thereby incur any obligation which you have not already incurred by your Baptism ?

6. What is required of those who come to be confirmed ?

What benefits are you seeking in partaking of this holy rite ?

Do you desire and intend, immediately, and regularly after your Confirmation, to be a partaker of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ?

7. Is any symbolic action used in administering Confirmation ?

Of what is it emblematic ?

V.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

1. When was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

Had our Blessed Lord given any previous intimation that this, like Holy Baptism, was necessary to salvation? John vi.

In Baptism, life was given; in Confirmation, strength and illumination: what blessing is attached to a faithful partaking of the Lord's Supper?

2. Quote St. Paul's account of the Institution. 1 Cor. Was he an eye-witness? or whence did he obtain the knowledge?

By what other names is this Sacrament known?

3. How many parts are there in a Sacrament?

What is the outward part, or sign, in the Lord's Supper?

What the inward part, or thing signified?

Quote St. Paul to confirm your statement.

By what mean is the inward part received? Art. xxviii.

What do "the wicked, and such as be void of a lively faith," take therein? Art. xxix.

What are the benefits of which the faithful are partakers thereby?

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

What injuries do the wicked bring on themselves by their irreverent partaking?

4. Is there any symbolic action in the administration of this Sacrament?

What does this represent?

In what do we, by celebrating the Holy Eucharist, plead an interest?

5. Was the sacrifice of Christ necessary to man's redemption?

Prove this by quotations from Holy Scripture.

Do you know of any types that God had fore-ordained of this sacrifice?

Quote any prophecies you may remember concerning the Crucifixion, with their fulfilment.

6. Explain how Christ was "the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. xiii. 8.

What blessings did Christ procure for us by His Resurrection and Ascension?

7. Mention in four words what is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper.

Can you neglect or turn away from this Holy Sacrament without committing a sin against God's law, and endangering the welfare of your soul? John vi.

How often ought you to receive it?

VI.

THE CHURCH.

1. What do you profess in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds to believe concerning the Church?

Explain the various meanings which are attached to the word "Church."

Which is the meaning designed in the Creeds?

Illustrate your answer by a reference to the Articles of Religion, and any other part of the Book of Common Prayer you may call to mind.

2. How is the Church "*holy*?" 1 Pet. i.; 2 Tim. i.; Eph. iv.; 1 Cor. iii.

What do you mean by the word *Catholic*? and how does this title apply to the Church? Matt. xxviii.; Mark xvi.; Eph. iv.

Can any one branch of the Church claim the title of Catholic to the exclusion of the rest?

How is the Church *Apostolic*? Eph. ii.; Acts ii.

How is the Church *One*? Eph. iv.; John x.; 1 Cor. x.; Rom. xii.; 1 Cor. xii.

3. Of whom is the Church composed?

By what title does our Blessed Lord call His Church in many of His Parables?

Give Scriptural proofs that on earth the good and bad will be mingled together in this Society.

By what four marks are the true members distinguished? Acts ii.

THE CHURCH.

4. When the Apostles planted churches in Samaria, Antioch, and other places, were these considered separate bodies, or merely branches of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church?

5. What order of Clergy are necessary to the existence and government of the Church?

Did the Apostles receive any authority to hand down their office to others, who in like manner were again to transmit it? Matt. xxvii. 20.

Name any Bishops mentioned in the New Testament as consecrated by the Apostles.

Quote any text in which *directions* are given to these Bishops to ordain.

By what other titles were Bishops denominated? Rev. i., ii., iii.

6. What other orders of Clergy are in the Church?

By what titles is the second order distinguished in the New Testament?

Have these always existed since the Apostles' time?

Give an account of the first ordination of Deacons.

7. On what ground does the Church of England claim to be a branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church?

Have we any reasons to suppose that a branch was planted in Britain before the mission of St. Augustine, A.D. 597?

THE CHURCH.

8. In what century did the Pope begin to usurp dominion over the Anglican Church?

In what reign did the English set about throwing off this usurped dominion?

Is the Church of England, as she now exists, a New Church?

Upon what principle did the Reformers act?

9. In what light does Holy Scripture represent "Schism?"

How does the Church of England regard it?

What language does she put into her children's mouths to pray for unity?

10. "The Church hath power to decree Rites or Ceremonies, and authority in Controversies of Faith."

"The Church is a witness and keeper of Holy Writ."

Art. xx.

Explain these assertions, and prove them fully from Holy Scripture.

Enumerate the privileges enjoyed in the Church.

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PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

1. **WHAT** is the common meaning of the word *Confirmation*?

Confirmation means making *firm*, strengthening, establishing.

2. What is meant by Confirmation, as a religious Ordinance?

It means two things :—(1) *Our* confirming ;
(2) *God's* confirming.

3. What will *you* confirm at your Confirmation?

The Promise and Vow which our Godfathers and Godmothers made for us in our Baptism.

4. What will *GOD* confirm?

God will confirm the grace given us at our Baptism, and give new gifts of the Holy Spirit to those who are rightly disposed.

5. Shew from the Confirmation Service, how the first of these, your own confirming, will take place.

The Bishop will ask us this question ; “Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your Baptism ; ratifying and confirming the same in

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do, all those things which your Godfathers and Godmothers then undertook for you?"—And we shall all answer audibly, "I do."

6. Shew how the second, God's confirming, takes place.

The Bishop says a prayer in which he makes mention of our Baptism, and the gifts which God then gave us, which are regeneration and remission of sins. Then he prays God to strengthen us with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and to daily increase in us His seven-fold gifts. After this the Bishop will lay his hand on the head of every one severally, and say,

"Defend, O Lord, these Thy servants with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until they come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

It is in this laying on of the Bishop's hand that God's Confirming takes place.

7. Why is not Confirmation a Sacrament, as fully as Baptism?

Because it is not said to have been ordained by Christ Himself, but by His inspired Apostles.

8. In what passages of Scripture is it found?

Acts viii. 14—17; xix. 1—6; Hebrews vi. 1, 2.

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9. What do we learn from the first of these passages?

St. Philip had gone into Samaria to preach the Gospel, and had baptized those who believed. But though he had authority to baptize, he had no power (being only a deacon) to give the Holy Ghost by laying on of hands. Only an Apostle or Bishop could do this, and therefore St. Peter and St. John were sent; and when they laid their hands on the baptized, they received the Holy Ghost.

10. What do we find in the second passage?

St. Paul, on a visit to Ephesus, found twelve disciples, who had received only the Baptism of St. John the Baptist, and did not even know whether there were any Holy Ghost. St. Paul caused them to be baptized with Christian Baptism, and then laid his hands on them (that is, confirmed them) and they received the Holy Ghost.

11. What *extraordinary* gifts of the Holy Ghost were bestowed upon those who were confirmed by the Apostles themselves?

They spake languages which they had never learned, and prophesied.

12. What *ordinary* gifts were bestowed upon them?

The manifold gifts of grace of the Holy Ghost the Comforter,—‘the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

ghostly *strength*, the spirit of *knowledge* and true *godliness*, and the spirit of God's holy *fear*.*

13. Do we expect to receive the same gifts in Confirmation as they did who were confirmed by the Apostles themselves?

We do not expect the extraordinary or miraculous gifts, because they were given for a particular purpose, to convert the heathen; and when whole nations became Christian, were no longer necessary.

14. Are we entitled to expect the same ordinary gifts?

We are. These are necessary for Christians in all ages, and our Saviour promised that the Comforter whom He would send to His Church should abide with it for ever. John xiv. 16, 17.

15. What is the third passage of Scripture in which Confirmation is found?

Hebrews vi. 1, 2; where it is spoken of as one of "the principles of the doctrine of Christ."

16. What are those *Principles*, and how does it appear that Confirmation is one?

* See the First Collect in the Confirmation Service. The words are taken from the Septuagint version of Isaiah xi. 2. The common version names six gifts only, but the gifts of the Spirit are always spoken of as sevenfold. Compare Rev. i. 4; iv. 5.

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

The principles are Repentance, Faith, Baptism, *Laying on of Hands*, Resurrection, and Future Judgment ; and Laying on of Hands must mean Confirmation.

17. Why *must* it ?

Because it was used either to confirm, or to ordain, or to heal the sick. But St. Paul is speaking of a principle of Christianity proper not for particular persons, as the sick and the Clergy, but for all. Therefore it must mean Confirmation.

18. Are there any other notices of Confirmation in Scripture ?

In the early Church, Baptism was called the *enlightening*, and Confirmation the *sealing* of a Christian ; and St. Paul is supposed to refer to Confirmation when he says of Christ, “in whom also after that ye believed, ye were *sealed* with the Holy Spirit of promise.” Ephes. i. 13. Compare 2 Cor. i. 21, 22.

19. At what age was Confirmation administered in the early Church ?

Soon after Baptism ; and this is still the practice in the Eastern Churches.

20. Why has our Church ordered otherwise ?

‘For the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order, That none hereafter shall be Confirmed, *but such as can say the Creed, the Lord’s*’

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other Questions as in the Short Catechism are contained.' (*Preface to the Order of Confirmation.*)

21. Is a baptized person released from his Baptismal Vow because he refuses to be confirmed?

No. His Godfathers and Godmothers will bear their own sins only, and he will increase his sin by neglecting an ordinance of the Church which God has appointed to be a channel of blessing.

22. May Confirmation ever be repeated?

No. As Baptism is given once to bestow regeneration or new birth*, so Confirmation is given once to bestow the Spirit of strength. In Baptism spiritual life is imparted, in Confirmation it is strengthened, and the Holy Communion is the appointed means by which it is to be continually sustained†.

23. What is the duty of Confirmed persons as respects the Unity of the Church?

By partaking of this solemn Ordinance of the Church, we openly avow ourselves her sincere members, and pledge ourselves to abstain from every act of schism, continuing stedfastly in the

* See John iii. 5; Titus iii. 5; 1 Peter iii. 21; 1 Cor. xii. 13; Ephes. v. 25, 26.

† See John vi. 51—57; 1 Corinth. x. 16, 17; 1 Corinth. xi. 23—28.

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and obeying those set over us in the Lord.

24. What is ordered in the Rubric at the end of the Confirmation Service?

That none shall be admitted to the Holy Communion until he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed.

FORM OF PRAYER to be added to the daily Private Prayers of those preparing for Confirmation.

O ALMIGHTY God, I beseech Thee graciously to look upon me Thy servant, who am called by Thy Providence to be a partaker of the holy rite of Confirmation.

I yield Thee most humble and hearty thanks that I was born of Christian parents, and that Thou hast vouchsafed to regenerate me with water and the Holy Ghost, and to incorporate me into Thy Holy Church.

Grant me grace duly to perform the solemn vow and covenant made with Thee in Baptism, that I may approach this holy Ordinance with meek heart and due reverence, and may be fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction.

Renew in me, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION.

malice of the Devil or by my own carnal will and frailness ; preserve and continue me in the unity of the Church ; and grant that I may never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the Devil, and continue His faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end.

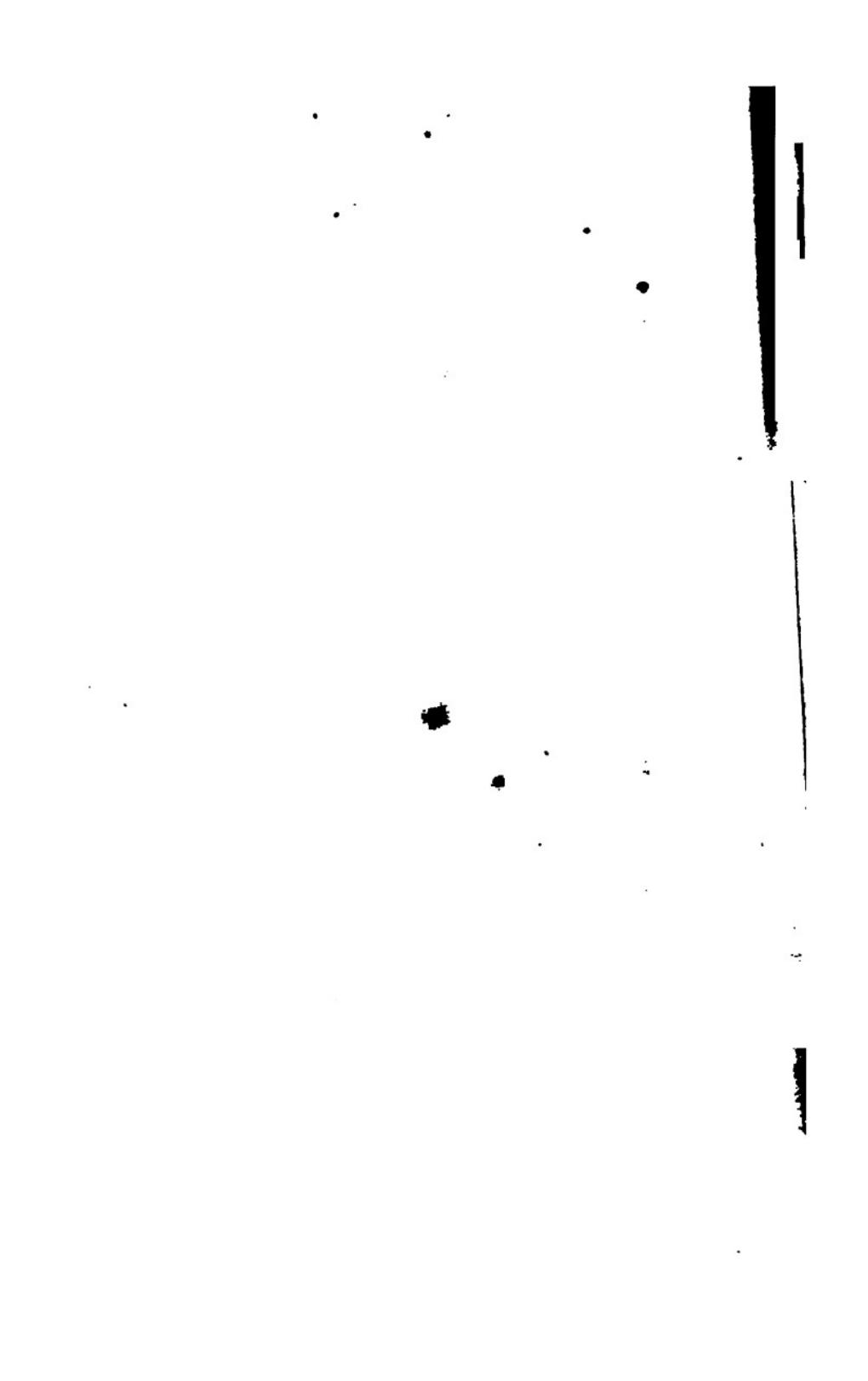
And this I ask for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

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